Chambrun, Clara
Longworth

Shakespeare, actor-
poet

PEARE

ACTOR-POET

CLARA LONGWORTH de CHAMBRUN

Chambrun, Clara
Longworth

Shakespeare, actor-
poet

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1927

WITHDRAWN

James Start

SHAKESPEARE
ACTOR-POET

. . . This is what I could find of any note either relating to himself or his family; the character of the man is best seen in his writings.

NICHOLAS ROWE, 1709.

(*Some Account of the Life of Mr. William Shakespeare*)

By CLARA LONGWORTH

DE CHAMBRUN

SHAKESPEARE: ACTOR-POET

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS. NEW LIGHT AND OLD EVIDENCE

PLAYING WITH SOULS

In French

GIOVANNI FLORIO: UN APÔTRE DE LA RENAISSANCE À L'ÉPOQUE DE SHAKESPEARE. (couronné par l'Academie Française.)

UNE AUTOBIOGRAPHIE DE SHAKESPEARE (LES SONNETS)

SHAKESPEARE: ACTEUR-POÉTE

LE ROMAN D'UN HOMME D'AFFAIRES

LA NOUVELLE DESDÉMONE (ROMAN)

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THE "GARRICK BUST" OF SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE
ACTOR POET

AS SEEN BY HIS ASSOCIATES
EXPLAINED BY HIMSELF
and
REMEMBERED BY THE SUCCEEDING GENERATION

CLARA LONGWORTH DE CHAMBRUN
DOCTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS

NEW YORK AND LONDON
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MCMXXVII

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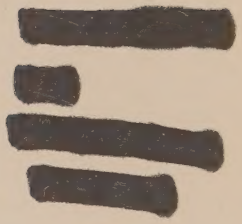

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CHAPTER I

SHAKESPEARE'S YOUTH AT STRATFORD

Sweet are the uses of adversity. . . .
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.

AS YOU LIKE IT

IN a house whose dark oaken beams and pointed gable-ends recall the picturesque dwellings of old Normandy, William Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon the twenty-third of April, 1564.

His parents, well-to-do landowners of the countryside, belonging to what was called the yeoman class, had, upon their marriage, acquired this "town" property, bordering on Henley Street and possessed of a small garden. Here, between the blacksmith's forge, worked by Richard Horneby, and the tailor's shop of William Wedgwood, young Will's youth was passed.

There is a reminiscence of a boyhood impression, in *King John,* of these neighbours startled by the nocturnal arrival of a royal messenger:

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measures in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French. . . .

On both parents' sides the poet came of excellent stock. John, his father, established descent from four generations of freeholders. The name figures repeatedly on the Register of Knowle, a guild as pious as it was exclusive, being founded with the laudable object of furnishing mutual aid through prayer! One of his great-aunts, Domina Isabel, was Mother Superior of the neighbouring convent of Wroxhall, a dignity always reserved for women of "quality." These things, which are viewed to-day as only fit for a snob's attention, were then extremely important, especially to a youth entering a discredited profession and doing his best to live it down.

In 1596, John Shakespeare applied for a grant of arms, which the Heralds' College at that time refused, but which was accorded two years later,[1] after an exhaustive examination by three Kings-at-arms: Dethicke, Cooke and the historian William Camden; the latter of whom was surnamed the English Strabon and passed as a first class genealogist. "A gentleman's coat," with the motto *Non Sans Droict,* was accorded to John Shakespeare and his successors, in view of the services rendered by his grandfather to Henry VII, and also because the claimant proudly dwelt on the fact that he had himself married the heiress of Robert Arden, of Wilmcote-Manor.

This heiress, Mary Arden, did indeed belong to one of the distinguished County families, established there since the Norman conquest. She brought as dower on marriage the fine pasture lands of Asbies. Without the unfortunate lawsuits which followed an effort to raise money by mortgage, such property might have assured

[1] Gold on a bend sable, a tilting spear of the field the point steeled proper and for his crest and cognizance a falcon, with wings displayed; argent standing in a wreath of colours, supporting a spear gold steeled, as aforesaid set upon a helmet with mantels and tassels.

the young couple an existence free from monetary worries, which was far from the case. Robert Arden, Mary's father, a man of courage, strong conviction and austere morality, brought up his daughter a rigid Catholic. He openly said what he thought of Leicester's conduct, and what was perhaps more galling, treated the haughty favourite as a "parvenu"; this plain speaking was probably one of the reasons which made the Shakespeares declare that they were "unfriended" when they brought in a plea for the restitution of title of their land. The well-known Catholicism of the family was undoubtedly a detriment to the Shakespeares' success, in more ways than one, as will be seen. Four near relatives, the branch of Park-Hall Ardens, perished at Tyburn, martyrs to their faith.

The early years of John Shakespeare's union were darkened by the loss of his two first children, daughters. The birth of a robust boy, William, baptized three days later in the ancient collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, was followed by a period of prosperity, when all looked smilingly on the young couple. Five other children were born to them: Gilbert, in 1568, Johanna, Richard, Anne, and finally in 1580, Edmond.

The functions of Shakespeare's father can be traced in the archives during ten years of honourable service to his borough, treasurer of the City Council, head of the corporation of wool-staplers to which his large pasture-lands in this county of sheep-walks naturally entitled him, and, in which capacity, by a strange freak of destiny, he presided at a banquet in honour of the neighbourhood magnate, Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, shortly to become the persecutor of the family. Besides these employments he was chosen as ale taster for the County, a very

important function in a rural population, which exercised rigid control of the purity of their universal beverage.

After 1567, John Shakespeare's name is always prefixed with a "master," to which honourable distinction he seems to have attached as much weight as his son, and in 1568 he reached the highest point of his civic honours, being chosen High Bailiff or Mayor, in which capacity he entertained the travelling players who visited Stratford, and was present officially at the famous Kenilworth festivities when Leicester entertained the Queen. The magnificence of the pageants, tableaux, and stage-plays presented, greatly impressed the rural population and undoubtedly left a vivid imprint in the mind of the eleven-year-old boy who must have accompanied his father. In any case, we find the trace of a personal impression in *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

John Shakespeare did not confine his idea of public duty to pomps and vanities; he was active when the plague raged at Stratford and contributed generously to the relief of the poor. He was known in his parish as a just man and was chosen to arbitrate local disputes and to appraise property. But his own prosperity was short-lived; he had been led into making considerable improvements on his Stratford property, owing probably to the needs of his growing family; to pay his debts, he was obliged to mortgage his land of Asbies—which he could never afterwards recover in spite of interminable law-suits.

William was still very young when the money difficulties began and it was only owing to his own efforts that he ever saw them ended, for, from that moment he had all the family on his hands.

The Shakespeares were in bad luck—a series of rigorous winters decimated the flocks and emptied the sheep-folds—the price of forage rose until, according to the poet himself, "Robin Ostler died of grief." John Shakespeare could no longer pay his portion of the poor tax, nor his contribution to the municipal police; he neglected his public functions and was superseded first as Bailiff, then dropped from the roll of Aldermen, and reprimanded for continued absence from church. Humiliated, he seems to have taken refuge in the small shop adjacent to his dwelling where he sold gloves of his making. A small stained-glass window, bearing the arms of the corporation, ornamented the shop-front, and proved, in so much, the superiority of the Shakespeares over their neighbours, who were generally contented with a parchment stretched over the window frame—for glass was still a great luxury.

There, among his hides, Shakespeare's father awaited the rare buyers, among whom the future poet Sir John Mennes was brought as a child of three or four and noted his remembrance of the "rosy, merry-cheeked old man," who in speaking of his son, then rapidly becoming one of the celebrities of London, remarked that "his Will had always been a good fellow, but that ordinary folk durst not crack a jest with him."

This picture, drawn from life, seems to me very suggestive; it explains much of Shakespeare's life—the father's financial ruin, the precocious responsibilities of the eldest son, sole supporter of his family.

Had not rubicund John Shakespeare, amiable and incompetent to wage a losing battle, fallen into excess to which "his fine taste in ale" naturally inclined him? and if he found it hard to jest with his son, who certainly

gave lifelong proof of his appreciation for any jest which was really funny, was it not because young Shakespeare had too many legitimate grievances against his waggish parent to be ready to laugh at his pranks?

In the portrait, so often drawn by the dramatist, of the amiable drunkard, there is always more affectionate tolerance than severe reprobation. Sir Toby Belch and Sir John Falstaff are very lovable good-for-nothings and were depicted with more love than hate. Certainly Will —if incessant labour to establish parents, sisters and brothers honourably can be considered as meritorious— was entitled to his father's praise of being a good fellow.

But, before reaching the point when, at fifteen, he shouldered these responsibilities, what was his boyhood like? It is easy to trace a portion of it, thanks to certain precise Stratford records and many personal impressions which colour and vivify the poet's work. Stratford was countrified enough for the child to live very close to nature. The beautiful forest in which it is set, held few secrets for young Will. Like his own sylvan exiles in the pastoral *As You Like It*, he instinctively discerned beauty everywhere that melancholy boughs spread their shade, found books and sermons in the weeping stream, knew every mossy nook, where flowered the first violet and pale April primrose. He could count the hours by the shepherd's clock of dandelion, follow the lark in her flight to heaven's gate, and sleep when the notes of the nightingale lulled the June evening. Endless were his talks with the noble old shepherd Thomas Whittington who died confiding his savings to the hands of Shakespeare's wife, and who perhaps, in his wisdom, gave the poet his first idea of Corin—whose simplicity and good

sense he opposes so cleverly to the worldly sophistication of Touchstone—that Corin whose only philosophy was:

> That a man's best happiness is to earn what he gets, and get what he wears, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness—and his greatest pride to see his flocks feed and his lambs suck.

and that:

> . . . he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; . . . that he who hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Many are the reminiscences in his work of village sports and pastimes, games of marbles, top and tenpins, blind man's buff and hide and seek, swimming bouts in the pools of Avon, and winter slides on the frozen ponds. Many indeed are the allusions to the training of hawks and greyhounds, two favourite rural arts for which Warwickshire was famous. The mixed feelings of a sensitive and healthy boy are reflected in the innate love of sport, and pity for the victim of the chase which he describes. The blame given to the "usurping tyrant man who persecutes the rightful citizens of the forest" did not prevent Shakespeare from killing venison or hunting the poor hares of Cotswold. So much sympathy for, and comprehension of animals must have been regarded as a sentimental eccentricity in his own time, but it is one of the points where the modern world best understands him.

> *And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare*
> *Mark the poor wretch to overshut his troubles,*
> *How he outruns the wind, and with what care*
> *He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:*
> *The many musits through the which he goes*
> *Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes. . . .*

By this poor Wat, far off upon a hill
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved of any.

The passage in *Titus Andronicus* which describes the poor old father after his terrible experience, reproaching the little Roman boys for their cruelty in killing flies, because "perhaps that fly had a father and a mother, who would sorrow and droop their golden wings," was deemed absurd by early critics and only excused because the old man was represented as being mad.

All the fairy lore in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is just what a country child would naturally pick up, especially after reading about Oberon in the old black-letter translation popularized by Lord Berners in 1534—from the old French text of Huon of Bordeaux. Will knew that the emerald rings, which appeared at dawn on the brown heath, were traced by the fairies' dancing feet—any fool knew that in Stratford. When, in the dairy, the butter refused to come, it was of course Puck who was making mischief in the churn, Puck also in likeness of a roasted crab-apple, floating in the spiced-wine or ale, who spilled the liquor on the gossip's withered dewlap, or upset the aged aunt, who in the saddest tale mistook the playful Robin Goodfellow for a three-legged stool.

The books of his childhood were *The Tales of the Round Table, The Robin-Hood Ballad Cycle, The History of the Nine Worthies of Christendom,* Chaucer and Gower's poems, and those of his favourite Spenser.

He certainly knew Golding's rhymed translations of Ovid practically by heart before possessing the Latin text preserved at the Bodleian, which bears his signature.[2] Wilson's *Art of Rhetorick* evidently made a strong impression on the schoolboy, who quotes it long after in the *Sonnets, Much Ado About Nothing* and *Othello.* Plutarch's *Lives* translated from the French version of Amyot by Lord North, and Holinshed's *Chronicles* were among his text-books and remained constant sources from which he drew inspiration. To these readings should be added that of the Bible, rendered obligatory by Elizabeth's statutes, and of which the narrative, rather than the mystic, portions left the deepest trace in the author's writings. Later on, he became initiated into the Italian works which so profoundly coloured his first manner, and the French philosophic doctrine which gave a new tone to his thought and style.

But the main elements of education acquired at Stratford were by no means negligible, for the small town was reputed as an intellectual centre. This was chiefly owing to the enlightened generosity of a local Mæcenas, Sir Hugh Clopton, who restored the parish school, built the handsome seven-arch bridge which assured communica-

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[2] Three volumes once in Shakespeare's possession have come down to us. The Florio 1611 edition of Montaigne in the British Museum which contains the poet's name in abbreviated form. The Aldine Ovid of 1502 where the poet's signature is accompanied by a note signed T. N. (Thomas Nashe?). "This little booke of Ovid was given to me by W. Hall who says it was once Will Shakespere's." And a contemporary edition of Plutarch's *Lives* where all the biographies utilized by Shakespeare in his dramas are marked.

tion with London at all seasons, and founded, for the pupils of Stratford Grammar-School, a purse both at Oxford and Cambridge. He contributed so generously to the fund for local professors that the master of the Grammar-School received a salary which was twice larger than the pay drawn by the master of Eton. This insured good service. The Stratford magister was always an Oxford or Cambridge graduate; the school was free to all sons of respectable burghers and the funds for its upkeep were in John Shakespeare's hands. The names of the masters who filled the post while Will was a pupil, were successively, John Acton, Walter Roche, Simon Hunt and Thomas Jenkins; the latter, of Welsh origin and traditional accent, is supposed to have been model for Sir John Evans in the *Merry Wives*, who, it may be remembered, makes his small pupil "Will" recite Latin declensions before his admiring parents.

It is easy to judge the degree of literary culture possessed by the Stratford scholars as the text-books which were employed there are still extant.

Lily's *Sententlæ Pueriles* and *Latin Grammar* formed the basis of classical education and the boy who studied them had a pretty good knowledge of Seneca, Terence, Cicero, Virgil, Plautus, Ovid and Horace, from all of whom there were copious extracts. A letter written in Latin by an eleven-year-old comrade of Shakespeare, asking his father Richard Quinney to bring back books from London to himself and his little brother (afterwards Shakespeare's son-in-law), would do honour to an older boy, nowadays.

There is every reason to suppose that William Shakespeare was among the best pupils, since an actor in his

troupe assured Aubrey, his early biographer, that although Ben Jonson spoke slightingly of Shakespeare's attainments in Latin and Greek, he knew Latin well and had even taught it at school in the country. This I take to mean that Will was one of the class "Monitors" and helped the regular masters to teach younger boys.

Even if Shakespeare was forced to abandon school at fifteen, the knowledge acquired at that age represented much more than in our own time, and would be equivalent to a good University preparation; for to graduate at sixteen, with an M. A. degree, was by no means rare at this period. To those who argue that genius cannot be acquired in the great school of struggling humanity, but requires University training, his own Archbishop of Canterbury says, in discussing the suddenly awakened genius of Prince Hal:

. . . the art and Practic Part of Life
Must be the mistress to this theoric;
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unlettered, rude and shallow,
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

The Archbishop of Ely replies:

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness, which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

So did the genius of William Shakespeare thrive and ripen in the woods of Charlecote, as the poet mused by the trout brook of which his Jaques tells us, or lay in the bracken to steal a shot at Justice Shallow's deer. Like Prince Hal, his talents "grew like the summer grass" among his Stratford companions, "unseen, yet crescive in his faculty."

He himself has given us the best defence of Shakespearean authorship, for as Canterbury says:

> *It must be so, for miracles are ceas'd,*
> *And therefore we must needs admit the means*
> *How things are perfected.*

There was one characteristic point of the Stratford education—the old method of writing "fair," or in gothic characters was still taught. This mode was looked upon as vulgar by Londoners, where Shakespeare's script marked him as a "rustic." Hamlet, too, in order to conform to the new fashion, was obliged to unlearn his straight letters. Luckily the Queen was still in Shakespeare's case, for, in a letter to Catherine de Medicis, Elizabeth excuses herself for not writing "Roman" and hopes that her "vulgar" writing will not blush to find itself in such august hands.

But archaic form does not imply ignorance; the literary learning absorbed by the Stratford boys was amply sufficient to make them support comparison with the best humanists. Michael Drayton, who will later be found near Shakespeare's deathbed, was, without doubt, a fellow scholar in Stratford. It is true that his birth-place was a mile away, but as there was no school at Hartshill, it is reasonable to suppose that he acquired his education at the nearest. On leaving Stratford Grammar-School,

Richard Field, the tanner's son, was able to enter the printing house of Thomas Vautrollier, specialized in the publication of educational works, where another pupil will be found publishing a translation from the French.

Thomas Quinney quotes in French from the old romance of Octavien de St. Gelais, and there are many indications that these Stratford country folk were by no means so ignorant of foreign culture as many would have us suppose.

A quantity of artistic renaissance refinements had already penetrated into Shakespeare's sphere. The Trussels, Underhills, Throckmortons, and especially the Cloptons, possessed handsome dwellings and collected choice libraries. An inventory of the Arden house at Wilmcote shows it to have been furnished with twelve fine paintings, and Shakespeare's own description of a manor in this locality proves that the collector with his cabinet of engravings was not unknown:

Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
—Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one should swear she bleeds
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep—
So workmanly the tears and blood are drawn.

Stratford was reputed also a great sporting centre. Robert Dover had founded, on the heights of Cotswold, yearly "Olympic Games," where nobles, gentry and farmers flocked from fifty miles round;— leaping, boxing and wrestling contests, handling of lance and quarter-staff all

received prizes, hare coursing, falconry and horsemanship, were practised, and every youth who had a greyhound entered him in the Cotswold races, like Slender in the *Merry Wives*.

In 1589, when the memories of these games were still fresh in the poet's mind, he places his *Taming of the Shrew* prologue at the Wilmcote Inn, where the hunt is up; and the technical language of the young Nimrod and his huntsman shows the author's familiarity with sylvan sports.

> *Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds:*
> *Brach Merriman—the poor cur is embossed;*
> *And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.*
> *Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good*
> *At the hedge corner? in the coldest fault*
> *I would not lose the dog for twenty pounds!*
> *—Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;*
> *He cried upon it at the merest loss*
> *And twice to-day picked up the dullest scent.*
> *Trust me, I take him for the better dog.*
> *—Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,*
> *I would esteem him worth a dozen such.*
> *But sup them well, and look unto them all;*
> *To-morrow I intend to hunt again.*

The arrival of a troupe of comedians is described in so living and natural a manner, that the reader is transported back to the times when Leicester's players, or *The Men of Lord Strange,* made their provincial tours.

Still another influence for culture in Stratford has left a profound imprint on Shakespeare's work. The Catholic element there was important. Many of the secularized clergy, whom Elizabeth's drastic regulations had driven to practising their faith in secret, made their home there. One of these, William Lacy, worked among the poor like

a veritable St. Vincent de Paul and practised his art of medicinal herbs like Shakespeare's Friar Laurence. William's own aunt, who had been forced to quit her convent, retired to Stratford and probably lived under her brother's roof; her nephew was eleven years old when she died.

It may be reasonably inferred that the poet was influenced by these surroundings. Among his school-teachers, from 1571 to 1575, was Simon Hunt, a Catholic, who, being obliged to leave England on refusing to take the oath, joined the Jesuit order and died in Rome in 1585. Profiting by this contact with the Roman Church, Shakespeare's works prove an exact and extensive knowledge of ecclesiastical manners and procedure. His portraits, from the humble Franciscan monk to the haughty Bishop of Carlisle, and the great Cardinal Wolsey, are impeccable; he makes no mistakes in speaking of ceremonies or in demonstrating theories. In *King John,* the right to papal suzerainship is ably sustained by the Roman legate. All questions of doctrine are treated from the point of view of one to whom the Catholic mentality was perfectly familiar; and it is to be noted that he gives as a reason quite sufficient to explain superior education in a shepherd boy, that an "old religious uncle" looked personally after his bringing up. During the years when the persecutions raged in the neighbourhood and did not spare his near relations, we may imagine the impotent wrath of Mary Arden's son. But we are not authorized to imagine him enrolled actively in the ranks against Puritanism, or struggling to obtain a place at the neighbouring University, rendered accessible by Sir Hugh Clopton's liberality, or even as being early "stage-struck" by the frequentage of the travelling actors.

For his studies were not yet concluded when he was obliged to come to the help of a ruined family of which the head seems to have been either too proud or too indolent to stem the current of ill-luck. John Shakespeare removed his eldest son from school when he was scarcely fifteen, and bound him as apprentice to the local butcher, with whom their trade in hides brought the family into contact, and to whom they undoubtedly owed money. What better way could be found to pay off debts, acquire new credit and place the boy in a position to earn an honest living, than the offer of William's services?

Against such parental decision a minor had nothing to say. But it is easy to imagine Will's reluctance to practise a trade of which he speaks with such lack of sympathy. Aubrey says that he adopted a tragic aspect and language in killing a calf; he certainly describes the slaughter of one, with such a sentiment of pity and horror—in *Henry VI*—that it is permissible to affirm that the accidental profession was one of necessity, rather than inclination. We can console ourselves, as he probably did, with the thought that the work of a butcher's apprentice in a country town, consisted mainly in carrying the meat on horseback to the doors of hall and manor, and that in so doing Will probably acquired the ready tongue that was to serve him so well, and the intimate knowledge he exhibits of kitchen and scullery conversation. His courtly language is not more realistic than his painting of manners and characters in the servants' hall.

Apprenticeship in those days lasted from one to three years. Consequently young Shakespeare was probably freed from bondage, when, on the twenty-seventh of November, 1582, he augmented his family complications by adding to them the cares of a new family.

Before the completion of his eighteenth year, he married Agnes or Anne Hathaway, daughter of a well-to-do farmer in the neighbouring village of Shottery.

The woman of his choice dwelt with her mother, recently widowed, and two elder brothers in a cottage of romantic aspect, whose rose-embowered charm time himself has respected, and which, among its pastoral surroundings and ancient oak trees, remains the perfect setting for a youthful idyll.

The heroine of Shakespeare's first romance is little known, and we cannot tell why she was chosen. The amount of her dower on marriage—six pounds, thirteen shillings and eight pence—bequeathed by her father, authorizes the supposition that mercenary ambition was a stranger to this alliance!

Anne Hathaway's motives in accepting a share in the young man's destiny are more evident.

William, at the time of his courtship, was, according to all contemporary descriptions and portraits, a handsome, well-shaped man, with immense personal charm and magnetic attraction, conversation so agreeable and engaging, and such prodigious natural wit that "all the gentler part of the world were inclined to love him." His forehead and eyebrows were noble and harmonious; the eyes were of light hazel with spots like gold-dust—a trait attributed to genius. The nose, straight and well chiselled, the mouth with its lines indicative of passion, strength and sensitiveness, was not yet hidden by the moustache and beard clipped sometimes in the point, shown by the "Chandos" portrait, or the "imperial" of the Droeshout engraving. This mouth contrasted by its mobility with the serene brow. A deep and resonant

voice gave authority to the easy flow of language; but, the most striking thing in Will's personality, according to the unanimous testimony of friends and rivals, was an indescribable radiation of kindliness and good-fellowship, an attitude at once frank and charming, which induced the bearish Jonson to exclaim after Shakespeare's death: "I loved the man and honour his memory this side of idolatry as much as any; he was indeed honest and of a noble and free nature, had an excellent fantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions"—and constrained Chettle, an inimical editor, to acknowledge that "many worshipful persons testified to the actor's honest dealing and that he himself upon acquaintance saw that he was excellent in his player's quality, civil in his demeanour, and graceful in art." This is why the name of Shakespeare is almost always repeated by his contemporaries with the epithet—gentle, sweet and well-beloved.

Whatever were the reasons for the marriage, it did not take place without difficulty:

Ay me, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood
Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends.
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it.

But his decision taken and his passion shared, Will was not a person to brook interference or consider obstacles. According to his belief, mutual love and determination are enough to surmount all conventional barriers:

O most potential Love! vow, bond, nor space
In thee hath neither knot, string, nor confine
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.
When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Or stale example? When thou wilt inflame
How coldly those impediments stand forth,
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are proof 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame!

What were those impediments interposed between the lovers and the consecration of their passion? Shakespeare himself cites the three principal reasons which generally come between lovers and their vows: class inequality, difference of age, or the hostility of respective families. The first and last of these reasons, we may perhaps eliminate. The Hathaways, like the Shakespeares, were of good county stock and rejoiced in a gentleman's coat of arms—"a hunting-horn argent garnished with tassels." In the time of his prosperity, John Shakespeare had gone on Hathaway's bond for a guarantee of forty pounds. Later on, the relations of the families show none of the bitterness of people unwillingly brought together. Mrs. Shakespeare's daughter left a substantial bequest in her will to her "good and affectionate Hathaway cousins."

But there remains another difficulty mentioned by Lysander in *Midsummer Night's Dream:* the difference of age. This is perhaps the one which Shakespeare had to overcome, for it is noteworthy that Anne was more than twenty-five, William hardly nineteen, and the witnesses, Hathaway Farm hands whom they called in, insisted that they should not be held in any way responsible. This reservation was quite explicable, for one of the parties being a minor, his parents might have brought suit against them for complicity!

No such thing happened, however, and the only irregularity in the marriage was of another kind, and, I believe, had quite another significance.

The first official proof the young couple could obtain of the legality of the ceremony preceded by three months only the birth of their first child. It has been supposed that this coming event provoked the marriage and brought about the tardy consent of the Shakespeare and Hathaway parents. There is another—and, I think, a more plausible explanation.

Civil and religious formalities were difficult to obtain in those days, especially in country districts, where authority emanated from the Episcopal diocese, and the celebrants were sometimes Catholic, sometimes Puritan, and sometimes Anglican clergy.

In Shakespeare's case the paper which validates the union was issued in the Diocese of Worcester; but no mention is made of the pastor authorized to perform the ceremony, or the church where it might take place. Such an omission is not unique in that diocese where other cases exist, in which it has been proven that the omission of the name of celebrant and church indicates simply that the ceremony had already been performed by a Catholic priest and that it was not consistent with the dignity of the bishop to admit the fact—although it was habitual for the high authorities to close their eyes to such infractions, for the country folk clung to the idea that it was better to be married by a priest than a presbyterian and the bishops often agreed with them.

If William and Anne had been married by a priest, it was precisely at the moment when it was dangerous to say so and this, very likely, is the reason for any mys-

tery surrounding the marriage. Certain tragic events had just taken place among the Park-Hall Ardens, which cost the life of three of them, and also that of the priest who lived under their roof, and bade fair to bring trouble on the whole connection.

Edward Arden, the poet's uncle, was the head of a highly honourable and respected family, who practised his faith without ostentation or trouble-making of any sort. Unhappily such was not the case of his son-in-law, John Sommerville, who was of a less conciliating spirit. The civil and political vexations, to which the Catholics were at that time subjected, had driven this young man to the edge of frenzy and even beyond it. Brooding over his persecutions, he lost his mind and started to London to remonstrate with the Queen, informing every one he met what was the object of his enterprise and using such menacing language, that he did not get far on his journey before being arrested, and went the rest of the way in chains. His insanity was so evident that the authorities did not care to bring him into Court and he was strangled in prison, amid an outcry of a Catholic plot. A commission was sent into Warwickshire to arrest the whole of Sommerville's family; all were dragged to London—Edward Arden, his wife and daughters, and Hugh Hall, a Jesuit priest who formed part of their household. Arden, his wife and Father Hall were put to death. This was the first application of the supreme penalty for the crime of "housing a seminary priest," for of course, no trace of plot could be discovered, and this severity spread terror through the country.

If, as it has been suggested, it was Hugh Hall who performed Shakespeare's marriage ceremony, his residence in the family of Will's aunt renders the supposition plaus-

ible—there was every reason for omitting his name from the marriage certificate.

Another exceedingly interesting point in the Arden affair, which has been passed over by every commentator but Mrs. Carmichael Stopes, is that the Justice of the Peace who arrested the unfortunate Arden family was "Justice Shallow" himself! No other indeed than *Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote,* who sent in a large bill for his services and journey from Warwickshire to London and seems to have taken the rumours of a vast plot against the Queen very seriously.

In the meantime, in the month of May, 1583, Suzanna, the first and favourite daughter, was born to the young couple; she seems to have inherited many of her father's traits. Later twins were born, for whom two neighbours, Hamnet [3] and Judith Sadler, stood godparents, and gave to the children their unusual names. This couple remained through life closely bound to the Shakespeares, through hard times and prosperity, and at the poet's deathbed Hamnet Sadler will again be found.

At the time of the twins' birth, the future of Shakespeare's kinsfolk looked dark indeed; William, the breadwinner, had fallen into the clutches of the local justice. This in itself might have been bad enough—but when it is remembered that law was represented in the district by the very man who had hounded his Uncle and Aunt Arden to death, no wonder that a vision of prison and gallows once more terrorized the family of Henley Street, and that they saw no remedy but rapid and clandestine flight—no time to warn friends at the capital to "take care of Will" or find him employment until better times.

[3] The name is written indiscriminately *Hamnet, Hamlet,* or even *Hamlett.*

With all the haste his peril rendered necessary the young poacher was obliged to abandon wife and babies and fly the county.

An enthusiastic sportsman and hunter in the pursuit of hare, conies and venison, Will had already been lured over neighbouring palings and had had several skirmishes with local gamekeepers before coming into collision with Sir Thomas himself—who, it seems, was an exceedingly pompous man with very large ears.

A Parliament member, a Justice of peace, at home a poor scarecrow, in London an ass. He thinks himself great, but an ass in his state, he's allowed, by his ears, but with asses to mate.

This was a portion of a satirical ballad, hung on the gate of Charlecote, and the old gentleman had reason to think that Will Shakespeare had a hand in it. The Justice ordered the culprit beaten and set in the stocks, and declared morever that the punishment was not going to end there! No doubt Lucy scented the famous "Catholic Plot" behind the poaching incident, for Will's relationship to the Ardens of course transpired in the cross-examination. It may be remembered that in the famous scene where Justice Shallow swears vengeance on the poachers, he threatens to make it "a case of high treason."

Persuade me not! I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it. You have beaten my men, killed my deer, broke open my lodge.

Shakespeare's enforced flight obliged him to leave parents, wife, three children. His youngest sister had just

died, but there remained Johanna, to whom he was already tenderly attached, and three younger brothers—a family in mourning and desolation, who had need of his help. Will's famous wit was to stand them in good stead, even at a distance.

The stupid insolence of petty authority is rendered according to Shakespeare's own experience, which coloured without embittering his outlook. The young man faced calamity with so much energy and courage that he turned ruin to advantage and made his own life-story as fine as anything in his work.

The memory of kindred and home, idealized by enforced absence, dominated the early years in London and strengthened the actor's determination to return in other sort.

Return he did, not to the modest Henley-Street abode, which had witnessed his tragic leave-taking, but to the lordly mansion of Sir Hugh Clopton, bought with the proceeds of twelve years' toil, on the stage and off.

During all this time Shakespeare never lost touch with home. His work bears the indelible imprint of his Warwickshire boyhood. Plays and poems are redolent of country impressions. When laughter had reduced Justice Shallow to silence, the poet returned yearly to visit his family.

Early commentators had every reason to connect the satirical ballad, which parodies Sir Thomas Lucy's vain incompetence, with the foolish magistrate who delighted the audiences of *Henry IV* and the *Merry Wives* and who proudly brandishes the *four white luces* on his escutcheon, which were in fact the heraldic device of the Lucys of Charlecote.

An echo of more tragic incidents, which moved Strat-

ford to the emotional depths, may be found in *Hamlet* and *Romeo,* but were started at the hearthstone where those sad tales declared "best for winter" were told by the old folks to the shivering children, while icicles hung by the wall and the staring owl whooped.

One of these dramas naturally impressed its horror on the whole neighbourhood, for its victim and heroine was a young girl whom all the village knew and looked up to. Charlotte Clopton, believed dead, was borne to the family sepulchre, "barefaced on the bier with her maiden crants and strewments" and all the old-world ceremonial which surrounded such a death. In reality the poor child was in a prolonged trance and when the vault was next opened she was discovered crouched against the iron door, which she had vainly battered, her "palliamants of white and spotless hue" steeped in blood, and her skull fractured.

Shakespeare recalls this terrible picture in one of his earliest tragedies: Juliet, before venturing, while in deathlike trance, into the tomb of her ancestors, gives vent to a cry of terror—the nightmare horror which must long have haunted the poet:

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? There's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in
And there die strangled. . . .
Oh, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefather's joints
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone
As with a club, dash out my desperate brain?

The other tragic episode of which Stratford was the scene is recorded among the coroner's inquests of the borough and happened when Shakespeare was sixteen—an impressionable age.

Katharine Hamlett was drowned at a point where a brook joins the Avon at Teddington and the knotted roots of an ancient willow formed a deep pool.

There was evidently some reason to think that the girl had been crossed in love and intentionally made away with herself under pretext of drawing water for her flowers. Her family claimed Christian burial, but the Coroner's jury were inclined to pronounce *felo de se* and their arguments recall the lugubrious reasonings of Shakespeare's grave diggers who debate in *Hamlet* over the right of drowned Ophelia to repose in consecrated earth, and Queen Gertrude's description of the accident.

There is a willow grows aslant the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples . . .
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down the weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like a while they bore her up:
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes
As one incapable of her own distress
Or like a creature native and endued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Why did Shakespeare, when he wrote his masterpiece after the *Tragic Tales* of François de Belleforest (the original story being borrowed by the French transcriber from the Danish Chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus), arbitrarily transform the manner of the young girl's death?

Why, also, having altered every name in the story, did he keep *one?*

In Belleforest's tale, the girl the Prince is supposed to love throws herself from a beetling precipice; in *Hamlet,* Ophelia dies in beauty among her flowers like the Stratford girl.

If *Amleth,* son of Horwendill, Prince of Jutland, becomes, under Shakespeare's pen, *Hamlet,* son of *Hamlet,* King of Denmark, it was, I believe, because the writer already loved the sound which he retained as a title.

For Hamlet was the name of a lifelong friend, of the son lost in early boyhood, and of the girl whose end to him meant poetry and romance.

Shakespeare quitted Stratford with heart and mind brimming over with memories but aside from such treasures, his civil tongue and perhaps a few unfinished manuscripts, his baggage was light. The family were in no posture to supply adequate means for the great adventure of a London début. At most they could lend him "Dobbin the till horse" to shorten the weary leagues which separate Stratford from the great city where he was "to turn to so great advantage his enforced flight."

His pride, deeply humiliated, was all the greater; he *had* to succeed, show the Stratford townfolk who had seen his punishment and disgrace of what achievement the young poacher was capable.

He bore with him an indomitable spirit, alive to romantic beauty. He had learned to love and to suffer.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs.

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CHAPTER II

SHAKESPEARE'S LITERARY BEGINNINGS

Impossible be strange attempts to those
Who weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

IT was Dobbin apparently who opened the gates of fame to his young master, for when they arrived in London he was taken to the stable belonging to an old Stratfordian whose fortunes were in the ascendant and to whom one profession did not suffice.

James Burbage was the first speculator on the success of theatrical enterprise on a considerable scale and had built a large hall called The Theatre to house the comedians who, up to that time, contented themselves with a platform erected on an open place, an inn yard, or the house of some great noble. Burbage had also constructed playhouses of a more obscure character in Southwark and Shoreditch.

His own son, Richard, acted the principal part in Leicester's company of players at The Theatre to which the spectators and the actors themselves generally came on horseback—instead of by wherry, as was the case on the Southwark side. Shakespeare stood at the door, and according to his godson, Sir William d'Avenant, earned his first money by holding some young nobleman's mount during the performance and attracting the attention of the actors by the wit of his quick retort.

In memory of this first employment it became traditional to call the boys engaged in this service *Shakespeare's lads,* which explains the origin of the insult, "rude groom," which Robert Greene later flung at the rival poet. D'Avenant also tells how Shakespeare's wit soon gave him the entrée to the theatre in a "subaltern" position—which tradition identifies as that of call-boy. Once there his extraordinary facility for rapid improvisation led the actors to confide to him certain old plays of their repertoire to be modernized and the actor-author was incorporated regularly into the troupe and remained with it throughout his entire scenic career. The company, when complete, included twenty-two persons. Augustine Phillipps acted as general manager. Hemmings, Condell, Shakespeare took leading rôles; William Kempe and Richard Cowley first and second comedians; Richard Burbage, the great tragedian, had Joseph Taylor and John Lowine as understudies. The two latter named actors survived their comrades and were employed by d'Avenant after the Restoration and instructed the young company in the old stage traditions.

After Leicester's death the troupe bore the titles of its successive patrons: *Lord Strange's Men,* then *The Lord Chamberlain's Servants.*

Shakespeare lodged in the vicinity of the playhouse, and as Burbage's Theatre was situated on the right bank of the Thames, between Southampton's dwelling and Rutland House, remained in this quarter until 1596. His house in Cheapside was taxed higher than that of Burbage, showing that by 1595 he had begun to prosper financially.

In 1597 the Lord Mayor withdrew permit for any place of public amusement, theatre cockpit or bear-garden

in this district, relegating all such to the southern bank of the Thames where Henslowe's Rose and Langley's Swann—with Edward Alleyn acting among *The Lord Admiral's Men*—already flourished, while a more obscure establishment, known as the Green Curtain, gave hospitality to Christopher Marlowe.

In 1598, the dismantled theatre is described "in dark silence and vast solitude," and the Globe on Bankside became the regular home of Shakespeare's comrades. It was a timber structure of circular form and hollow pit, which remained open to the sky, and is referred to as this "wooden O" in *Henry V*. During very bad weather the Blackfriars served as winter quarters to the same company.

After the exodus to the southern bank, Shakespeare dwelt under the same roof as a French barber, Montjoye, and later bought a spacious house with ground floor shop front for the sum of 140 pounds, contiguous to the Blackfriars' Theatre. His financial ascension was rapid, his artistic success was complete; both prove the immense effort furnished during the early years.

Outside the hours when his actual presence on the boards was necessary—performances took place in the afternoon, the London dinner hour being then three o'clock—the young man spent much time in the printing house of his former school companion two years older than himself, Richard Field, son of the Stratford tanner.

Common interest in hides had already linked their respective parents and in 1592 John Shakespeare was selected as expert to appraise the Field property in Stratford.

Richard Field had been established some years, first

as apprentice, then foreman in the famous publishing house of Thomas Vautrollier, formerly from Rouen, who had become the best reputed editor in London. In close touch with the cultivated thought of the continent, not only had Vautrollier the monopoly for printing all school books, but even the choice of what should be selected was left to his discretion. Shakespeare found at the printing house enough to complete his literary education and bring him in touch with the intellectual world. For Vautrollier brought out the classic editions of Ovid and Plutarch repeatedly reprinted, and also possessed exclusive rights to the works of Bruno, Calvin and du Bartas, employed "six Frenchmen, Dutchmen and suchlike" and was alone authorized to print the musical scores or "Pricksong" for her Majesty's chapel. A collection of sacred songs and an album of music for lute and virginal, with an introduction in French by Paul de la Motte, were among the London publications.

Very shortly after Shakespeare's arrival, Vautrollier himself left for Edinburgh, where he founded a branch establishment and brought out King James' book, *Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesy.*

The house in London prospered without him, under Richard Field's direction and that of Vautrollier's wife Jacqueline, who evidently possessed the keen practical sense of so many French women—perhaps, too, the art of making her place of business one of pleasant social and literary relations. It was certainly quite a Stratford centre, for Richard not only persuaded his brother Jasper to take employment at the printing house, but encouraged another relative to come to London where he joined Shakespeare's troupe. This was Nathan Field, both

actor and author; his *Amends for Ladies* contains a complimentary reference to his comrade's *Falstaff*.

Young Thomas Combe, heir to one of the finest Stratford properties, also came up to his compatriot in London, bringing with him a literary venture translated from the French and entitled *Theatre of Fine Devices*, edited by Field's press at the same time as Shakespeare's first work.

The simultaneous début of both young Stratford authors following the schoolboy association which had linked them in Warwickshire is the only plausible explanation which has ever been suggested as to why Shakespeare should have bequeathed his sword—the precious emblem of gentility—to this particular young man.

Such were the surroundings frequented by the actor at this time, besides the world of his own profession, and they explain many things in his dramatic work. The familiarity shown therein with the art of printing is so striking as to have suggested that if the poet did not actually in his spare time set type, he at least read proof for his Stratford associate. For in 1588 Vautrollier's French wife had become a widow, inherited her husband's business and married her young foreman, making Richard Field the titular head of the enterprise he had virtually run for two years or more.

Shakespeare was not yet twenty-five; he had got out of the printing house many things highly useful to his career, and before he was twenty-nine had achieved through it the ambition of every author, young or old: the publication of the "first child of his invention."

He had heard much talk not only of philosophy but of poetry and of music; he loved the "concord of sweet

sounds" and many points of technical knowledge demonstrated in his works have surprised critics.

Was Jacqueline Vautrollier a musician? and was the graceful sonnet on the sister arts, poetry and music, addressed to Jacqueline Field? This is admissible, even by those who contest her right of being considered the original "Dark Lady" of Shakespeare's sonnets.

For it should be remembered that these particular verses, first printed in 1599, were never included among the other sonnets to the Dark Lady.

If music and sweet poetry agree
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.

This is not the place to discuss Jacqueline's claim to being the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets; her title will be examined later.

One thing is certain. Under the ancient device of the Vautrollier house, *Anchora Spei*, but over his own name when set down in the Stationers' Register, Richard Field brought out Shakespeare's first and second poems, accompanied by a large number of volumes in the French tongue.

During all this period, spurred on by the need of money, the young man worked with grim determination as actor and poet, and took gratefully what was offered to him in the way of hack writing. He was often, by his own declaration, deprived of benefit of rest:

When day's oppression is not eased by night
But day by night, and night by day oppressed.
For night doth nightly draw my sorrows longer
And day doth daily make grief's strength seem stronger.

Until the appearance of his first original comedy, *Love's Labour's Lost,* he was simply one of the anonymous writers employed by the company to adapt and refurbish antiquated plays belonging to their repertoire, to delete all matter of offence toward the Queen, and reconcile as much as possible the demands of the public for novelty with the exigencies of the Censor.

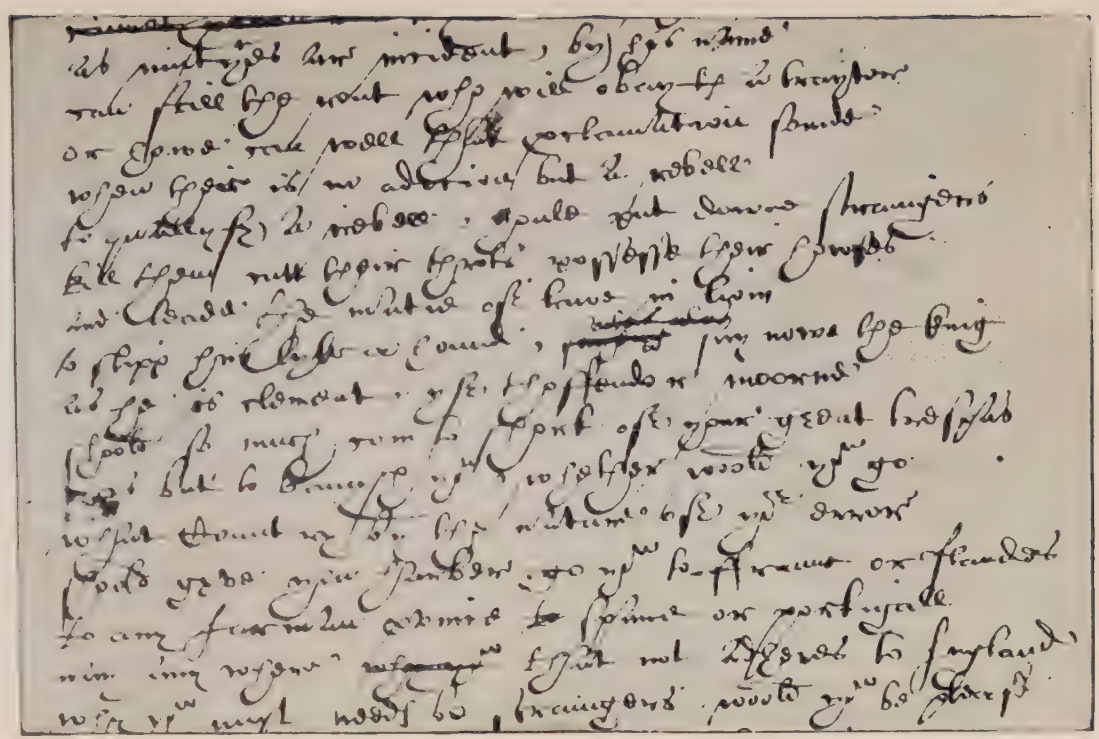
Dryden declares categorically that *Pericles* was the first work confided to Shakespeare and there is no reason to doubt his evidence. Rowe explicitly defines which scenes of the old drama were of Shakespeare's sole composition. They are precisely those which bring in the character of Marina, a first sketch of Isabella, in *Measure for Measure,* and a most characteristic creation.

Every internal evidence in *Pericles* accords with Dryden's statement that this is early work, and I cannot understand why constituted authority classes it with plays of a better period.

This almost forgotten melodrama was very popular in its day; the talent of Burbage and of Betterton, with both of whom it was a favourite rôle, made the *Prince of Tyre* familiar in their day as the Prince of Denmark. The quarto editions were exhausted before 1611 and in 1608 a novel adapted from the play was also printed.

Titus Andronicus is equally typical of this period, containing a mixture of painful bombast with most delicate and poetic beauty.

The Taming of a Shrew was brought up to date by Shakespeare in just the same method as he had employed



FACSIMILE OF A TEXT ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKESPEARE
(THE PLAY OF SIR THOMAS MORE)

in the old tragedies. He breathed life into the stiff artificial personages of the original farce and although the title is hardly changed, Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* is a very different production from the original, and an excellent example of farce comedy.

The Troublesome Raign of King John furnished the poet with a tragic theme, and the chords of pity and horror were made to vibrate as never before in the pitiful child figure of Arthur of Brittany and as only Shakespeare was to do again with his "Princes in the Tower." It is significant that among the changes in *King John,* all the gross attacks on the Catholic Church were suppressed, together with the scenes where the monasteries were represented as centres of debauch.

The taste of that day, as well as the necessity to supply Burbage with what was called a "Huffing part" adapted to his declamatory talent, led the author of *Titus Andronicus* to a certain abuse of melodrama. An early version of *Hamlet,* dating from this period and entitled *Hamlet's Revenge,* seems to have been an example. There are three mentions of Shakespeare's play in this form which the company presented in 1589, at which date Shakespeare's inveterate enemy, Robert Greene, first marked his jealous scorn of a rival "who sat up all night reading Seneca in English and furnished next morning *whole Hamlets* of tragic speeches."

Henslowe notes June 9, 1594, that *The Lord Chamberlain's Servants* were paid eight shillings for three representations of their *Hamlet* and Lodge in a volume printed in 1594 describes a personage as pale as the spectre who cries like an oyster-wife: "Revenge, Hamlet, revenge."

A play of this same epoch, concerning the life and death of Sir Thomas More, though discovered many

years ago in the Censor's portfolio at the British Museum has suddenly claimed attention. It was studied and transcribed by Alexander Dyce in 1844, more recently examined by Richard Simpson in an interesting article entitled *Are There any Extant Manuscripts in Shakespeare's Handwriting?* and given over in our day to the study of five eminent specialists for historical, graphological, psychological, philological and rhetorical appreciation. I shall attempt to simplify these erudite findings so that an unpretentious reader may have some idea of the subject lost in the dispute!

The Play of Sir Thomas More is the fruit of literary collaboration: Anthony Munday, who, according to Meres, was the "best of his time for the construction of the dramatic plot," Thomas Dekker, Thomas Heywood, and Shakespeare, each had a share (a fifth handwriting is easily identified as that of the Censor, Edmund Tilney). There is nothing strange in finding these last three men associated in literary work, for a text of the period mentions the "copious industry of Dekker, Heywood and Shakespeare," as though they had been frequently associated. What makes the play of especial interest is that three large folio pages—147 lines—of verse, are in a writing closely resembling that of Shakespeare's signatures, the style also is strikingly similar to his known work.

Such a subject as the life of Sir Thomas More was not likely to be looked upon favourably by the Elizabethan censor; neither a panegyric of the great Catholic martyr, nor the reminder of the riots in London which he quelled, could be pleasing to the authorities.

Shakespeare seems to have been selected to treat the episode, when Sir Thomas by his eloquent persuasion saves the life of the unfortunate French and Flemish

merchants, attacked by the mob as responsible for the high cost of living.

What troupe of actors had the audacious idea of mounting this play in London? A portion of the manuscript answers the question: one of the stage directions indicates the entrance of T. Goodall as a messenger, and it has been discovered that the actor of this name was from 1590 to 1593 in the same troupe as Burbage and Shakespeare.

The 147 lines attributed to the latter are in the gothic characters taught at the Stratford School. The aspect of the pages, as a whole, answers the description of Shakespeare's copy given by his editors, Hemmings and Condell, when speaking of the poet's manuscript:

> His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we had scarce received from him a blot in his papers.

The resemblance between the letters common to the text and the signature of the will—notably the capitals B, W, and S, and the double l—is extremely striking.

If the vocabulary is carefully examined, it will be found that several phrases and epithets are of characteristically Shakespearian turn: "in ruff of your opinion clothed," "stale custom," "unreverent knees," "self-reasons," "self-right,"—"shark" used as a verb, as it is found in *Hamlet*, and in *Hamlet* alone.

The *Ill May Day* scene is a miniature drama in itself, with the militant Doll heroine, and John Lincoln, a man of the people, as hero and victim. Both are convinced that the high cost of living is due to French and Flemish skilled labour and believe that if they do not wish to "see butter at eleven pence a pound" they must force all aliens back across the channel. The difficult episode is

treated by the young playwright with consummate art. The spectator's sympathies are first captured by Doll and her army only to be swayed back, like the mob itself, by the eloquent pleading of Sheriff More.

From the literary point of view, the analogies between certain passages of *Coriolanus, Cæsar,* and *Troilus* and these lines are striking. The same mixture of tolerant sympathy for the oppressed and contempt for the violence of the rabble is found here. More's plea in favour of the foreigners and his excuses for the hard measures taken against the excesses of the mob recall the speech of Ulysses and the tirade of Coriolanus. It is notable that both of these end like More's speech with the same words "would feed on one another."

MORE

. . . grant that this your noise
Had chid down all the majesty of England.
Imagine that you see the wretched strangers
Their babies at their backs, with their poor luggage
Plodding to th' ports with costs of transportation
And that you sit as kings in your desires
Authority quite silenced by your brawl
And you in ruff of your opinion clothed—
What had you got? I'll tell you! You had taught
How insolence and strong hand should prevail
How order should be quelled, and by this pattern.
Not one of you should live an aged man.
For other ruffians as their fancies wrought
With self-same hand self-reasons and self-right
Would shark on you, and men, like rav'nous fishes
Would feed on one another.

The clamours of the revolted masses are identical with those which interrupt Brutus and the words with which Lord Surrey attempts to address the throng: "Friends,

Masters, Countrymen!" are scarcely altered by Mark Antony—"Friends, Romans, Countrymen!"

The same metaphor employed by Coriolanus of the hound held in leash which, when released, bounds on his prey is here employed also:

> *You . . . lead the majesty of law in lien*
> *To slip him like a hound. . . .*

But if in this instance, the work of Shakespeare and his colleagues was condemned to failure, such was not the case of another adaptation undertaken with Marlowe: together they succeeded in rejuvenating a play on the ancient disputes of York and Lancaster, producing "The three part drama of *Henry VI*," which from the time of its appearance enjoyed immense popularity.

In 1592, Thomas Nashe congratulated his country on producing tragedies equal to Sophocles, with great Kings and valiant captains, instead of the wretched courtesans and Pantaloons who figure in France, where they push immodesty to the point of allowing women on the stage. Continuing, he remarks to what extent *Henry VI* is elevating to patriotic sentiment in its masterly rendering of the national hero, Talbot.

This renewal of theatrical art, which aroused Nashe's admiration, exasperated Shakespeare's irascible rival, to whom the success attained by the rustic was bitter indeed. In a pamphlet, entitled *A Groat's Worth of Wit Bought With a Million of Repentance,* Greene denounces Marlowe as an impious atheist and accuses Shakespeare of dressing himself like an upstart crow in borrowed plumage and of concealing a Tiger's heart under a player's hide—a parody of the famous line:

> *O Tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide.*

He ironically vaunts Shakespeare's facility for writing blank verse, notes his taste for bombast and calls him a rude groom, an ignorant Jack-of-all-trades and a shake-scene.

But Greene's libel was so badly received that the editor, Chettle, found it prudent publicly to excuse himself for having printed it, not that he retracted his words against Marlowe, whom he knew not nor wished to know—but to apologize to him whom he had just met and declared as civil in his manners as excellent in his professional quality, admired by honourable men as much for his personality and sense of honour, as for the grace and art of his writing. In this, Chettle voiced the taste of the moment; the public had begun to love the actor and to appreciate the man of letters who, from that moment, was able to give himself up to original composition.

The result was the exquisite comedy *Love's Labour's Lost*. Never had the war between natural wit and laborious erudition been treated with such finesse and lightness of touch; the triumph of genius over pedantry was never established with more finality. Never, moreover, had the beneficent effects of the passion of love as a source of inspiration, been brought out in so eloquent a manner as in the affair of Biron and Rosaline:

But Love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;

Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx, as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the Gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs;
O then, his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

This is the thesis treated in Shakespeare's first original comedy with as much grace as sincerity and depth of sentiment, which he continued to demonstrate through all his work, but never with more mastery than in the sparkling rhymed dialogue, filled with puns, plays on words and all the *concetti* or quaint "conceits" so dear to the period.

An equally lyric note appears in the more romantic *All's Well That Ends Well,* where the delightful old French lady, of so much heart and good sense, accompanied by her faithful cavalier, the witty and practical Lafeu, and the daughter of her choice, Helen of Narbonne, brings a new note in literature, for Shakespeare's Helen is perhaps the first woman in fiction who proves that sweetness and sentiment can be joined to learning and character.

Two Gentlemen of Verona, however extravagant in plot, is exquisite in style and character-drawing; dealing as it does with treachery in friendship, it gives the author the occasion to handle the sentiments which are so marvellously dwelt on in his own sonnet story.

These three comedies, by their diversity and extreme originality, were the first manifestations of a genius which was to appear ripened in *The Merchant of Venice* and *As You Like It*. They classed their author in the first rank as a writer of comedy. He was at the same time to take his place among the best lyric poets.

On the eighteenth of April, 1593, Shakespeare asked and obtained license to print a poem, *Venus and Adonis*. The subject, taken from the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, was here treated with a freshness of inspiration, a sense of the beauties of nature, and a technical mastery of language and rhythm, which provoked favourable comparison with Sidney and Spenser.

This masterpiece of life and youth has perhaps never had its equal. The success obtained was prodigious and lifted Shakespeare above the still discredited status of theatrical writer to the full glory of a recognized great poet.

Francis Meres, professor of rhetoric at Oxford and one of the best critical authorities of the time, declared that: "The sweet and witty soul of Ovid had reappeared on earth, and that if Apollo and the Muses used the English tongue, they would speak in the verse of Shakespeare." Hailed also as "our English Terence" by a fellow poet, from that time forth he was treated as a "gentleman."

It is true that the acid-tongued Middleton, in a satire curiously entitled *A Mad World, My Masters*, attacked these verses for their sensuality and expressed astonishment at finding such reprehensible literature in the hands of women of fashion. But the venomous attack of a critic has never diminished success of a work whose vogue is already assured by the public. On the contrary, the

debate which became hot over the poem increased its sale. The theatrical reviews, so dear to the students of Oxford and Cambridge, took up the subject and we find a burlesque character exclaiming in *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*: "O sweet Mr. Shakespeare! I'll have his picture in my study at the Court. Let this duncified world esteem Spenser and Chaucer. I'll worship sweet Mr. Shakespeare and to honour him, I'll have his *Venus and Adonis* under my pillow."

In *The Return from Parnassus,* the characters take the names of Shakespeare's company, in order to discuss his verses. We find Kempe, the Clown, declaring "that the University pens smell too much of an author named Ovid and another called Metamorphosis. Here is our Shakespeare who can beat them all."

If this magnificent success was due chiefly to Shakespeare's own energy and talent, there was another element which is rarely absent in such a case—that of luck. Fortune certainly favoured the actor-author in placing in his path, at exactly the time when his help was most necessary, the ideal patron, dreamed of by every struggling artist.

Venus and Adonis, the poem which all the literary lights were discussing between London and Oxford, was offered to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton and Baron of Tichfield, as the first fruit of the poet's invention—with the promise that if found worthy by such a reader, the author would consecrate every idle hour to honouring his young patron with a "graver labour."

The young nobleman whom Shakespeare selected, heir to one of the largest landed estates in England, had recently graduated with a Master's degree from St. John's at Cambridge and was reading law at Gray's Inn, with a

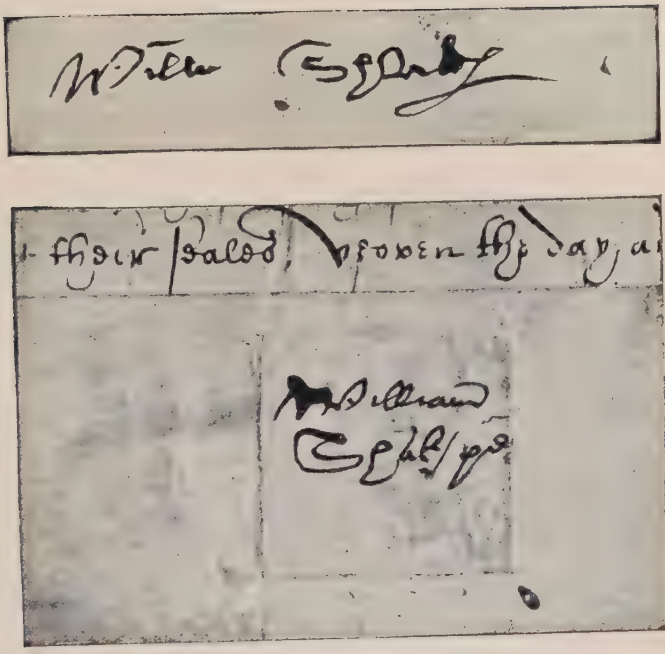
view to the future management of his estate. In this highly intellectual abode of Themis, such a man as Henry Wriothesley was sure to be the centre of attraction and to be surrounded by a band of satellites. The first of these was Shakespeare.

By family tradition, as well as taste, Henry Wriothesley adored the drama. His grandfather, "the favourite of Apollo," had been star of the students' troupe at the University and his grandson had such a passion for the theatre that he is shown by a contemporary correspondent "going to plays every day."

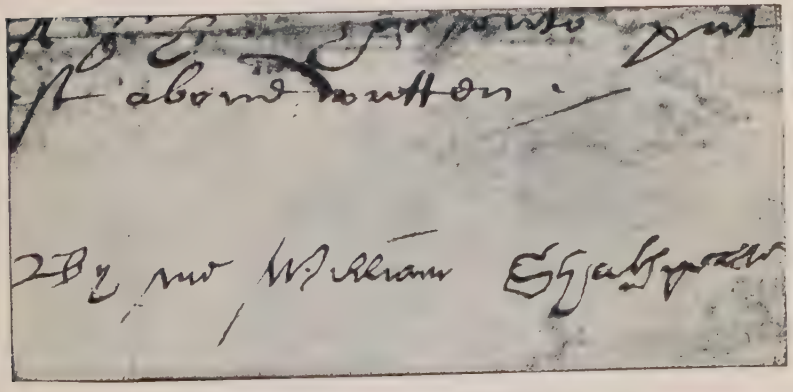
During his sojourn at Gray's Inn, Shakespeare's company presented *The Comedy of Errors,* adapted from the *Mœnechmi* of Plautus, and this was such an innovation that considerable scandal was caused, for up to that time no professional had ever set foot in Gray's Inn; there was overcrowding and disorder, so that the Innocents Day performance was remembered by the title *The Night of Errors.*

But this unlucky début in the Inns of Court was compensated by the success of a performance at Greenwich, attended by the Queen, Sir Thomas Heneage, Sir Robert Cecil, all the principal personages of the Court, highly satisfied with the play in which Shakespeare, already fully possessed of all the shadings of jealous passion, painted with a realism which did not exclude sympathy, the self-torture of Adriana, the suspicious wife.

The favour of a man as powerful as Southampton—to see his personal fancies executed—can alone explain this early appearance of Shakespeare's play at Court, even at the Inns of Court. But for Wriothesley, such a *tour de force* was easy, not only on account of personal prestige, but also on account of his family situation. His



SIGNATURES OF SHAKESPEARE ON TWO LEGAL DOCUMENTS
(1612-1613)



SIGNATURE OF SHAKESPEARE ON HIS TESTAMENT
(1616)

mother, Lady Southampton, had chosen as her second husband Sir Thomas Heneage, who in his capacity of Vice Chamberlain selected the plays to be presented before the Queen. The very frequent appearance of Shakespeare at Court, after this date, can certainly be explained by the favour of Southampton's family.

The young man's influence did not stop there. Not only did he suggest subjects to the poet and modify his production by praise and criticism, but he came materially to his aid and furnished him at one time with a "thousand pounds to enable him to carry through a purchase he had a mind to." This purchase is generally conceded to have been the control of stock in the *Globe Company*.

In any event, Shakespeare's gratitude and affection were assured to the young patron, and, in less than a year after the publication of *Venus and Adonis*, a "graver labour," entitled *The Rape of Lucrece* was ready for the press and again issued from that of Richard Field. The dedication, which was once more inscribed to Southampton, expresses a fervent devotion, very different from the usual praise and formal address of the period.

The love of the poet is without end—all that he has, is, or ever will be, belong to Southampton and is forever consecrated to his praise and service. The time for conventional compliment is over, giving place to a friendship as beneficent on the one hand, as devoted on the other.

In *Lucrece*, Shakespeare gave proof of his mastery of a more difficult subject than that formerly treated. *Venus* had presented all the arguments which might induce a young man to marry and found a family. In *Lucrece*, he pointed out the devastation wrought by an illicit passion. It contains the quintessence of drama, as *Venus* shines with the lyrical talent.

These two masterpieces, although neglected in our time, as compared with the dramatic works, were recognized at once as those of a genius. Thirteen editions succeeded one another in a very brief interval for those days and the lustre reflected on the person to whom they were addressed served to make Southampton as much an object of envy and admiration as the author himself. "The Glorious Laurel of the Muses Hill, whose eye hath crowned our most victorious pen" was solicited by Gervase Markham in 1594 to turn his attention towards other aspirants to his favour. Many were the candidates who began to imitate Shakespeare's dedications and vainly endeavoured to imitate his verse. Thomas Nashe, in his *Choice of Valentines,* rather impertinently desires Southampton not to frown on his rather loose conceits since Southampton had not been shocked by "a muse as lascivious as that of Ovid."

But Southampton seems not to have cared for Nashe's attempt at poetry [1]—*The Choice of Valentines* remains in manuscript at the British Museum—and continued to encourage the muse of Shakespeare. Many other candidates struggled for the honour of placing their work under the literary protection of the brilliant amateur:

> *So oft have I invoked thee for my muse*
> *And found such fair assistance in my verse*
> *As every alien pen hath got my use*
> *And under thee their poesy disperse.*

The interest shown to many quite unworthy poets offended Shakespeare's taste. The name of Southampton appeared on more dedications than that of any man of

[1] In prose, Thomas Nashe was more successful: *Jack Wilton, or the Unfortunate Traveller* was dedicated to Southampton and this type of the "picaresque" romance enjoyed a measure of popular favour.

his time. His friend did not like to see him being made *common* and says so in no unmeasured terms:

> *You to your beauteous blessings add a curse*
> *Being fond on praise which makes your praises worse.*
>
> SONNET 84 [2]

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Henry Wriothesley's influence on Shakespearean composition at this period: all the tastes, all the inclinations of the young man have their immediate reflex in the play in hand. At the moment when Southampton was dreaming of offering his sword to the King of France, the scene of the comedies is transported to Navarre or to the Louvre. Is he deeply engrossed with his law books? The poet's language also becomes filled with judicial terms and legal phraseology. Is he revelling in the tales of Boccaccio, of Cinthio or Della Porto? Shakespeare renews his inspiration from Italian sources. Later, when the translation of Montaigne's *Essays* is occupying Southampton's household, Shakespeare throws into his work not only more than a score of passages borrowed from Montaigne, but the whole character of his thoughts seems to change when brought into contact with the new god. And when Southampton embarks on a hazardous political adventure, we shall find Shakespeare almost ruining himself and his company by too loyally following the patron.

Not only does Shakespeare help us to understand Southampton; the converse is equally true. The young man's life permits us to shed light on many passages in

[2] Among those who sought Southampton's patronage may be mentioned: Barnaby Barnes, Braithwaite, George Peele, George Wither, Gervase Markham, Richard Barnefield, Sir John Davies, Samuel Daniel, Dr. Gwinn, John Clapham, Thomas Nashe, Sir John Beaumont, Arthur Price, Francis Beale, William Pettie.

the poet's work which without the patron would have no meaning at all. For example, when the poet declares that all his verses have the unique object of praising "one of one, still such, and ever so"—what commentator has ever explained the meaning except by dodging the question and claiming a misprint? But this phrase is perfectly explicable if we consult Southampton's heraldic device and motto "Ung partout, tout par ung." The "the one of one Sonnet" is simply a theme with variations spun round the armorial blazon of the Wriothesleys and once more establishes the identity of the hero of Shakespeare's Sonnets.[3]

During years of intimacy—temporarily clouded by the presence between them of a dark enchantress—the poet's company enjoyed more favour than was accorded to any other. Rivals, as well as friends, acknowledged his genius. The "rude groom" triumphed over the "gentle-

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[3] A design for Southampton's *impresa* is included in a rare collection of similar trophies published in 1618. Under the Wriothesley device—a cross placed between two pairs of sea-gulls are, these lines:

No storm of troubles, or cold frost of friends 5
Which on free greatness too-too oft attends*
Can by presumption threaten thy free state
For these presaging sea-birds do amate†
Presumptuous greatness, moving the best minds
By their approach to fear the future winds
Of all calamity, no less than they
Portend to seamen a tempestuous day.
Which you foreseeing, may beforehand cross
As they do them, and so prevent a loss!

* Shakespeare is on record as having supplied, together with Burbage, an *impresa* to Southampton's friend, Lord Rutland. The supposition that he did the same for a closer friend is perfectly tenable. Southampton, who was obliged to carry an *impresa* at least three times in jousts before the Queen, would have been more likely to ask a verse from his favourite poet in 1594 when he ran in the tournament which celebrated the coronation anniversary—than from one of his rivals.

† Several expressions in these lines are characteristically Shakespearean. *Too-Too, presumptuous greatness, Best minds. Amate* from the French *mâter:* to tame, is coined in just the same manner as the other French words which Shakespeare first incorporated into English.

man of both Universities," and increasing success acclaimed each new play.

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CHAPTER III

SHAKESPEARE'S STAGECRAFT

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts.
AS YOU LIKE IT

THE last half-decade of the sixteenth century was for the playwright an era of intense production. His two volumes of poetry and the plays already enumerated were rapidly followed by a quantity of histories, comedies and tragedies, often too rapidly conceived and hastily executed, sometimes responding too obviously to the public demand for "a modern instance," but bearing each one—even in its faults—the imprint of that inimitable personality, original thought and richness of expression, which Shakespeare alone had at command.

First comes the graceful fairy play, mounted to celebrate the nuptials of some great noble—perhaps Lady Southampton's marriage with the Court Chamberlain; perhaps that of Essex with Sidney's widow; possibly, though the date is somewhat late, William Stanley's marriage with Elizabeth Vere; the question, after all, is not important.

The principal quality of *Midsummer Night's Dream* is the audacity of its conception; it is nonsense and anachronism from start to finish, but what exquisite non-

sense! The name, indeed, excuses all absurdities, for who, when dreaming, is obliged to respect logic or historical truth? The author gives himself over to fantasy. The wood near Athens, where the scene is laid, has nothing Greek. The artisans, who act the tragedy *Pyramus and Thisbe* out of doors and render it burlesque by their well-meant efforts; weaver, tailor, tinker or carpenter, never had their originals outside of Great Britain. Theseus himself is the portrait of an English Lord who never left Elizabeth's Court.

The first idea of the play came to its author in the village of Grendon, where his troupe had given a performance on Midsummer Eve and where he first saw the original of the comic character who suggested the part of Nick Bottom, and also that of Dogberry, the constable of the night-watch in *Much Ado About Nothing*—for Shakespeare generally repeated his successes in another form; and the same type of character appears with variations and under different names in many of his works; their vitality probably comes from the fact that they were directly observed in their native elements, for both Shakespeare and Jonson had a habit of noting down any peculiar terms of phrase and details of appearance encountered in their tours.

The central episode of *The Merchant of Venice* reflects the political passions and preoccupations of the day.

In 1594 the discovery of a conspiracy to poison the Queen agitated the public, with whom she was still very popular. It was one of her own physicians, a Portuguese Jew named Roderigo Lopez, who had been induced by the offer from Spain of "fifty thousand crowns and great honours for his children" to remove his patient from the throne. He declared, when brought to trial, that he loved

the Queen fully as much as Jesus Christ. But as Camden remarked, this was interpreted as a mockery "on the lips of one who professed Judaism."

Shakespeare profited by the immense interest in the Hebrew question, one of actuality as it had already been brought on the boards by Marlowe; and while *The Lord Admiral's Men,* with Edward Alleyn—a tragedian who disputed the title of Burbage to being the best of his time—revived *The Jew of Malta,* Shakespeare and *The Men of Lord Strange* introduced Shylock to London, with Richard Burbage made up with the red beard and hair which was the distinctive trait of Lopez and which tradition ascribes to Iscariot.

Shakespeare's Jew is a very different creation from the monster of hate and cruelty imagined by Marlowe in his Barabas. The balance of bad and good qualities in the old usurer is eminently human; Shakespeare gave him some of Lopez' bitter and lugubrious humour—and at moments swings the sentiments of his audience away from some of his very unchristian Christians and brings them to pity Shylock profoundly.

The end of the comedy was a daring innovation, for the author, long before Tolstoi or Ibsen, but with a light touch very different from these heavy moralists, shows that there should not exist a different standard for masculine and feminine honour and that the oath of fidelity should be reciprocal. It was not the first or the last time that this idea dominates his work, though here as elsewhere, through the charm of style and intrinsic interest of subject, the reader hardly realizes that he is being preached to.

Portia takes rank with Beatrice, Marina, Hermione and Helen of Narbonne, in the demonstration that a woman

may be literary and cultivated without becoming a pedant, moral without being tiresome, virtuous without prudery, and that she can be extremely witty and remain high-souled.

The Merchant of Venice was followed by an immense popular success, in which Burbage had a share, for his interpretation was so inseparably linked with the person of Richard III, that a guide, who was showing travellers over the field of Bosworth, astonished them by saying: "This is where Burbage called out: 'My kingdom for a horse!'" and even indicated the spot where Burbage was killed! The witty Bishop of Oxford, Corbett, who tells the story was one of Shakespeare's personal acquaintances.

Richard II, which seems to have followed *Richard III,* is a much riper and more profound production. To my mind, it is the finest of all the historical dramas and partakes of the lyric perfection of *Romeo* and the psychological depth of *Hamlet.* The dramatic action is rapid and intense, following a marvellous opening scene, where the King's two relatives mutually accuse each other of high treason and poor Richard, who loves them both, perplexed as the spectator as to what he ought to do, does the very worst thing.

The popularity of this fine drama incited an editor to publish it in book form, but the Censor did not permit the deposition scene to be printed. For the first time, the name of William Shakespeare figures as author on the title page of one of his dramas. Fifteen more were to appear *in-quarto* under his name before the publication of the In-Folio.

Richard III was also published with even greater success, for six editions were rapidly sold, and this inferior

drama remained (and perhaps still remains) one of the most popular and best known of the series.

The production of *Romeo and Juliet* marks an important date in Shakespearean composition, showing as it does the vastness of the writer's scope, the richness of his comic vein, the inimitable lyric quality of his passion, the depth of his tragic note.

The two comic characters introduced are entirely original conceptions, which do not figure in the tale as told either by Cinthio or Luigi da Porto. Dryden recalls an interesting anecdote. It seems that Mercutio, that delightful incarnation of pure wit and wisdom, was so dear to the public that the author was remonstrated with for "killing" him at the very beginning of the third act. Shakespeare replied that it was a question of one or the other of them, and verily it is easy to understand that no author could long keep up the literary pace which Shakespeare had set for his character in the first act.

Flaubert, who like the poet's contemporaries, recognized in Shakespeare the greatest poet of lyric love, declares: "Just as Virgil had invented and crystallized the type of the mature woman in love, so Shakespeare gave with Juliet the first portrait of the maiden in love"; all other characters in literature are, according to him, more or less happy imitations of Dido or of Juliet.

In 1597, Shakespeare was again engaged on historical drama and in making a sequel to *Richard II*, based as usual on the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, but coloured with many personal reminiscences of the Percy family, with whose descendants his intimacy with Southampton brought him in direct contact. *Henry IV* is a sort of moral commentary closely attached to *Richard II*. The usurper Bolingbroke, oppressed by the weight of his ill-

gotten crown, appears a prey to the very same conspirators who had helped him overthrow his unhappy predecessor.

To the sombre figure of the self-tortured king, the author's genius directly opposed the masterly creation of Sir John Falstaff, comrade in dissipation of his prodigal son, Prince Hal.

The name first chosen for this character was Sir John Oldcastle, but as it belonged to a prominent historical family, the Censor here intervened.

The author introduced an epilogue saying that "Oldcastle was a hero and martyr, and certainly our Sir John is not that man." A trace of the original name appears, however, in the text of the play; at one moment Prince Hal salutes the fat knight with: "How now, my old *lad* of the *castle?*"

Falstaff's infectious spirits, the sparkle of his wit, the unexpected snap of his repartee, fascinate his audience, excuse his faults and induce the reader or the spectator to become a party to his ambitions. When the disciple escapes him and his dream-castle totters, who has not shared in his humiliation, disappointment, and laughing contempt for the hastily assumed and rather priggish virtues of his former companion?

All London was so conquered by this character that the author had to promise in the epilogue to bring him once more on the stage in the heroic drama already in preparation, *Henry V,* where he expected to show Sir John as a profiteer of the French wars. But it was not under this aspect that Falstaff was to reappear, for Queen Elizabeth, who had been much diverted by the scenes between Falstaff and Shallow, expressed the wish to see how he would behave as a victim of the tender passion

and commanded his creator to exhibit him "in love."

The *Merry Wives of Windsor,* hastily composed and learned in the short space of three weeks, was the result of this wish. The enforced haste explains the fact that the comedy is in prose. The great vogue of Jonson's plays, which always pass in a bourgeois setting, probably incited Shakespeare to try his hand also at depicting the world of honest tradespeople, wherein the fat knight who expects to make an easy conquest of pretty Mrs. Ford and witty Mrs. Page, is successfully shown by them that "wives may be merry and honest too."

Doubtless after this *tour de force,* the author considered that—as in the case of Mercutio—either he or his character would have to die, and he again chose to kill Falstaff. Instead of carrying his bombast to the French wars, according to the promise contained in the epilogue of *Henry IV,* Sir John's demise is learned in the first act of *Henry V* from the lips of his gossip, Dame Quickly, whose lugubrious account of the event is as perfect a picture in short space as any ever drawn.

Henry V, which is on the lines of an official panegyric, is without the delicate character shadings of the other historical works. It has one point of special and unexpected interest as showing to what extent the author had, at that date, become conversant with the French tongue, of which he had already given several indications of superficial acquaintance.

Herein not only quite a fair working knowledge of French is shown; the author demonstrates that he is able to indicate a mastery of the shadings in "French as she is spoke" by the ignorance of Pistol, the comic efforts of the interpreter, and the relatively good language of the Princess and the prisoner.

Laughter is always aroused by the "misinterpretation" between Pistol and his captive, when the former understands the appeal *"Ayez pitié de moi"* as an offer of ransom and hastens to demand at least "forty moys"; the boy's attempt to render the idiomatic "against my oath" by the very un-French expression *"contre mon jurement"* at least proves that the author knew something about the language.

The curious jargon of Dr. Caius also proves that Shakespeare had the Gallic construction in mind when he makes the French doctor speak English: "Do you intend vat I speak," instead of "Do you hear what I say," shows that he was literally translating *"Entendez-vous ce que je dis"* and naturally renders the word *entendre* by *intend.*

The pronunciation indicated by his phonetic spelling reveals a curious point. The foreign accent which he reproduces in English is not that of a Frenchman wrestling with the tongue, but of an Italian; the vowel added to the final consonant *green-a box, tell-a me* is characteristic of the Italian manner of mispronouncing—the manner of Southampton's professor.

Shakespeare is found at this time always subordinating his personal taste to that of his patron. The title alone, *As You Like It,* given to his pastoral—with its idyllic atmosphere where all turns out as youth would wish, not as experience teaches life to be—proves that the author was following and even exaggerating the optimistic unreality of the Italian tales.

The entire production of this whole epoch, of which *Twelfth Night* is the last example, is astonishing in variety, richness and poetic quality. The comic spirit alternates with tragic elements, of which the author shows

equal mastery. The defects, as well as the beauties, are characterized by the same trait: exceptional originality. All are overrapidly executed and frequently their conception is too much influenced by the desire to please the public or to flatter Southampton's special bent.

But this is not the only reason for certain pervading faults.

The composition of the troupe itself, the scenic limitations and conventional laws of interpretation hampered Shakespeare's art in greater or less degree.

To understand how much, we must recall the peculiarities of the Elizabethan stage.

When the poet complains of the bad taste of the "groundlings," regrets that he had often been obliged to travesty his own thought and sell his best treasures cheap, he proclaims himself not only enslaved by his fellow players, but hampered by certain material difficulties inherent to the stage itself.

Kempe the clown, and Burbage the tragedian, had the first claim on the dramatist's indulgence when a play was in conception, for each had a right to insist on a part adapted to his special talent.

William Kempe, "light of heart as of heel," disputed with the celebrated Tarleton the reputation of being the funniest actor of his day. His entrance set the audience in a roar and his gift for grotesque by-play and unexpected tricks lent life to every performance. He was remarkable both as contortionist and dancer.

Having made a wager that he would go from London to Norwich without for a moment abandoning the rhythmic steps of the Morice-dance, which he had made famous under the name of *Kempe's Jig*, he was followed in this

exploit by a large crowd, his "Pipe-and-taborer," and an overseer so conscientious that, when the density of the throng prevented him from seeing every step, he obliged the dancer to repeat that portion over again. On the ninth day, they found the town of Norwich in festal array, Mayor and aldermen in robes of office, a banquet spread and concert organized. The freedom of the city, with forty pounds and an annual stipend, was offered to the famous clown.

Popular imagination distorted the account of the merry-makings along the road. Puritan preachers and ballad-makers vied with each other to describe the "licentious debauch," until Kempe was driven to write in his defence a description, hour by hour, day by day, of this curious journey.

Kempe's Nine Days' Wonder is written in vivacious, easy style, which is sufficient to prove that even that member of Shakespeare's company, who by definition was not the most cultivated, was a man of good education. The volume is dedicated to the beautiful Mary Fytton, his prize pupil, and the fact that the clown dared thus to address one of the Queen's maids of honour proves the company to have been in good standing at Court.

It is perfectly comprehensible that in face of such vogue as Kempe's, Shakespeare should have been obliged to exaggerate the importance of his comic rôles and to introduce a clown even into tragedies, where his presence seemed least appropriate. This was a matter of business.

The same obligation caused him, when possible, to arrange a fencing match to exploit the remarkable talents of Richard Burbage.

Evidently the three owned the controlling stock in the company, for the first recorded payment on the Cham-

berlain's accounts is endorsed to "Kempe, Burbage, and Shakespeare." Burbage was undoubtedly a very remarkable "heroic actor," possessed of all the artifice of the profession and a voice remarkably thrilling in the lyric passages and commanding in the dramatic tirades. His magnetic quality was such that he held his houses literally under a spell. The actors themselves wept when he leapt into Ophelia's tomb; and excited spectators cried aloud that he had killed himself.

He went on acting Hamlet up to middle age, when he was no longer slim or boyish; probably Queen Gertrude's interruption of the duel to wipe her son's brow—he being "fat and scant of breath"—was introduced to give the weary Hamlet a moment's respite.

Shakespeare would have been singularly lacking in common sense had he failed to profit by the popularity of his chief interpreter, whose personal charm explained in a lover's rôle the sudden and seemingly improbable passion of Rosalind and Juliet, and rendered admissible the instantaneous conquest of the Prince of Wales' widow by the assassin himself.

The Bishop of Oxford is not the only contemporary who recalls how much Burbage was identified with his rôle of Richard III. The diary of a London student tells an anecdote to the same effect, wherein Burbage is represented as asking Shakespeare to abandon his place "to King Richard himself"—and Shakespeare replies: "Not at all, William the Conqueror has precedence over Richard."

The two are associated in a curious verse, as having proved by their other talents that actors may also be gentlemen. R. B. is praised for his gift as a painter, W. S. for his poetry; and the account book of Belvoir Castle

notes a payment in gold to Shakespeare and Burbage for having respectively composed and designed the verses which ornamented Lord Rutland's impresa.

It may be supposed that Shakespeare grew slightly weary of Dick Burbage's prestige and recalled his own bitter experience of how quickly an audience is chilled, in a passage of *Richard II:*

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:—
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him. . . .

And he was not sorry to give his great interpreter a lesson in moderation, when Hamlet adjures the tragedian not to tear his passions to tatters, nor overstep the modesty of nature.

Shakespeare's own acting was doubtless more finely shaded. In 1592, he was declared "excellent." His comrade Beeston, surnamed the "living chronicle of the stage," assured John Aubrey that Shakespeare was far superior to Ben Jonson as an actor and Ben himself, when death had ended all rivalry between them, proclaimed Shakespeare on the stage handsome as an Apollo, as charming as Mercury, and superior to anything that ancient or modern times could show. Drayton, familiar both with the actor and with his work, judged his "comic vein as smooth as his tragic fury was powerful."

What were Shakespeare's best rôles? and what parts did he himself prefer? Rowe categorically states that the top of his performance was the ghost in Hamlet, a very interesting key to the kind of professional mastery Shakespeare possessed, for the part requires a mixture of

tenderness and authority and calls for a particularly beautiful and impressive voice.

It is practically certain that Shakespeare, on account of his early baldness, did not often attempt a youthful rôle. He acted Knowell senior in Ben Jonson's comedy *Every Man in His Humour,* and appeared for the last time as the Emperor in *Sejanus.* His personal dignity qualified him for kingly parts, and a contemporary esteems that had he not impersonated monarchs on the stage, he would have been capable of filling such a rôle in the world.

Now King Hamlet and Knowell's father are very different personages and demand great versatility in the actor who impersonates both. The latter is very high-class comedy, satirical and authoritative; to do each well, Shakespeare must have been indeed excellent, as Chettle declared him.

The text of a sonnet suggests that the author once at least appeared in "jester's" livery:

I have made myself a motley to the view.

It is easy to imagine him playing Touchstone, or the Fool in *King Lear,* who bear no resemblance to the type of clown acted by Kempe.

There are two bits of contemporary evidence which tend to indicate that it was Shakespeare who acted Falstaff.[1] If so, he must have been a comedian of the first rank, for no other could attempt such diverse rôles.

[1] In the postscript of a letter written to make her husband merry when he was on the Irish campaign, Lady Southampton refers to news which has come down to London saying, "Your friend Sir John Falstaff is, by *his Mistress Dame Pint-Pot, made the father of a Goodly Miller's thumb 'a boy who is all head and very little body—but this is a secret.'*"

Sir Tobie Mathews also speaks of "our excellent author, Sir John Falstaff."

Beyond question he was an excellent theatrical director and one who was fertile in expedients and ready to sweep difficulties from the path of the company. The plays are full of instances showing how an impromptu remark added on a special occasion had found its way into the text of the playhouse.

In *Twelfth Night,* for example, when the Duke asks for a song, he is unexpectedly met with the objection that he who was to sing it cannot be found—and the suggestion:

Let Lady Olivia's fool sing it.

There seems only one explanation for this. A singer unexpectedly failed, and the prompter's call for a substitute passed into the primitive text.

Evidently also, when Portia returns to Belmont in the dark and is recognized by her first words, her exclamation:

I am known, like the cuckoo, by my bad voice,

was thrown in to excuse the hoarse notes of the boy actor who once did the part, and not because a bad voice is an essential attribute of the silver-tongued Portia.

The necessity of having a youth in all the feminine rôles until the Restoration period, when Charles II tolerated the wicked French habit of allowing women on the stage, was a constant technical difficulty which Shakespeare was obliged to turn as cleverly as possible.

It is true that a certain boy-actor, Knyaston, was declared to have shown in the parts of Juliet and Desdemona a sensibility and tenderness, an ability to charm or to move the audience, unrivalled by any woman.

Such instances were rare. The author was obliged to limit the number of his female characters, or—as in the

case of Perdita and Hermione—make the same player "double" the rôle: a tradition still respected in our day.

However clever the boy-actor, it was well nigh impossible to continue the illusion during five long acts, and to relax the strain Shakespeare had recourse to his stratagem of dressing the girl character in boy's clothes. This permitted less self-conscious acting; and involuntary boyishness of gait or manner added to the art of the interpretation. Thus Imogen, Viola, Rosalind, Jessica, and Julia, all go through part of the performance in the garments of a "saucy page."

The plan of the theatre itself constrained the dramatic composer to other subterfuges.

The stage, about twenty feet long and thirty deep, advanced in a blunted point into the space reserved for the parterre, from which it was separated by a wooden railing; but as no curtain divided this promontory from the audience, the actor who had died, or been killed, was forced to remain where he fell until the end of the act or destroy all illusions by rising and sneaking to the back and out of the right and left stage doors which led to the tiring-rooms.

In order to obviate this difficulty, Shakespeare arranged his action so that the body of each victim should be immediately removed. Thus Hamlet interrupts the dialogue with his mother to hide Polonius' corpse in the alcove, and carries it off the stage at the end of the act. He himself is borne off by Fortinbras' soldiers, at the conclusion of the drama. A funeral march becomes a necessary element of each tragedy where Antony, Cleopatra, Cassius, Brutus, Lear, Cordelia, or Coriolanus are obliged to be removed with dignity far removed from ridicule. And in the course of the play, the author is

constrained to invent a method for having all the personages who have met with a violent end transported to the back of the theatre.

Such details as these prove his ingenuity. Others show his readiness to profit by the new mechanical contrivances with which the stage was gradually becoming familiar. For it is a mistake to suppose that the Globe and Blackfriars were entirely without means of giving certain realistic touches to the mounting of a play.

Scenes were of course absent, but a tapestry or arras, architectural or pastoral in design, masked the back of the stage, which was divided into two stories. An alcove could be isolated from the rest by a curtain; and made to represent a house or a balcony. A trap door in the ceiling served for the fairy or goddess who descended to earth, and also in *The Jew of Malta* permitted Barabas to fall into the cauldron below. A "traverse" or curtain, which divided the alcove in half, admitted of a dual action. Thus, in Marlowe's tragedy, the Duc de Guise is assailed by his assassins in full sight of the audience, while the King remains unconscious of what is happening beside him.

Representations at Court were more complicated. On the Lord Chamberlain's accounts, there is a record of the stage's "properties" furnished by a certain John Carow for the season's plays inscribed on the royal program: the bill is for fourteen pounds twelve shillings and includes the gratification given to the person who had brought flowers, moss and shrubs to represent a sylvan retreat; six canvas houses mounted and painted, a chariot fourteen feet long and eight feet wide; a mountain for Apollo and his Muses; a castle with gilded roof and frieze with the arms of France and England emblazoned; divers mon-

sters and animals, lances, bucklers and other harness.

Movable accessories indicated the locality represented: candles, chairs, table and couch were enough to show that a bedroom was the scene of action. The couch was replaced by a throne and stools when the scene shifted to the palace; a tomb and an altar proved that the actions were in a church or temple. A prison was simply furnished with a chain and block; and a shop with a counter garnished with the objects supposed sold. A garden differed from a forest by the fact that the shrubs which decorated it were clipt, and benches instead of rough mats or rushes were placed at intervals.

Shakespeare rose above stage limitations by an art which fully compensated for the lack of scenic illusions.

He knew how to court the imagination as well as the eye of his audience; the music of a word, the magic of an idea supply the touches of local colour never absent from his work. He handles suggestion without description, and reconstitutes an atmosphere by an almost intangible appeal. His persuasive genius had deceived many into believing that he must have travelled through France, Italy, Scotland (that he went to Fairyland is equally certain!).

He understood the potency of music in seconding an emotional appeal. Soft strains accompany lyric or mystic passages.

Before Hermione descends from her pedestal, he throws his spectators into a dreamy mood of receptivity. Few plays are without the element of music, song, part-song, or chorale. It must be supposed that several of the troupe had good voices, and that there was a skillful lute-player among them.

But his art is not great by such details alone. It has been observed that, in spite of his neglect of the classical unities of time, place and action, he gives an impression of a unity all his own, by an effect of concentrated emotion as intense as in Greek tragedy.

His process is symphonic, and each play is, as it were, the demonstration of the multiple effect of a single passion. The web of the action is wrought of several minor intrigues, attached to the main subject or dénouement by *unity of sentiment*.

Thus *Othello* is not solely the tragedy of marital jealousy. It is an exposition of jealousy in all its forms. The attitude of Iago towards Cassio is typical of professional envy; Bianca, the courtesan, is suspicious of her lover. The plots of the Senate against the condottiere illustrate political rivalries. Roderigo covets the riches of his superiors and Iago plays adroitly on all these envies, while eaten himself by the morbid passion. These divers studies throw into stronger relief the anguish of Othello. And the perfection of art consists in the balance of each minor plot one with another, the final melting of all into the principal tragic subject. From a technical point of view, this absolute equilibrium and psychological veracity of each character makes the play the most perfect piece of dramatic construction in the whole repertoire.

King Lear turns upon paternal vanity, which leads both Lear and Kent into the same sort of injustice, and punishes them after the same fashion, through the magnanimous devotion of their two victims, Edgar and Cordelia.

The Merchant of Venice synchronizes the money question. The entire plot, even the most romantic episode, is given up to the pursuit of material advantage.

Hamlet is the tragedy of doubt and its reflex, suspicion. These sentiments act diversely on each character and lead to the same tragic dénouement.

The process is more subtle in *Romeo and Juliet,* where the impression of spiritual unity is obtained by concentrating the attention of the audience on the feud which has become so violent that the quarrels of the private factions trouble the public peace and which is paradoxically quenched in the peace of a great love.

In *Macbeth, Coriolanus, Troilus,* and *Antony and Cleopatra,* the excesses of political ambition form the theme. An attentive study of the whole dramatic production leads to the same conclusions:

Shakespeare's art is always regulated by a process, of which he is the master—that of *theme with variations.* If he succeeded so rapidly in reaching the apex of success and maintained himself so long unrivalled, it was because he had the mechanism of his profession perfectly in hand. Like Molière, he was guided throughout by his experience of the psychology of his audience. His strength and his weakness were herein contained, for he was constantly preoccupied by the desire to satisfy the public.

Love's Labour's Lost, for example, had such a "topical" interest in Shakespeare's day that it was revived three times. The characters bore the names of Henry of Navarre's Court: Longueville, Biron, Du Maine and Lamothe. The choice of these titles, which the newsletters daily made familiar to the spectators, was a happy inspiration.

When new commercial treaties with Russia began to interest Londoners, the dancers in the comedy adopted the strange costume and rich furs of the Muscovites; and

in order to add diversity to an already cosmopolitan spectacle, the actors who played the parts of the Spanish braggart and the Italian pedant were made up to resemble individuals who were very well known in London at that time: the "fantastical Monarcho" and an Italian professor of whom I shall have much to say. One of the popular attractions of the moment, Banke's famous trained horse, who told the spectators' ages, gave the cube root of any number and climbed the dome of Saint Paul's, and finally caused his master to be burnt for sorcery—had his place in the comedy. These novelties explain the great vogue of this play during the actor's lifetime and why, ever since, it has appeared less real than the others and is practically never given.

It would be easy to mention many other plays where Shakespeare reserves a large place for questions of the day. "To show the body of the time its form and pressure" was a point whereon he prided himself.

Just as the political echo was heard in the *Merchant of Venice,* so, when commercial interest centred on Morocco, this country began to figure in Shakespeare's work. Although the vast continent still remained mysterious, the northwestern zone comprised between Algiers and Safi, with Marrakech as capital, had become familiar on account of the sugar and salpetre furnished to England.

It is difficult to give an idea of the closeness of the links this traffic established between the two countries. Barbary was the topic of the moment, not only for the city merchant, but also for the Court. Elizabeth hoped to strike her peninsular enemies through North Africa and consequently encouraged the contraband of war under pretext of commercial exchange with the Sultan of Barbary. Such a cordial understanding had in fact been

established between Protestant Queen and Mohammedan Cheriff that the destruction of the "Invincible Armada" was hailed with official rejoicing at Marrakech, the Sultan's bodyguard marching with the English merchants in their triumphal parade.

Sixty allusions to Barbary or to the Moors appear in Shakespeare's plays in response to the newly awakened interest.[2] Three of his principal characters come from Barbary; two of them, a Prince and a condottiere, represent the highest type of the noble Berber; the other the basest kind of slave.

Shakespeare calls them indiscriminately "Moors"; this belongs to his time, where no ethnological difference was made between the Aryan warrior of the mountain and the semitic dweller of the coast, nor does it greatly matter, for no writer has shown as well as Shakespeare the essential differences between semite and Berber, or has made us feel more vividly the gulf between Othello and Aaron. Not a word or act of Othello which does not indicate his origin, issue of the warlike sovereigns of the Atlas: they would be called to-day great "Caïds":

> *. . . I fetch my being*
> *From men of royal siege; and my demerits*
> *May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune*
> *As this that I have reach'd: . . .*

says Othello, when the Senate hesitates to confide the happiness of a young patrician to a foreigner of obscure antecedents; he recalls the memory of his youth, passed in skirmishes with the neighbouring tribes among "antres vast and deserts idle, mountains whose heads touch the sky."

[2] Richard Field, Shakespeare's editor, published at this time a book in Latin translated from Arabic, entitled: *Mohamidis impusthuri.*

Once more in *The Merchant of Venice,* we meet a Prince of the Saâdien dynasty, who comes to solicit Portia's hand and presents himself with all the pomp befitting the Sultan's heir. He is called "Prince of Morocco," but his title indicates that his home is at Marrakech, for in England this city went by the name of Morocco; the region was never designated otherwise than as Barbary. The Prince's speech is filled with anachronisms, but it is also picturesque and highly coloured; no doubt, the author had been told of the refinement and the culture of the great Arab chiefs, whose language is always strewn with flowers of rhetoric. This he translates after the Italian manner, with quantities of mythological allusions which represented at the same time patrician taste and an exotic turn of mind. This method of obtaining local colour is simple; since his time many others have employed it.

In speaking of Padua, Mantua, Milan, Verona, or Venice, he was sure to please the auditors of his early comedies. The gilded youth who thronged the theatres either had visited Tuscany or expected to go there; but the merchant adventurer who passed an afternoon at the Globe or at the Blackfriars, must have been a much rarer comer. It was not for him or his companions that the dramatic author wrote. To depict Barbary, when its turn to be in the public eye arrived, Shakespeare naturally took even less trouble than when Italy was in question; his audience neither sought a geographical treatise nor a study of Islamic customs. Only the name of Algiers and Morocco, the Sultan's residence, was known in England and the name of Algiers (spelt Argier) and of Morocco sufficed for Shakespeare's map.

The *Yorkshire Tragedy* is perhaps the most striking example of how the dramatist treated the sensation of the hour. This interlude was frequently acted by the *King's Players* and published in quarto 1606. On the title page, the reader is notified that the drama is "not so new as lamentable and true." In fact, a terrible crime had moved all England: a young man of excellent antecedents, married to a charming wife, and father of two fine boys, suddenly assassinated his family, apparently with no reason whatever. Shakespeare's troupe, confident that the public would be curious to have a logical explanation of this tragedy, staged the incident, which was represented as the result of a passion for gambling, capable of transforming a man into a demoniac. The superiority of Shakespeare as a theatrical director is shown in his seizure of the subject occupying public attention. In this case his impeccable psychology gives verisimilitude to a situation which could lead to such a murder. His daring evocation of a "modern instance" assured the success of this rather mediocre play.

The poet's intuition was not limited to a special case; he knew how to generalize and as he grew older, attracted by the new ideas germinating over seas he became more and more absorbed in philosophical thought.

It was in response to the appeal of wider horizons that, aided by his recognized success, he was able to penetrate into a more distinguished and cosmopolitan world which immediately reacted on the work he had in hand.

AUTHORITIES FOR CHAPTER III

The Tragedie of Richard the Second As it hath beene publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine's seruants, by William Shake-Speare. Valentine Simmes for

Andrew Wise. 1598—Midsomer's Night's Dream. Written by William Shakespeare. J. Roberts. 1600—Richard III by William Shakespeare. A. Wise. 1598—An Excellent conceited tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet As it hath been Often (with great applause) plaid publiquely by the Honourable Lord Hunsdon his seruants. Printed by John Danter. 1597—The most excellent historie of the Merchant of Venise, written by William Shakespeare. James Roberts. 1600—The Historye of Henry the IIIIth with his battaile of Sherewsburye against Henry Hottspurre of the North with the conceipted mirth of Sir John Falstolf. Andrew Wise. 1598—Second Parte of the History of Kinge Henry IIIIth with the humours of Sir John Fallstaff: written by Master Shakespere. Andrew Wise & Wm Apsley. 1600—An excellent and pleasant conceited commedie of Sir John Faulstaff and the merye wyves of Windsor. John Busbie. 1602—The Steward's Account, Duke of Rutland's papers, March 13. 1613—Belvoir MSS.—Kempes Nine daies wonder, written by himself to satisfie his friends. Nicholas Ling. 1600—Lord Chamberlains Accounts. —Sources inédites de l'Histoire du Maroc. Archives d'Angleterre et de la dynastie Saâdienne. Comte Henry de Castries —Three miseries of Barbary, plague, famine, civil war, by George Wilkins. William Jones for Henry Gosson. London. 1604—Roscius Anglicanus or Historical review of the stage after it had been suppressed by means of the late unhappy civil wars, begun in 1641 and continued up to the present time (1706), by John Downes.—A Yorkshire Tragedy not so new as lamentable and true. Acted by his Maiesties Players at the Globe. Written by W. Shakespeare. Thomas Pavier. 1608—Every Man in his Humour a Comedie, acted in the yeere 1598, by the then Lord Chamberlaine's servants, Benjamin Jonson. London.—The Commicall satyre of Every Man out of his Humour B. J. 1600—Seianus his fall. A Tragedie first acted in the yeers 1603, by the King's Majestues seruants. Benjamin Jonson. London.—The Shakespearian Stage, by Victor E. Albright. New York, Columbia University Press. 1912.

CHAPTER IV

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON WORLD

The brain of this foolish compounded clay, man,
Is not able to invent more that tends to laughter than I invent.
I am not only witty in myself, but the cause of wit in other men.

HENRY IV, PART II

THOMAS HEYWOOD, scandalized by the familiarity bordering on disrespect which incites the English to remember their great men by a nickname, exclaimed, in speaking of the famous poets of his own time, that Marlowe was only known as *Kit,* Beaumont as *Frank,* that Jonson, although he dipped his pen in the Castalian spring, was universally called *Ben,* and that Shakespeare, in spite of the magic which could move his auditors with equal ease to tears or laughter, never attained to the dignity of a second syllable, but was plain *Will* to every one.

Perhaps the Bohemian surroundings in which these men so often met, at *Swan, Mermaid* or *Dolphin* tavern, between a drinking bout or a wit-contest—where some learned advocate or supple courtier spoke the final word, where the bully occasionally intervened with fist or dagger, and the consumption of sack was out of proportion with the bill for bread—explains this nonchalant mode of address.

Beaumont's description of the brilliant conversation heard at the *Mermaid* is too well known to need repeti-

tion. The declaration of Thomas Fuller, who in his youth was a constant frequenter of such haunts and knew the men of whom he wrote, clearly indicates which of the most famous participants in the war of words, Will or Ben, possessed the readiest repartee. Master Jonson was like the great Spanish galleon, "built higher in learning, but solid and slow in action." Shakespeare, like the light English frigate, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could tack and turn with all winds and tides by the quickness of his wit and invention.

The literary tavern, besides being the arena where each could display his qualities of wit, wisdom or acid retort, was the ground where were established many lifelong enmities, friendships, and more or less durable collaboration between authors. The violent polemics sometimes ended in bloodshed, and on one occasion when the calumnies spoken were too atrocious, those present seized the defamer and sealed his mouth up with hot tar and beeswax.

Here often came Shakespeare, to profit by this stimulating atmosphere, but it may not be supposed that he was a constant guest like Marlowe or Jonson, for it is recorded of him by a fellow actor that he was the more estimable for not being a constant "company keeper, disliked excess, and often, when begged to join a debauch of the town feigned illness, to avoid it."

Such, unfortunately, was not the disposition of one of the most gifted among all the habitués of Bohemia, Christopher Marlowe, son of a cobbler of Canterbury. His imperious vocation for letters brought him early to the Curtain Playhouse, where his tragic force and lyric gifts soon distinguished him from all other rivals. Undoubtedly Shakespeare looked upon him at first as his own

superior in talent and was probably flattered to be deemed worthy of collaborating with the young genius.

Their association is consecrated by *Henry VI* and other rapidly executed tragedies forgotten even by their own public. Hamlet alludes to a play of this sort which, although excellent drama, was above the heads of the audience and no more appreciated by the multitude than caviar. The scraps from Priam, which he quotes, bear a strong resemblance to the Shakespeare-Marlowe manner, as it is found in *The Raign of Edward III* and another anonymous work which good critics attribute to Marlowe and to Shakespeare. That the latter had a hand in it is certain, for his line—afterwards reprinted in the Sonnets:

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds,

first appeared in this tragedy. Moreover it was published by the same editor, Cuthbert Burby, who at that period was printing some of the Shakespeare quartos.

Marlowe was already a pillar of the public haunts, which were soon to prove fatal to him, when the two poets first began work together; he was renowned as author of the violent *Tamburlaine the Great* and more remarkable *Tragic History of Doctor Faustus*, both of which are alluded to by Shakespeare. The portrait of the fallen angel, Mephistophilus, inspired some of the finest passages in Milton's *Paradise Lost* and is incomparably superior to the shallow Mephisto of Goethe.

The depth of Marlowe's conception may be illustrated by his answer to Faust, who inquires "why the Devil can be out of the bounds of perpetual torment?" The reply is utterly unexpected:

Why this is Hell! *I am not out of it.*
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God
And tasted the immortal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand Hells?

Faustus was followed by *The Rich Jew of Malta,* a drama, or rather melodrama, whose horrors are treated with brutal realism and which, in responding to the spirit of the time, was violently anti-semite. Marlowe's extraordinary versatility is shown by his exquisite lyrical creation of the same epoch, *Hero and Leander,* fragment from which Shakespeare admiringly quotes:

Dead Shepherd, now I see thy saw of might
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight.

A rhymed translation of Ovid's *Elegies,* a historical drama, *The Massacres at Paris*—which showed in such realistic detail the tragic happenings of the Night of Saint Bartholomew, that the French Ambassador obtained its withdrawal from the stage, alleging the violation of State Secrets—and *Dido, Queen of Carthage,* preceded by some months the final tragedy, *Edward II.*

Marlowe evidently shared with Spenser Shakespeare's preference over other contemporary poets; allusions to his work are numerous and the title of Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* was suggested by some lines in *The Jew of Malta:*

Thus like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passage in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings
Now I remember those old women's words
Who, in my wealth, would tell me winter's tales. . . .

But if Shakespeare was easily tempted into friendly and professional association, there were many in London to whom the author of *Faustus* was an object of superstitious terror and scandal. His knowledge of the "black art," shown in his tragedy, terrified those who connect the personality of an author with the principal character of his work; and Marlowe did, in reality, practise magic, sought the philosopher's stone with another of Shakespeare's original collaborators, Thomas Heywood, "raised spirits from the vasty deep," and was even accused of manufacturing false coin by means of the forbidden science. He affected subversive religious opinions, declared that the book of Genesis was scientifically impossible, that Moses was only a clever charlatan who had learned conjuring tricks in Egypt and forced his people into their forty years' wandering, in the hope of leaving by the wayside all who did not subscribe to his dictates. The apostles were branded by him—with the exception of Saint Paul—as ignorant fishermen with neither style nor wit, and he guaranteed to furnish a better Testament and more perfect religion. Among the imperfect cults practised in England, that of the papists was pronounced preferable to the others, because they had fine music and beautiful ceremonial rites.

It needed much less than this to brand Marlowe as a dangerous and impious atheist and to unchain the fury of the Puritan preachers. When, in 1593, having scarcely attained his thirtieth year, the poet was knifed by a bravo in a vulgar brawl over a "light wench" or heavy reckoning, ballad makers vied with one another in describing the atheist's tragedy. They invited all those who went ruffling about London in their silken suits and who persisted in writing plays to think on the fate of Marlowe.

With the disappearance of this young genius, it became difficult for Shakespeare to find an associate worthy of him. Spenser was, by his public functions, far removed from London; Ben Jonson, equally formidable through his learning, caustic wit and jealous temper, preferred to be Shakespeare's rival than partner of his triumphs. Nashe, surnamed the English Juvenal and known for versatile talent, lacked intellectual affinity with Shakespeare; like Marston, Chapman and Webster belonged to another literary clan. Fletcher, famous for the "familiar grace and elegancy of his dialogue," was at that time too much bound to Beaumont to undertake other associations. A decade later, Fletcher will be found collaborating with Shakespeare in *Henry VIII* and the *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

Samuel Daniel was rather an imitator than inventor. His sonnets to Delia were a very barefaced plagiarism of the French Pleiad and he was reproached by contemporary reviewers for imitating Shakespeare so openly, that at the announcement "Here comes Samuel Daniel," the reply is: "Then, we are sure to hear whole stanzas from *Venus and Adonis*." Evidently, Shakespeare had nothing to learn from him.

Finally Michael Drayton, an old Stratford associate, showed perhaps a poetic disposition more akin than any other to Shakespeare. "The swans of Avon sang at Drayton's funeral as they had done at Shakespeare's," as Sir Aston Cokaine wrote. But his modesty and shyness led him to live a very secluded life, and the romantic and hopeless passion which he cultivated for Lady Rainsford, whom he celebrated under the name of *Idea*, took him back to the country where he became linked with the poet's children, as we shall see later. In 1596, we can

only connect him with our poet through his panegyric of *Lucrece.*

Thus, for ten years at least, Shakespeare composed alone: and it is interesting to find so great a critic as Dryden, and one who lived so close to his time, furnishing such a discriminating judgment of Shakespeare's genius as is contained in his prologue to the revival of *The Tempest* in 1669:

Shakespeare, who, taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art
He monarch-like gave those his subjects law
And is *that nature which they paint and draw.*
Fletcher reached that which on his heights did grow
Whilst Jonson crept and gathered all below
And if they since out-writ all other men
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's pen.

And this brings us to the interesting and ever open question, concerning the relations between Jonson and Shakespeare, hotly debated by those who cannot understand that men of letters are complex beings, do not see life all black or all white, do not necessarily violently love, or violently hate, every rival; and are unable to conceive that Jonson could "love the man" and yet be jealous and unjust.

The first commentator who studied this matter seems so much clearer-sighted than any of those who came after him, that I cannot resist setting down in his own words and spelling, what Nicholas Rowe tells us on this subject:

. . . [His] acquaintance with Ben Johnson began with a remarkable piece of Humanity and Good Nature; Mr. Johnson, who was at that Time altogether unknown to the World, had offered one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it

Acted; and the Persons into whose Hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly, and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured Answer that it would be of no service to their Company when Shakespear luckily cast his Eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Johnson and his writings to the Public. After this they were professed friends; tho' I don't knowe whether t'other ever made him an equal return for his Gentleness and Sincerity. Ben was naturally Proud and Insolent and in the Days of his Reputation did so far take upon him the Supremacy in Wit, that he could not but look with an evil Eye upon any one that seemed to stand in Competition with him. And if at times he has affected to commend him, it has always been with some Reserve, insinuating his Uncorrectness, a careless manner of Writing, and want of Judgment; the Praise of seldom altering or blotting out what he writ, which was given him by the Players who were the first Publishers of his Works after his Death, was what Johnson could not bear; he thought it impossible perhaps for another Man to strike out the greatest Thoughts in the finest expression, and to reach those Excellencies of Poetry with the ease of a first Imagination, which himself with infinite Labour and Study could but hardly attain to. Johnson was certainly a very good Scholar, and in that had the Advantage of Shakespear tho' at the same time I believe it must be allowed that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a Balance for what Books had given the former.

Jonson certainly did not neglect many opportunities of making a hit at his rival, and even in his declaration of affection, after Shakespeare's death, the impatience of the man of learning with the too easily acquired science of the Stratford Grammar-School, and the envy of a writer to whom art was painstaking and laborious, for the ready flow of verse and idea which Shakespeare had naturally mastered, make themselves felt.

Aside from literary questions, there were things about the actor which roused Jonson's wrath.

Shakespeare's innate conviction concerning the *inequality* of man was, to this rugged man of the people, a blasphemy. Ben had been bred originally to the bricklayer's trade, and, though under the wise tuition of Camden he developed into an intellectual giant he remained gigantically brutal. "He was wont" (according to the actor Lacy) "to wear a coat like a hackney coachman's with slits under the arm-pits. He would often exceed in drink—canarie was his beloved liquor—then tumble home to bed and when he had perspired, then to study."

He had had his share of rough adventure, bore the brand of the galleys on his thumb, and was reputed to have "killed his man." He had no claim whatever to manners or breeding and could not bear to think that not only was Shakespeare born a gentleman, but behaved like one without the slightest effort.

In a satire presented the year when armorial bearings were accorded to Shakespeare's father, Jonson hastened to scoff at the newly rich *Sogliardo* and to give him a blazon which, both in design and motto, was a parody of the Shakespeares' *Falcon with wings displayed, on a field azure* and motto *Non Sans Droict;* Jonson invents for his parvenu: *On a pewter field a Boar's head gules,* and selects as motto: *Not Without Mustard.*

When Jonson declared that he loved Shakespeare and honoured his memory as much as any man, he added "on this side of idolatry," and at once attacked the uncritical attitude of Shakespeare's fellow actors. He declared that they adored their comrade chiefly for his faults, lauding him for his abundant facility, judged by Jonson as a failing which ofttimes led him into absurdities. As an

example, Jonson quotes the alleged lines, which he declares ridiculous:

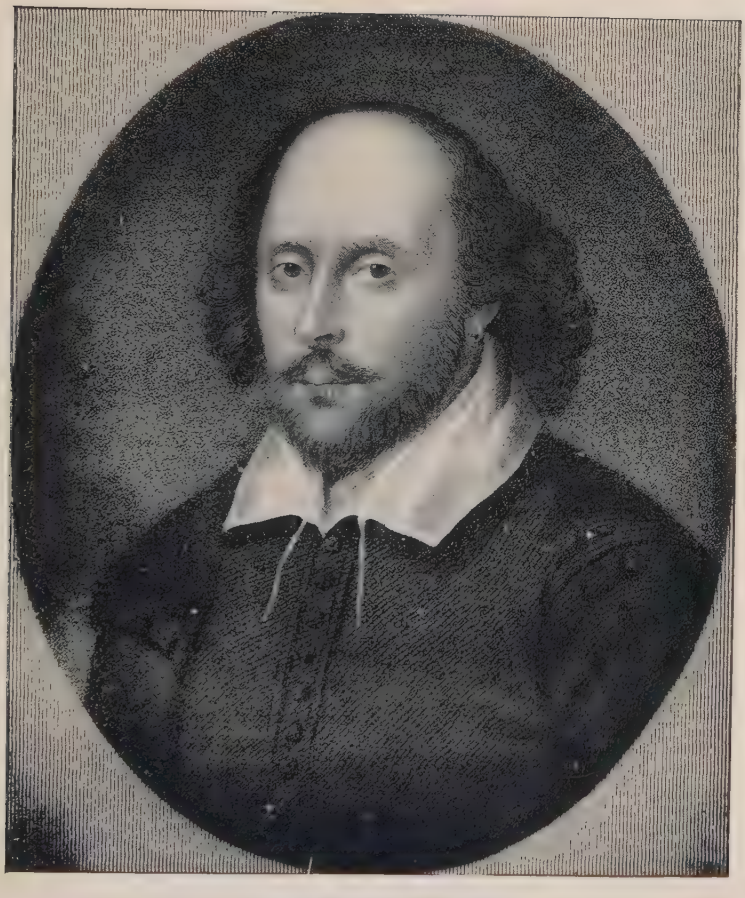
Cæsar did never wrong without just cause.

But as Rowe remarks, no such line exists in the version which remains to us of *Julius Cæsar;* an interesting indication of what I shall attempt to prove later, that certain plays were very carefully gone over by their author in view of publication and the alterations were terminated before they went into the hands of the editors. Shakespeare probably realized the justice of Jonson's criticism orally pronounced, and profited by it when establishing a definite text.

Certainly Jonson was eager at all times to prove his own superiority and declared that he would be ashamed to descend to the stage tricks employed by his rival, who "with a few rusty swords and words a foot-and-a-half long" attempted to present the great wars between Lancaster and York. Nor would he care for the praise of those critics who declare that *Titus Andronicus* is a fine play.

As an enemy, Jonson was by no means negligible. His school of disciples, whom he affectionately called "The Tribe of Benjamin," were always ready to prove "Big Ben's" superiority over all other men of letters; and among contemporaries, those that did not place him above Shakespeare were inclined to rate him as an equal. A curious satirical pamphlet shows "Eloquence" engaging Shakespeare as butler, Jonson as cook, aided by Peter Aretine and a horde of ballad-mongers and clowns.

Several instances are preserved when the laugh went against Jonson, as in the case of Shakespeare's sly pun, when he promised to give as godfather's present to a



PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE, ATTRIBUTED TO BURBAGE

natural child of Jonson a "Latin spoon," instead of the conventional gift of a gold one; the so-called Latin spoon was only pewter, but Shakespeare contended that Jonson with his habit of translating everything from Latin could easily transmute it into more precious metal.

Jonson's real superiority to Shakespeare lay in his comedies of manners, the *Humours, Volpone, The Alchemist,* and *The Silent Woman.* But when he attempted a Roman play, although his *Catiline* and his *Sejanus* were free from anachronisms, they never held the stage like *Cæsar* or *Coriolanus.*

But although the brilliant atmosphere of the *Swan* and *Mermaid* might have stimulated the poet's talent, and in a certain measure affected his taste, it is difficult to ascribe to any influences encountered therein the preponderance of Italian ideas and forms of thought to be found in all his early work. His dramatic production between 1590 and 1598 was redolent of Tuscany—nor can the example of Peele, Lyly, Lodge, or Greene explain so strong a tendency as Shakespeare showed toward Italian language and literature.

Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that the poet merely followed a fashion set by these masters, who all dallied more or less with an Italian muse, this cannot account for the change to the spirit of Montaigne which presides over the later phase of Shakespeare's writings.

A stronger, nearer and more persistent influence must be invoked to explain the trend first from Ovid toward Renaissance Italy, then toward the new school of philosophy which had been born in France and which had spread so quickly into other countries.

To an impartial critic, like Villemain, it was evident that Shakespeare must have come into close touch during the early period with an enthusiastic lover of Italy, and some person equally conversant with the new thought of France. He found them indeed united in one and the same individual, inhabiting the very mansion in which the poet best loved to linger.

Whenever a sincere attempt has been made to reconstruct the environment in which Shakespeare's genius ripened, the student has been forced back into the world of two personages, Essex and Southampton. The influence of these noblemen is so evident on his work that each merits a place to himself in a volume whose first object is to call up the poet's intimate surroundings.

It was at Essex-House and young Lord Southampton's palatial dwelling on the Strand—now the "National Record Office"—that Gervase Markham, Sir Aston Cokaine, Sir Edward and Sir Henry Wotton, Barnes and Barnefield foregathered, Chapman discussed his new translation of the *Iliad,* and where Sir John Harrington and Theodore Diodati talked of Ariosto, that Shakespeare met many of those who might boast of having now and then furnished him with an idea.

Hither also came Francis Bacon "and discoursed in language nobly censorious, commanding where he spoke so that his hearers could not cough or look aside without loss," as he is pictured by a contemporary. Does not this description recall the lines in the *Merchant of Venice* concerning the pompous self-important talker whose manner conveys the impression "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark"?

In the early nineties, Bacon was doing all in his power to flatter the Earl of Essex, who, as Queen's minister,

exerted himself to obtain for Bacon the place of solicitor general. This was refused and Essex felt so badly that, to make amends for a post which he had almost promised, he presented Bacon with a handsome estate out of his own private fortune. This kindness was so ill requited that it earned the Master of Gorhambury Manor the epithet "wisest and meanest of mankind."

But it is not to any of these that the Italian hand in Shakespeare can be justly attributed. There was another man of letters present in this galaxy, who was more than an occasional frequenter of this little world, being Southampton's own resident professor. To him may unhesitatingly be ascribed, not only the Italian culture assimilated by the poet, but also the French humanistic elements of his second manner.

No one can seriously examine Southampton's world without being struck by the presence there of a learned grammarian, teacher of languages, professional translator, "of English stock, but an Italian plant," whose technical competence in all these branches explains the so-called "mystery of Shakespeare's acquirements."

How a problem so easily solved should have been so long neglected by Shakespearean students remains to me the only veritable mystery of the much abused "question"!

John Florio is the forgotten link which connects Shakespeare with both the French and Italian Renaissance. And I shall endeavour to show beyond controversy what an important place he held in the poet's orb. If the space here given to Florio seems out of proportion with his talents, if I appear to neglect, for his sake, some of the more readily acknowledged influences, it is because the rôles of such men as Peele, Lyly, Lodge and Greene

have been already dwelt on, whereas that of Florio has been relegated to oblivion.

A few sterile arguments were, it is true, begun among eighteenth century critics, as to whether it might be possible to identify Southampton's professor with the Pedant of *Love's Labour's Lost* and as source of an Italian passage in this comedy. But, neither during the controversy, nor the hundred years which followed, has any but myself taken the trouble to investigate his publications in search of possible analogies.

In recalling the main incidents of Florio's life and in briefly analysing his works, the extent of Shakespeare's debt to the pedant will be clearly seen.

Although this Italian, having produced little original work, cannot be counted among Elizabethan authors of first rank, his importance as a diffuser of general knowledge and Renaissance culture entitle him to the distinguished place assigned by eminent contemporaries.

In England's name I thank your Industry
Laborious Florio! who have so much wrought
To honour her, in bringing Italy
To speak her language and to give her note
Of all the treasures that rich tongue contains. . . .

wrote Samuel Daniel—and the learned Dr. Gwinn, surnamed "il Candido," declares:

Florio, thou dost deserve a world of Flowers,
No garden can contain thy store of merit;
A garland made out of Parnassus' bowers
Must gird thy temples and adorn thy spirit. . . .

"Mai di honor to basti, chi sei Florio," said John Mabbe and a score of well-known men of letters praised him both in verse and prose.

His pedagogic gifts, rather than intrinsic talent, gained him an enviable place in the world of letters, associating him with Spenser, Leicester, the Countess of Bedford, Fulke Greville, Alberico Gentile,[1] the jurist, and Dr. Theodore Diodati.[2]

The vogue enjoyed for many years by his translation of Montaigne's *Essays,* kept Florio's memory alive as translator, but, as the original editions gradually gave place to reprints which omit the self-revelations contained in the dedicatory epistles, the personality of this strange being was forgotten and the key to certain uncomprehended passages in Shakespeare's work consequently mislaid.

Little is known of the linguist's early life or the adventures of his family in England as religious refugees. His father, self-styled "famous Preacher of the Gospel in London and elsewhere," author of a hand-book on the Tuscan language, a catechism for children's use, and a *History of the Life and Death of the Illustrious Lady Jane Gray,* declares himself a "Florentine" and it appears likely that he descended from Francesco Florio Fiorentino, whose tales were highly esteemed during the fifteenth century.

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[1] Alberico Gentile, author of *De Jure Belli,* established himself in England about 1580 and was made regius professor at Oxford, where according to an eminent authority "his brilliant lectures animated the dry dust of the Civil Laws."

[2] Theodore Diodati, whose family, natives of Lucca, were forced to flee religious persecutions. The father established himself in Geneva where Theodore and Giovanni were born. The former came to London and enjoyed much repute as physician and man of letters. He was chosen as instructor for Sir John Harrington. Florio plumed himself considerably on the fact that a brother-Italian was chosen "to form, ornament, and instruct so noble and promising a spirit" and adds that in name as in act Diodati had been a real gift of God.

Like Florio, Diodati married in England and had three children, Philadelphia, John and Charles. This latter become known to fame as the friend and counselor of Milton.

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The religious repressions, which began in England under Mary Tudor—perhaps a scandal in the pastor's private life—forced Michael-Angelo and his wife to seek a place of refuge, and sent them back to the continent. In the meantime—1553—a son had been born to them and shared his parents' second exile.

Giovanni Florio obtained his education during this period and returned to England to exploit it. His dual nationality often made his career difficult and led him to exclaim bitterly: "I know I am an Englishman in Italian and that they have a knife at command to cut my throat, that they say: 'How is it possible for this man to write good Italian, since he is not of Italian birth.' To these I answer: let them better examine the facts— Still others declare it impossible for one who is not Doctor to teach and give rules, to these I can make no answer for what they say is true"—proof that in spite of his extensive learning, this pedant did not possess a degree.

In what schools or universities of the continent, Giovanni obtained his monumental education, is still a matter for debate. At one time, he was evidently under the direct influence of Giordano Bruno, known as il Nolano, for in his preface to Montaigne's *Essays,* he speaks of what "my old fellowe, Nolano, often told me and publicly taught."

The first definite trace of Giovanni's return to England shows him lodged at "Wooster Place," in April, 1578. From thence is dated his first publication: *A conversation manual for the use of gentlemen or merchants desirous of learning the Italian tongue*—to whom the author thus excuses himself: "Gentle Reader: For such faults as escaped the author's naughty pen, the compositor's wavering hand, the corrector's dazzling eye and the printer's press

—for surely the author writes scarce good English and a ragged hand withal, and the compositor understands no Italian—standing at thy courtesy, we are persuaded thou wilt lightly pardon us both."

The index gives an idea of the scope and diversity of Florio's work and consequently the ample vocabulary placed at the command of English and Italian scholars.

English familiar speech. To speak with a gentleman, a gentlewoman, a merchant, a domestic. Amorous talk—talk in the dark. To speak of England.

Divers sentences, divine and profane. Three hundred fine proverbs. Fine sayings and pretty demands. The Abuses of the World. Discourses upon Peace, War, Envy, Pride, Beauty, Nobility, Poverty.

A necessary Prayer. Which Be the Goods of Fortune, of Wrath: with certain fine sayings of Ariosto and other Poets.

What the profit of reading, learning and Science is. Certain discourses in praise of writers and philosophers. *Reasonings on Diligence, humanity, Clemency, Temperance and Sobriety, Upon Silence, Liberality. In praise of old age. A Discourse upon Lust and the force thereof.*

The opinion of Marcus Aurelius and Ovid upon Love, and what be *The Diversities of men.*

Certain fine, learned and gallant sayings taken from Antonio Guevara [3] and written by him upon Divers occasions, and worthy to be noted.

In Praise of Henry the Eighth of England! Fine discourses of said author concerning Captains and Soldiers of our time and sheweth how Judges should be chosen.

Names of the members pertaining to man. Days of the week and seasons of the year. How one shall number with a brief vocabulary. Certain Prayers: Pater Noster, Creed.

Necessary Rules, as it were a Grammar, very profitable for all such as delight in the Italian Tongue: gathered, collected,

[3] Florio failed to make his great favourite, Anthony Guevara. popular in England. His name is not again mentioned in Florio's books.

translated and augmented by *Florio* out of divers and sundry of the best Italian authors and poets—the like never published before! Wherewith a man may, in a very short space and with little help, attain unto the perfection of writing, reading, pronouncing and speaking of the Italian Tongue.

The latter portion of this book, consecrated to grammar and to the teaching of modern languages, is remarkably arranged. Comparisons are ably presented and the essential differences between English and Italian clearly explained; other innovations were a table of irregular verbs and a clever method of phonetic spelling.

With the rudiments of each language, the teacher recalls the diversity of manners and customs in a series of characteristic dialogues—an ingenious idea which gives vivacity to his conversations—his description of Queen Elizabeth's Court, in which he introduces a list of superlatives which might have satisfied Good Bess herself, is remarkably constructed so as to make these words and their opposites stick in the memory. It is easy to see that Florio must have been an excellent teacher—not an impartial one.

Amusing sidelights are constantly shed on the author's personality; Florio's colossal vanity contained a morbid element, discernible in all his writings. Intolerant of the least criticism of Italy, he feels personally aggrieved by any slur on an Italian writer. Roger Ascham, in his *Schoolmaster,* had decried the mania for Italian travel besetting the English, and quoted the saying: *"Un Inglese Italianato e un Diavolo incarnato"* (An Italianized Englishman is the Devil incarnate).

Florio flew to arms. "Now who the Devil taught *thee* so much Italian? Why the best speak it best! and Her Majesty, none better. One tongue is too many indeed

PORTRAIT OF SOUTHAMPTON, BY GHERAATS

for him who cannot use it well, and thou hast none but such as is cankered with envy!"

Although declaring that his mission was to make England comprehensible to Italians and persuade his fellow-countrymen to love Britain, Florio's real preoccupation was to prove to the English the great moral and intellectual superiority of Tuscany. He finds nothing to criticize in Italy but the Church of Rome, against which the refugee was bitterly inimical.

His advice to would-be travellers is amusing:

> Behave as mannerly as you may, but I would always keep a mean, and take heed above all things that you be not despised or contemned. Remember that the Dons of Spain, the Earles of Germany, the Monsieurs of France, the Bishops of Italy, the Knights of Naples, the Hidalgoes of Portingale, the Younger Brethren of England, and the Noblemen of Hungary, make very poor company. Never give credit unto the "faremos" of Rome, unto the "adesso adesso" of Italy, and the "magnana" of Spain, to the "by and by" of England, the "Warrant you" of Scotland nor unto the "tantôts" of France, for they are words of small importance.

He does not like the English language, finding it confused:

> Bepieced with many tongues, it taketh words from the Latin, French and Italian, and more from the Dutch, some also from the Greek and the Breton; so, if every language had its own again, there would be but few words remaining for Englishmen, yet every day they add. Take a book, mark well, and you shall not read four words together of veritable English.

His impression of the manners of the country is not more favourable; many so-called gentlemen appear to him like louts. He longs to cut off the heads of the British parent who educates his children so badly.

The *First Fruits,* with all its pedantry, is instructive and unintentionally amusing. One portion should be of prime interest to Shakespearean scholars: that chapter where two interlocutors decide to pass away the afternoon, reviewing a number of golden sayings, proverbially dear to the Italians, keeping in mind the while "that no translation can give the zest of the original." Nevertheless, to illustrate a remark by a well-chosen aphorism—whether in conversation or writing—is necessary, according to Florio, for any man who desires to appear "a Good wit": "Proverbs are the pith, the proprieties, the proofs, the purities, the elegancies, as the commonest, so the commendablest phrases of a language. To use them is a grace, to understand them is a good."

He, evidently, convinced Shakespeare of this favourite dogma, for no writer made such an extensive use of the aphoristic form of speech as did the dramatist. Moreover two score proverbs found in his plays, were taken from Florio's manuals, the first of which antedates any Shakespearean creation by at least ten years. This booklet contains fifteen proverbs, declared by their compiler Englished by no other man, and which Shakespeare adopts, comments, or paraphrases in the course of his works: [4]

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[4] The *London Prodigal* contains a curious passage which includes not only an allusion to Florio and his proverbs, but which quotes two of those contained in the *Second Fruits.*

MAT. FLOWRDALE
The Italian hath a pretty saying: Questo . . . I have forgotten it too 'tis out of my head—but in my translation if it holds—thus: Thou hast a friend, keep him! if a foe trip him!

SIR LANCELOT SPURCOCK
Slanders are more common than truth Master Flowrdale but proof is the rule for both.

MAT.
You say true. What-do-you-call-him hath it there in his third canton!

Florio: Fast bind fast find (Folio 31).
Shakespeare: "Fast bind fast find", a proverb never stale in thrifty mind (*Merchant of Venice,* Act II, sc. 5).

Florio: All that glistreth is not gold (Folio 32).
Shakespeare: All that glitters is not gold, golden tombs do dust enfold (*Merchant of Venice,* Act II, sc. 5).

Florio: More water flows by the mill than the miller knows (Folio 34).
Shakespeare: More water glideth by the mill than wots the miller of (*Titus Andronicus,* Act II, sc. 1).

Florio: When the cat is abroade the mise play (Folio 33).
Shakespeare: Playing the mouse in absence of the cat (*Henry IV,* Act I, sc. 2).

Florio: He that maketh not marreth not (Folio 27).
Shakespeare: What make you? nothing? what mar you then? (*As You Like It,* Act I, sc. 1).

Florio: An Ill weed groweth apace (Folio 31).
Shakespeare: Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace (*Richard III,* Act II, sc. 4).

Florio: Make of necessity virtue (Folio 13).
Shakespeare: Make a virtue of necessity (*Two Gentlemen of Verona,* Act IV, sc. 2).

Florio: Give losers leave to speak (Folio 33).
Shakespeare: But I can give the loser leave to chide, and well such losers may have leave to speak (*Henry VI,* Part II, Act III, sc. 1).

Florio: It is Labour lost to speak of love (Folio 71).
Shakespeare takes as a title: "Love's Labour's Lost."

Florio: Necessity hath no law (Folio 31).
Shakespeare: Nature must obey necessity (*Julius Cæsar,* Act III, sc. 3).

Florio: A gallant death doth honour a whole life (Folio 34).
Shakespeare: Nothing in life became him like the leaving of it (*Macbeth,* Act I, sc. 1).

Florio: The end maketh all men equal (Folios 33).

Shakespeare: One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. (*Troilus and Cressida,* Act III, sc. 3).

Florio: That is quickly done that is done well.

Shakespeare: If 'twere done when 'tis done 'twere well 'twere done quickly (*Macbeth,* Act I, sc. 7).

Florio: Venitia, chi non ti vede non ti pretia ma chi ti vede bene si costa.

(Venice, he who seeth thee not praiseth thee not, but he who seeth thee it costs him dear! *First Fruits,* Folio 34).

Shakespeare: I may say of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

(Venetia Venetia, chi non ti vede non ti pretia. Old Mantuan, who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. *Love's Labour's Lost,* Act IV, sc. 2).

Besides these examples, Shakespeare refers some thirty times to proverbs in such phrases as these:

Thereof comes the proverb: Blessings on your heart, you brew good ale (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*).

While the Grass grows—The proverb is somewhat musty (*Hamlet*).

Like the poor cat in the adage (*Macbeth*).

I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase (*Romeo and Juliet*).

There is also in *Henry V,* what Shakespeare calls "a rapid venew of wit," which is difficult to understand without Florio's explanation that "Four is the Devil's company" (*Compagnià di quatro, compagnià di Diavolo*). The disputants in Shakespeare are four in number:

"Ill will never did well," says one.

"I'll cap that proverb with 'there's flattery in friendship,'" replies the second.

"And I will take up with: 'Give the Devil his due,'" retorts the third.

"Well placed, *there stands your friend for the devil,*"

and the mysterious reference is explained.

For his *First Fruits,* which appears under Dudley's device "bear and ragged staff," accompanied by a fulsome dedication, Florio had succeeded in obtaining the Earl of Leicester's patronage. Such a favour was hotly disputed among authors, for the honour generally comported the advance of a sufficient gift of money to defray the cost of printing.[5]

In this case, Leicester's name also sufficed to open the gates of Oxford to Florio's learning. He became tutor in the French, Italian and Spanish tongues at Magdalen College. During his incumbency, he was host at a banquet offered to Giordano Bruno, when the Philosopher of the Infinite visited England and debated on the Copernican theory, with the lights of Oxford science. An account of this "feast of reason" is given by Bruno in his *Cena di Ceneri,* wherein he recalls a choral refrain, which "Messire Florio, as though remembering his amorous days, sang while floating on the Thames."

In 1589, Florio was at length authorized "to wear the Gown," which established him as a full-fledged doctor, and with this new prestige, he passed into the service of Henry Wriothesley, Shakespeare's patron, as resident professor. This young man, recently graduated from Cambridge with high honours, was eager to continue his studies. When, even after attaining majority he became Earl of Southampton, Florio still remained under his roof. Throughout this entire period Shakespeare dedicated his poems to this same young peer.

The influence of pupil on master was at least as marked as that of master on pupil. It is easy to observe from Florio's change of style, how much he desired to please his patron, a fervent devotee of outdoor sports,

[5] See Appendix A.

particularly tennis, a lover of dice and cards, and constant frequenter of the Playhouses. In the new volume, little trace remains of the author's Puritanism of 1578, when he declared comedies to be "lewd and immoral." In the *Second Fruits,* published in 1591, the tone was changed, as may be seen in the dialogue between Henry, Thomas, and Master John:

"What shall we do until it be dinner time?"
"Let us make a match of Tennis!"
"Agreed, this cool morning calls for it."
"And after dinner we will go see a play."
"The plays they play in England are not right comedies."
"Yet they do nothing but play them every day!"
"Yea, but they are neither comedies, nor right tragedies."
"How would you name them then?"
"Representations of History without any decorum." [6]
"Go to! Let us determine something to avoid idleness."
"Let us go play Tennis."
"But what will Master John do in the meanwhile?"
"I will go see you play."
"Master John, will you be half with me in this game?"
"No Sir, I do not like to see my money fly!"

The match described might be played in our own time in so far as technical terms and counting are concerned. The net was represented by a tightly stretched cord, and the fragility of the balls rendered the sport costly. This set of six games put out of commission three dozen and a half balls.

A very characteristic "dialogue of courtesy" between friends, rivals the exquisite politeness of Shakespeare's gentlemen.

"Happy are those that may see you!"
"But they more happy that may enjoy your company!"

[6] *Decorum* is defined by Florio as synonymous with *comeliness* and *grace.*

"As each flower from the sun, I receive force and virtue from your presence."

"As each river to the sea, so do I run to offer myself to you."

"I desire nothing else of you but that you will always keep me in your favour."

"I assure you that you possess a chief place therein; time nor fortune can deprive you of it!"

"I bear your name so graven in my mind that nothing can remove it."

"For outward courtesy, I yield myself vanquished by you, but never in love."

"My mind misgives me I shall be conqueror in that too!"

"In regard to love, I enter the lists as a vanquisher."

"Well may I lack ability, but never affection."

After this veritable explosion of politeness, the friends unexpectedly conclude:

Enough ceremony! It better befits the hypocritical courtiers of our time than such a pure and unstained friendship as ours.

The subject of *Love,* dismissed in the *First Fruits* with a contemptuous "It is labour lost to speak of love," is developed during a sixty-page debate for and against the tender passion. After freely quoting Ovid, Florio submits the cynical conclusion: "*Love* is a human necessity, like *eating* and *lying,* which three together taught mankind the use of rhetoric."

These manuals do not represent Florio's whole literary output. He also translated *The Voyage of Ramutius* and compiled two copious Italian-English dictionaries, *The World of Words*[7] (with threefold dedication to Lord Southampton, Lord Rutland and Lucy, Countess of Bedford)—later enlarged into *Queen Anna's New World of*

[7] See Appendix C.

Words, [8] as well as his *magnum opus,* a really remarkable translation of Montaigne's *Essays.* The vogue of this work was such that the literary world anxiously awaited the promised English version, which was widely known before going to press. This had been the case with Marlowe's manuscript of *Hero and Leander*—criticized by Middleton before its publication—and Shakespeare's *Sonnets,* which were alluded to by Francis Meres long before Thorpe's edition, or even the *Passionate Pilgrim* gave any to the public.

Just so in 1598—five years before their printing—Cornwallis declared "Montaigne speaks now good English; the work is done by a man who is more beholding to Nature for his wit than for his face. . . ."

The translator was often discouraged before the magnitude of his undertaking, but persisted nevertheless. Friends "without pity commanded me on, kept me in heart like a cannibal captive fattened against my death —often crying 'Coragio' and ça! ça!—I sweat, I wept, but I went on," cries poor Florio.

Once fairly embarked, the reluctant translator was conquered by his subject. Under the spell of Montaigne, he became as intolerant of criticism of the *Essays* as of personal work.[9]

> Should any dog-toothed critic or adder-tongued satirist scoff or find fault, that, in the course of his discourses or web of his *Essays* or entitling of his chapters, he holdeth a disjointed, broken, or gadding style, and that many times they answer not his titles and have no coherence together, I send them to the ninth chapter of the third book, where he himself prevents their carpings, and, forseeing their criticism, answereth for me a full.

[8] See Appendix E.
[9] See Appendix D.

He again pleads the printer's incompetence as an excuse for all errors and terminates on a defiant note:

> In sum, if any think he can do better, let him try; then will he better think of what hath been done! Seven or eight, of great worth have essayed, but found these *Essays* no attempt for French apprentices or Littletonians. If done, this may please you as I wish it may, I with you shall be pleased; if not, yet I am still the same resolute
>
> JOHN FLORIO

As to the possibility of making a perfect translation, Florio was sceptical, considering that every language has its own genius; *form and soul are inseparable;* without the Pythagorean gift of breathing a new spirit into a strange body, it is impossible to render in English the rapidity of French repartee—(he, like Shakespeare, calls it the "quick venew")— "the austere dignity of the Spanish, the sombre force of the Dutch."

Nevertheless the reader of the *Essays* is persuaded that Florio here achieved the impossible. He has given an English soul to the perfect French prose of Montaigne. What sacrifices are made, are compensated for by many happy inventions; his book might be thought an original masterpiece of English style.

He does not follow either Montaigne's first or second edition to the letter; but takes from each the variant phrases best suited to translation. For example, he retains the original author's preface, suppressed by Mlle. de Gournay in the edition of Paris, but keeps the passage concerning Mary Stuart, beginning: *"La plus belle reine de la chrétienté"* and returns to the first texts to render the curious: *"Les plus mortes morts sont les plus saines"* (the deadest deaths are best).

Sometimes he develops Montaigne's idea more fully, as for instance, when the author declares that his friend Estienne de La Boétie was an enemy to *"les remuements et nouvelltez du temps,"* Florio expands the phrase into a dislike "for changes, innovations, new-fangles and hurly-burlies," as though proud to show a knowledge of these Shakespearean words!

Florio's work conforms astonishingly to modern demands. Comments and references are given, and marginal notes indicate the source of Montaigne's numerous classical quotations. He also adds a subject index, and plumes himself on having incorporated many new and useful words into our language. Among these innovations, he lists: *Conscientious, tarnish, comport, facilitate, amusing, regret, effort,* and *emotion.* Useful words indeed! several of which are only mentioned by Murray as having come into English considerably later.

Two extracts, chosen at random, may serve to show the clarity and flowing cadence of Giovanni Florio's really Shakespearean English:

Life in itself is neither good nor evil; it is the place of good and evil according as you prepare for them, and if you have lived one day you have seene all: one day is equal to all other daies: There is no other light, there is no other night. This Sunne, this Moone, these Starres and this disposition, is the very same which your forefathers enjoyed and which shall also entertaine your posteritie. . . .

La vie n'est de soy ny bien ny mal; c'est la place du bien et du mal, selon que vous la leur faictes. Et si vous avez vescu un iour, vous avez tout veu un jour est égal à touts les iours. Il n'y a point d'aultre lumière ny d'aultre nuict: ce soleil, cette lune, ces estoiles, cette disposition, c'est celle mesme que vos ayeuls ont iouyé et qui entretiendra vos arrière nepveux. . . .

The distribution and varietie of all the acts of my comedie is performed in one yeare. If you have observed the course of my four seasons they containe the infancie, the youth, the Virilitie and the old age of the world. He hath plaied his parte and knows no other wilinesse than belonging to it, but to begin againe.

La distribution et variété de touts les actes de ma comédie se parfournit en un an. Si vous avez prins garde au bransle de mes quatres saisons, elles embrassent l'enfance, l'adolescence, la virilité, et la vieillesse du monde il a ioulé son ieu; il ny scait aultre finesse que de recommencer.

The time you leave behinde was no more yours, than that which was before your birth, and concerneth you no more. Wheresoever your life endeth, there it is all. The profit of life consists not in the space, but rather in the use. Some man hath lived long that hath had a short life. Follow it whilst you have time. It consists not in number of years but in your will that you have lived long enough. Did you thinke you should never come to the place where you were still going? There is no way but hath an end, and if company solace you doth not the whole world walke the same path. . . .

Ce que vous laissez de temps n'estoit non plus vostre, que celuy qui s'est passé avant votre naissance, et ne vous touche plus. . . . Ou que vostre vie finisse elle y est toute. L'utilité de vivre n'est pas en l'espace, elle est en l'usage: tel a vescue longtemps qui a peu vescu. Attendez vous y pendant que vous y ètes gist en votre volonté, non au nombre des ans que vous ayez assez vescu. Pensiez vous jamais n'arriver là ou vous alliez sans cesse? Encore n'y a il chemin qui n'ayt son issue. Et si la compagnie vous peult soulager le monde ne và il pas mesme train que vous allez. . . .

To what end recoile you from it, if you cannot goe backe? You have seene manie who have found good in death, ending thereby many, many miseries.

Vous en avez assez veu qui se sont bien trouvez de mourir, eschavant par là des grandes misères.

During the years of labour that such a translation entailed, poor Florio was "out of suits with Fortune." His great patron was under sentence of death and the linguist had taken refuge with three noble ladies to whom he gave lessons. And if he already "loved the tongues he taught, because they were to him a means of life," he loved each language better read or spoken by such "fair lips as those of Lady Anne Harington, Penelope Devereux and the Countess of Bedford."

With the printing of the *Essays,* this tide of ill-luck turned. King James' accession brought prosperity to Southampton's protégés. Palace doors opened to the Italian refugee, appointed as Reader to the "beauteous Majesty of Denmark," Queen Anna, consort of James, to whom "with the knees of his mind piously bent," he rededicated all that his pen had ever set down. The grammarian in full glory excused the typographical errors of each new edition with a "Know, Reader, that by my attendance on Her Majesty, I was prevented from attending to it!"

In 1614, he was as good a gentleman as the Heralds' College could make him, having obtained from the King-at-Arms, *"A marigold proper, issuing from the stalk, separating out of two leaves. In chief the Sun in splendour proper,"* and could flaunt his marigold in the very beak of Shakespeare's falcon.

Florio's prosperity came to an end with the Queen's death in 1618. He retired from Court to the diocese of Canterbury, where his last years were passed in vain endeavours to get his later manuscripts printed; struggles with poverty and bickering with his daughter Aurelia and son-in-law, Doctor Mollins.

The apostle of Italian culture had outlived his voca-

IOANNES FLORIVS AVGVSTÆ ANNÆ ANGL: SCOT: FRANC: ET HIB: REGINÆ PRÆLECTOR LING: ITALICÆ
ÆT: 58. A: D: 1611.
CHI SI CONTENTA GODE
En virtute suâ contentus, nobilis arte,
Italus ore, Anglus pectore, vtergꝫ opere
Floret adhuc, et adhuc florebit: floreat vltra
FLORIVS, hâc specie floridus, optat amans.
Gul: Hole sculp:
Tam felix vtinam.

PORTRAIT OF FLORIO, BY HOLE

tion: a new current was sweeping over England, the rising tide of Puritanism carrying before it most of the idols dear to the beauty-loving and pleasure-seeking Renaissance.

After a pathetic effort to stem this tide, the old man gave in, made his will in which he adjures the Lord Chamberlain, Pembroke, to save his work for posterity, publish his manuscripts and care for his widow,[10] "than whom man never had a more painful nurse nor comfortable consort." [11] To her, he left his English books, to Lord Pembroke a fine collection of three or four hundred rare volumes in Spanish, French, and Italian. He died of the plague in Fulham in 1625.

Self-styled the *Resolute,* Florio did his best to justify this epithet. No one could track down a patron with greater energy or pour on flattery with a more liberal hand. His effort to spread knowledge of continental masterpieces was unflagging. Known to be the possessor of a fine library and eager to facilitate access to his gods, he soon became their authorized interpreter.

Among the collection of which he published two lists may be found the titles of at least thirty old comedies after the Italian fashion referred to by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour's Lost,* with their stereotyped personages:

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[10] Florio was twice married, first to Rose, sister of the poet Samuel Daniel, the Roselinde of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*—as the anagram of her name indicates. Florio is represented as Menalcas the Resolute, "that flower which woxe a weed" and enticed his lass away from the poet.

Rose Spicer, the second wife, was a more obscure person, perhaps a niece or godchild of the former, which would explain the curious coincidence of bearing the same Christian name.

[11] It is interesting, in a small way, to note that Shakespeare employs these adjectives in the same sense as Florio. *Painful* for *painstaking, comfortable* for *capable* of *bringing comfort.*

The painful *warrior, famoused for fight* (Sonnet).
O Comfortable *friar, where is my Lord?* (Romeo and Juliet).

the pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy. Cinthio's Novelle, together with those of Luigi da Porto and Boccaccio, are on Florio's catalogue; so are the works of Ariosto, Peter Aretine, and Machiavelli. More significant still is the fact that Florio possessed *Il Peccorone,* a comedy by Ser Francesco Florio Fiorentino, from which, although it was never translated, Shakespeare borrowed an episode in *The Merchant of Venice. I suppositi,* also owned by Florio, furnished the dramatist with a by-plot in *The Taming of the Shrew; Gli Heccatomithi,* in the same conditions, served both for *Othello* and *Measure for Measure.*

Those who deny the possibility of Shakespeare's access to the originals—contemporary translations being unknown—have recourse to the childish expedient of inventing *four old English plays since lost, from which Shakespeare must have borrowed.* With this obliging hypothesis (apparently it is more commendable to plagiarize one's fellow than to spread a new gospel!) anything and nothing may be equally well explained. When I timidly suggested to "constituted authority" that Florio was there to explain everything, I was met by a blank wall of opposition and the reproach of "wishing to discredit" Shakespeare!

In France, there is still an open forum where unstandardized ideas of intrinsic interest may be discussed. Competent critics admitted the justice of my contention provided that it could be proved that in all human probability Shakespeare was aware of Florio's existence. This had always been denied by the English stock-phrase "it is highly improbable that the two men ever met."

To this I reply simply that *it is practically impossible that they should not have met, and that often.* After

1590 they were constantly in the same sphere: that of Essex, and Southampton, Rutland and Pembroke.

Florio, like Shakespeare, was intimate with Daniel and Jonson. To him old Ben inscribed a copy of *Volpone* in the following terms:

To his loving father and worthy friend Master John Florio, Ben Jonson seals this testimony of friendship and love.

Both men dedicated their life-work to Lord Southampton, declaring with equal fervour that each owed him the success of his respective career; when, thanks to the continued interest of the patron, Florio entered the royal household, Shakespeare, as chief of the *King's Players* had his share of official honours and Court favours.

Similar editorial associations linked Florio and Shakespeare even in the business world. Edward Blunt published several Shakespearean quartos and three of Florio's works. Thomas Thorpe, who published the sonnets in 1609, dedicated to *Florio* the volume of *Epictetus* which he brought out the year following. The same parallel connects them in the world of art. Martin Droeshout to whom the so-called "Stratford" portrait of Shakespeare is attributed and who executed the engraving of the poet in Hemmings and Condell Folio, designed a frontispiece for the 1613 edition of Florio's *Montaigne*.

To sum up: both began with a common patron, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and ended with a common patron, William Herbert, Lord Pembroke. During the interval they were under the literary auspices of Lord Southampton to whom they dedicated their books in practically the same terms of affectionate intimacy. Both enjoyed similar Court favour.

If this is not enough to prove that the two men knew each other a final test is open to impartial minds: The works of both authors supply evidence of mutual knowledge and contain the recognition of literary indebtedness.

When this proof is established, an interesting question will be opened, and I hope, closed. What were the reciprocal sentiments of actor and grammarian? How did tastes and temperaments, as much at variance as their professions, react on their personal and literary relations?

AUTHORITIES FOR CHAPTER IV

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CHAPTER V

SHAKESPEARE'S LIVING DICTIONARY

Sweet friend, whose name agrees with thy increase
How fit a rival art thou of the Spring!
For, when each branch hath left off flourishing
And green-locked Summer's shady pleasures cease,
She makes the winter storms repose in peace
And spends her franchise on each living thing.
The daisies sprout, the little birds do sing,
Herbs, gums, and plants do vaunt of their release.
So, when that all our English wits were dead
(Except the laurel that is ever green)
Thou, with thy fruits, our barrenness o'erspread
And set thy shady Pleasance to be seen.
Such fruits, such flowrets of morality
Were ne'er before brought out of Italy.

PHAETON, to his friend FLORIO

INSTEAD of the mass of third-rate laudatory verse which prefaces Florio's other volumes, the *Second Fruits,* conceived and executed under Lord Southampton's auspices, boasts only the one dedicatory sonnet set as motto to this chapter.

Professor Minto was the first writer to attribute it to Shakespeare's pen, considering that certain expressions and turns of phrase recall his style, and having noted by elimination that among the literary pseudonyms such as *Ignoto,* practically identified with Walter Raleigh, and *Il Candido* (Mathew Gwinn), the sobriquet Phaëton has never been explained nor is it found elsewhere. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* however, Phaëton is selected

to designate an ambitious young man who, like the actor-poet, had been lured into a world which many considered out of his sphere.

To Valentine, who boldly aspires to the hand of the Duke of Milan's daughter, the latter exclaims indignantly:

Why Phaeton! for thou art Merop's son!
Would'st thou aspire to guide the heavenly car
And with thy daring folly burn the world—
Would'st thou reach suns because they shine on thee?

That Florio was moving at this time among poets whose employment was sonnet-making, is proved by the dedication to *Second Fruits*. May not an allusion to the appearance on the stage of the "man-in-the-moon," whom, together with "Moonshine," Shakespeare had personified in his *Midsummer Night's Dream* indicate a direct reference to the poet?

In this stirring time and pregnant prime of invention, when every bramble is fruitful, when every mole-hill hath cast off the winter's mourning garment, and every man is busily working to feed his own fancy; some by delivering to the press the occurrences and accidents of the world,—news from the mart or from the mint—and news are the credit of the traveller and the first question of an Englishman; some like alchemists distilling quintessences of wit, making men in the moon and catching moonshine in water, some more active gallants made of finer mould, by devising how to win their Mistress' favours and how to blaze and blanch their passion with eclogues, songs and sonnets, in pitiful verse or miserable prose, and most for a fashion: Is not love then a Wag to make men so wanton . . . ? A multitude of our libertine younkers, with frivolous, trivial, and vain-vain drolleries, set many minds agadding. Could a fool with a feather make better sport? I could not choose but apply myself in some sort to the season, and either prove myself a weed without profit in my increase, or a wholesome pot-herb, in profit without pleasure. . . .

The complete change of style which differentiates this hand-book from the *First Fruits,* is attributable to the powerful influence of the young pupil who exercised a sort of magic on those with whom he came into contact, and, just as Shakespeare found in Henry Wriothelsey the ideal critic and sympathetic patron: [1]

> *Thou art my all the world! and I must learn*
> *To know my shames and praises from thy tongue.*

So Florio enthusiastically recognized the perfect disciple: intuitive, quick to learn and eager to get into closer touch with the masterpieces from across the Apennines.

The grammarian seems to refer to the favour already shown the poet and he certainly apes Shakespeare's dedications in presenting his dictionary under Southampton's sponsorship.

"If this first child of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a Godfather," said Shakespeare in 1593. Florio likewise declares himself "overpresumptuous to entreat so high a presence to the christening of his brain-babe" and continues:

> To me and many others the glorious and gracious sunshine of your Honour hath infused light and life; so, may my lesser borrowed light, after a principal respect to your benign aspect and influence, afford some lustre to others. Good parts imparted, are not impaired. Your springs are first to serve yourself yet may yield your neighbours sweet water: Your taper is to light you first, and yet it may light your neighbour's candle.

But the parallel with Shakespeare's second dedication which accompanied *Lucrece* in 1594 is still more striking.

[1] See Appendix B.

To the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton and Baron Tichefield: The Love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end: whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your Honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance.

What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours, being part of all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater, meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, To whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Yours in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Florio says:

In truth I acknowledge an entire debt, not only of all my best knowledge, but of all, yea of more than I know or can express, to your bounteous Lordship, most noble, most virtuous, and most Honourable Earl of Southampton, in whose pay and patronage I have lived some years and to whom I owe and vow the years that I have to live. . . . Your Honour's all-devoted wisheth the meed of your merits humbly with gracious leave, kissing your thrice honoured hands protesteth to continue ever

Your Honour's most bounden in true service,
IOHN FLORIO

There is no essential difference between these two texts, either in form or matter except that Florio exaggerates the hyperbole.

But if the grammarian borrowed his graceful compliment from the poet, it is fair to acknowledge that Shakespeare brought Florio's works into contribution, oftener than in the single instance noticed by Malone.

Whenever his plays show a knowledge of Italian—language, custom, or locality—it is just such easily ac-

quired acquaintance as the manuals furnish: *Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, Alla nostra case benvenuto, Se fortuna me tormenta, Molto honorato Signor mio Petrucchio,* and such fragmentary bits of stereotyped phraseology.

The Italian masterpieces which Florio possessed included precisely those utilized as sources, or commented on by Shakespeare who is aware of the configuration of Dante's circles and familiar with the political theories of Machiavelli—to whom the works contain four references.[2] Petrarch's sonnets were also known to the poet for, when Mercutio jests about Romeo's sudden passion, he compares it with the love of Petrarch for Laura:

> Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in. Laura, to his lady was but a kitchen-wench. Marry! she had a better love to bérhyme her!

An echo of the *Purgatorio* may be found in the excuses made by King Henry for Prince Hal's turbulence:

> *Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds*
> *And he the noble image of our youth,*
> *Is overspread with them.*
>
> *Ma tanto piu maligno e piu silvestre*
> *Si fa il terren col mal seme è non colta*
> *Quant'egli ha piu del buon vigor terrestre.*
>
> PURGATORIO, Canto XXX

---

[2] Mine-host of the garter, vaunting his diplomacy in the *Merry Wives* exclaims:

Am I politic? am I subtle, am I a Machiavel?

Richard III boasts that he is clever enough to

Send the murderous Machiavel to school.

The Duc d'Alençon (in *Henry VI*) is accused of being a "notorious Machiavel" and in a less known but I believe equally authentic play, we find the young prodigal declaring that he has "begun to study and annotate Nick Machiavel."

The first direct allusion to Dante as a poet is in *Richard III* when Clarence describes his prophetic vision of coming death:

> *Oh, then began the tempest in my soul.*
> *I passed methought the melancholy flood*
> *With the grim ferryman that poets write of,*
> *Into the Kingdom of perpetual night.*[3]

It has been claimed by some that this does not necessarily refer to Dante but to Virgil. This objection appears far-fetched: poets being plural and meaning both Dante and Virgil. If the lines are read aloud it will be noticed that their sound produces a curious echo of the original Italian. A more precise reminder occurs in *Measure for Measure,* when Claudio, in his terror, evokes the vast glacial spaces and the perpetual winds of the sphere described in the Fifth Book of the *Inferno,* which holds the souls of Paolo and Francesca in eternal torment.

> *—To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside*
> *in thrilling region of thick ribbed ice*
> *to be imprisoned in the viewless winds*
> *and blown with restless violence round about*
> *the pendant world; or to be worse than worst*
> *of those that lawless and incertain thoughts*
> *imagine howling—'tis too horrible.*[4]

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[3] *Su la trista riviera d'Acheronte*
Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave
Un vecchio bianco per antico pele
Grigando, Guai a voi anime prave:
Non isperate mai veder lo cielo
I vegno per menarvi all altra riva
Nelle tenebre eterne in caldo e gielo.

[4] *Io venni in luogo d'ogni luce muto*
Che mugghia come fa mar per tempesta
Se da contrari venti e combatuto
La bufera infernal che mai non resta
Mena gli spiriti con la sua rapina,
Voltando e percotendo li molesta.

INFERNO, Canto V

But, it may be objected that such vague reminiscences of Italian culture have been, and might still be attributed to other influences. Italy dominated the literary atmosphere and perhaps Shakespeare unconsciously absorbed its spirit without recourse to any special individual. Such an objection inevitably falls before the detailed study of each author's production. Shakespeare frequently quotes from Florio and alludes to his work.

Aside from the proverbs already mentioned, which were borrowed from the *First Fruits,* the manual contains many passages which indicate that this volume was early in the poet's possession, for there is in *King John* an unmistakable reference to the book itself, as well as to its author.

Long ago, when reading how the "rough and ready Falconbridge," who prides himself on truly British insularity, jeers at the man from the continent with his tooth-pick and polite phrase-book in hand, I guessed that this allusion was to some forgotten pamphlet of the day.

But no commentator had discovered the source of the passage; I had not then been able to get sight of any copy of *First Fruits,* and it was many years later that among other discoveries concerning Florio it was left to me to make this one also.

When Falconbridge described the polished conversation he expects to have at his table, when knighted by the King, he becomes a man of fashion—to whom (according to Florio) a tooth-pick and a knowledge of Italy are equally indispensable, he conjures up the portrait of author, book in hand.

Now your traveller, he and his toothpick, at my Worship's mess;

And, when my knightly stomach is sufficed, why then I suck my teeth
And cathechize my picked men of Countries. "My dear Sir"—
Thus leaning on the table I begin—"I shall beseech you"—
(That is question now) And then comes answer, like an Absey book
"O Sir," says answer, "at your best command,—at your employment—
At your service, Sir" "No Sir," says question,—"I, sweet Sir, at yours."
And so, ere answer knows what question would, saving of dialogue of compliment.
And talking of the Alps and Apennines, the Pyrenean and the river Po,
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

In the same manual, Florio had voiced his contempt for the English traveller on the continent.

What a shame it is that you shall not see an Englishman come in company of strangers, who can neither speak nor understand them, but stands as one mute, so he is mocked of them and despised of all, and none will make account of him. What a shame is that! What a reproach to his parents! What a loss to himself! and what a heart's grief to think thereon.

Shakespeare echoes the linguist's opinion in Portia's ironical portrait of her English suitor, awkward, shy and speechless, in the Venetian salon where every one has at least three languages at his command.

I say nothing to him for he understande me not—nor I him—: He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian. I have but a poor pennyworth of English. He is a proper man's picture, but who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round-hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

Iago's cynical tirade against the fair sex is borrowed from the *Second Fruits:*

You are pictures out of doors
Belles in your parlours; wildcats in your kitchens
Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Women are the purgatory of men's purses;
The paradise of men's bodies; the hell of men's souls
Women are in churches saints; abroad angels; at home devils;
At windows sirens; at doors pyes; and in gardens goats,

says Florio.

Vincentio Saviolo, the celebrated fencing-master, who taught the art to Essex and Southampton, is described by Florio with "the front of Mars himself," just as Hamlet recalled of his father "with the front of Mars himself."

I have heard Master V. S. reported to be a notable tall man, he dances well both galliards and pavins, vaults most nimbly, capers very loftily. He will hit any man be it with thrust or imbrocada, a stoccada or charging blow, with a right or reverse blow, with the edge, back or with the flat; a man who must do everything by rule and measure, as walk by counterpoint, speak by the points of the moon, and spit by doctrine.

Mercutio in speaking of the duello makes evident allusion to Florio's friend.

He is the courageous Captain of compliments, he fights as you prick song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rests, One! two! and a third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button. A duellist! a duellist! a gentleman of the first house and second cause! Ah the immortal passado, the punto-reverso! the hai! A pox of such antick

lisping affected fantasticoes, these tuners of accents, these pardonnez-mois who stand so much on the new form they cannot sit upon the old bench!

In his dedication to Leicester, Florio's muse "not wishing to lead apes in hell" desires to unite her name to that of so great a nobleman. Shakespeare's Beatrice gayly declares that "she will not lead apes in hell" but leave them in the care of Lucifer and so "away to St. Peter."

A still more curious instance shows Florio influencing the form of versification employed by the poet. For the grammarian posed as an authority on prosody with a fine taste in dactyls and spondees.

It has been observed that there is only one exclusively spondaic sonnet in the English tongue of that epoch: This is Shakespeare's description of the perfect stallion in *Venus and Adonis.*

Florio, however, furnishes a still earlier example in a verse enumerating the "points" a woman should possess before claiming beauty in perfection. It is impossible to believe that Shakespeare did not have it in mind, when penning his descriptive stanza.

In choice of fair are thirty things required
For which (they say) fair Hellen was admired:
Three white, three black, three red, three short, three tall,
Three thick, three thin, three straight, three wide, three small;
Short feet, short ears and teeth in measure short,
Broad front, broad breast, broad hips in seemly sort. . . .
Thin lips, thin eyelids, and hair thin and fine.
Small mouth, small waist, small pupils of her eyne.
Of these who wants, so much of fairest wants
And who hath all, her beauty perfect vaunts.

Florio, SECOND FRUITS, 1591

So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.
Round hoofed, short jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight leggs and passing strong.
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide
Look what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Shakespeare, VENUS AND ADONIS, 1593

There are in the plays many indications that the author was in close touch with an etymologist and heard much talk about correct definitions and synonyms.

The Fool in *Twelfth Night,* having made use of a very unusual expression—"out of my welkin"—observes that he would have said *element* if the word had not been recently "overworn."

Bardolph speaks not only of definitions, but of their derivations when he says that a soldier is "better accommodated" than with a wife— "better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed is it!" exclaims Shallow. *"Accommodated,* it comes of Accomodo, a very good phrase." Further on, in the same scene *occupy* is cited as a word which has become discredited, the same opprobrium attaching to it as to the term "Captain" which was "of old a very good word before it was ill-sorted."

No commentator ever explained this phrase except by a supposition equally obvious to any reader, but a glance at Florio's chapter consecrated to the "abuses practised in our days by mercenary captains" makes all clear by concluding "what was of old an honourable title, that of Captain, has become synonymous with robber and butcher."

Several words of Shakespeare's own coining are de-

rived from French and Italian roots, proving that he read somewhat in both languages and reflected on the terms which were peculiar to them and lacking in English. Among them, aidant, festinately, cadent, peregrinate, rondure, soilure, bezonian, semblative, operant, fatigate, endamagement and palliament,[5] are perhaps the most striking. Peregrinate is used as an adjective by Florio, and palliament from *pallia,* a cloak, was evidently taken from his dictionary; bezonian, too, was fabricated from *Bisognosi,* which is defined in Florio's dictionary as "new levied soldiers, such as come needy to the wars," which exactly responds to Pistol's epithet.

But, not to weary the reader with a mass of proof, which leads each time to the same conclusion, and to spare him upwards of forty parallel passages in Florio's *Montaigne* and in Shakespeare, I will content myself with two more examples. The student who wishes to go more deeply into the subject is referred to my thesis on Florio and the more recent study by Mr. Coffin-Taylor.

How often has the patient Stratfordian been assailed with the objection that no man unacquainted with Venice at first hand could have spoken of the Rialto as a quar-

[5] Aidant: "Be aidant and remediate" (*King Lear,* Act IV, sc. 4).
Festinately: "Bring him festinately hither" (*Love's Labour's Lost,* Act III, sc. 1).
Cadent: "With cadent tears fret channels in his cheeks" (*King Lear,* Act I, sc. 4).
Peregrinate: "He is too peregrinate as I may call it" (*Love's Labour's Lost,* Act V, sc. 1).
Rondure: "That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems" (Sonnet 21).
Soilure: "Not making any scruple of her soilure" (*Troilus and Cressida,* Act IV, sc. 1).
Bezonian: "Great men oft die by vile bezonians" (*Henry VI,* Part 2).
Operant: "Most operant poison" (*Timon of Athens,* Act IV, sc. 3).
Fatigate: "What in flesh was fatigate" (*Coriolanus,* Act II, sc. 2).
Endamagement: "These flags of France . . . have hither marched to your endamagement" (*King John,* Act II, sc. 1).
Palliament: "This palliament of white and spotless hue" (*Titus Andronicus,* Act I, sc. 1).

ter given over to the money changers. A man ignorant of foreign travel would have been sure to have used the name for the jewelers' bridge—so goes the stock phrase. Those who continue to repeat it are unaware that Florio, who had accepted the vocation of making all Italy familiar to English stay-at-homes, explains that *"Rialto is, as it were, Rivo-alto*: high-shore, an eminent place in Venice where *merchants commonly meet, as on the Exchange at London."*

The other instance where the two authors' texts come into direct contact is so evident that it was acknowledged in the eighteenth century and has been found difficult to deny since.

In *Love's Labour's Lost,* Malone pointed out Shakespeare's use of one of Florio's proverbs *in Italian* with an allusion to the "traveller who is fond of repeating it."

> Old Mantuan, old Mantuan, I may say of thee as the traveller did of Venice, *Venetia Venetia, chi non te vede non ti* pretia. [6]

The discovery that this proverb was contained in Florio's *Second Fruits* and the publication of a treatise by Richard Farmer *On the Learning of Shakespeare* (1767) started a controversy with Malone, the result of which was to embroil critics, befog their successors, and definitely fix the date of *Love's Labour's Lost* as indubitably subsequent to 1591, the year that Florio's second manual was printed.

This deduction does not follow. Florio had already

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[6] Venise who seeth thee not praiseth thee not, but who seeth thee it costeth hym well.

In *Second Fruits* the phrase reads:

> Who sees not Venise cannot esteeme it,
> But he who sees it pays well for it.

printed his proverb in the *First Fruits*, and the original text is even more like that of Holofernes' speech than the second version.

Thus, on the single occasion when modern critics are forced to acknowledge that Shakespeare owed *something* to Southampton's professor, they draw from a correct premise an erroneous conclusion.

But this, after all, is a question of detail, and leads to one of more general interest.

Admitting that poet and grammarian were in frequent and familiar contact, and that they were perfectly cognizant of each other's writings, of what nature was their personal intercourse? What was the reaction of two such dissimilar mentalities—two such opposite moralities, one upon the other?

I have endeavoured to treat this problem the more impartially in that I have been obliged to modify a first impression. I confess that the truth about Shakespeare seems to me more important than to confirm my own, or any other writer's opinion.

Placed turn by turn under the patronage of the same great nobles, it was natural to imagine the two authors enjoying the amicable relations which their work and their common attachment to Southampton might seem to warrant.

A local tradition at Stratford declares that the famous mulberry tree at New-Place was imported as a gift from Italy by the poet's friend Florio. This, taken in conjunction with the fact of the two men's association with the young patron, might have justified the opinion that Southampton formed a bond between his principal protégés.

It was from this point of view that a dozen years ago

I envisaged their social and literary relations; but later having completed my collection of Florio's works and pursued the question further I found myself constrained by evidence and mental probity to develop my thesis in another spirit.

A close comparison of the two men's writings demonstrates that, far from being a link between his resident professor and the actor-poet Southampton's favour was a cause of jealousy and contention—bitter and hostile on the one hand, merry and good-humoured on the other.

Shakespeare seems to have included Florio among the literary parasites whom he shows in his sonnets gravitating in the orbit of this Mæcenas, spoiling the patron's taste and dulling his perceptions by perpetual flattery. The description of "the marigold which speads its leaves to the sun" among the prince's favourites seems to be an allusion to the linguist's symbolical flower "a marigold proper, issuing from a stalk, above the sun in splendour proper" which he incorporated into his coat of arms.

Florio on his side complains of a vulgar actor-author, who, like Aristophanes, mocked at wisdom. Then, drawing a parallel between himself and Socrates, like Greene, the scholar accuses him of being a "sinister crow who pillaged other men's fields and stole his own proverbs and golden sayings." Worse still, this same player had irreverently flouted Florio's learning in public. Now, according to tradition, the actor who played the part of Holofernes arranged his make-up to resemble the popular professor as much as possible.

The question as to whether Florio was parodied by Shakespeare, although hotly disputed two hundred years ago, was brushed aside by the modern specialist with the hasty assumption that "Shakespeare would never have

dared caricature Southampton's professor." The case was never reopened after this pronunciamento of Horatio Furness and Sir Sidney Lee, who, nevertheless, both acknowledged to me that they had never had a book of Florio's in their hands.

The most cursory glance at any of Florio's works shows a remarkable resemblance of style and language with that given by Shakespeare to his Holofernes.

The constant use of Latin was of course common to any Renaissance scholar but what strikes the reader of *Love's Labour's Lost* is not so much the amount of Latin quoted by Holofernes, as his display of modern languages, notably French and Italian:

"He has been at a great feast of languages and has stolen the scraps," says the naughty page. "He can subsist a long time on the alms basket of words, especially the long ones."

The characteristic trait of Holofernes' conversation is a passion for alliteration.

"I will somewhat affect the letter, it argues facility," he observes pompously before reciting the ridiculous verses on the Princess' hunting party.

The preyful Princess pierced and pricked
A pleasant pleasing pricket.
Some say a sore: but not a sore,
Until made sore with shooting.

I have already quoted some of Florio's characteristic phrases: "Good parts imparted are not impaired"; "Peers with mutual parity and without disparagement"; "Proverbs are the pith, the proprieties, the proofs, the purities of language."

He praises the use of apostrophes in his *Induction to the Italian Tongue,* "If you find any words end in con-

sonants they do not so by nature but by and through an *apostropha* as it were a means to draw the speech to a kind of delectation to speaker and hearer, with the temperate intermingling of vowel and consonant."

Holofernes declares when verses are being recited that he, himself, must supervise the Canzonet. "You find not the apostropha's and so miss the accent."

These evident analogies are enforced by the fact that the name chosen by Shakespeare for his pedant constitutes an anagram for the name of Florio. Iohanes Florio—Ioholofernes, as it was originally written, and seems greatly to outweigh Malone's objection that Shakespeare would not have dared attempt to "make fun" of Southampton's teacher.

May not Malone's objection be an argument in favour of the opposite tenet? Do pupils inevitably treat their instructors with solemn respect? Has it been observed that the youth of Shakespeare's time were more scrupulous in this regard than they are in our own day?

"The prosperity of a jest" was very dear to the comedian, and the triumph of a "Merry waggery" forms the chief theme of many a play. The respective victims of the friends' mirth, Benedick, Malvolio, Falstaff, and Parolles are there to prove that the personages who are represented as most amused by the humiliation of these objects of ridicule were in each case the familiar associates of each butt.

If Shakespeare caricatured Florio, it was probably with the direct object of diverting Lord Southampton.

His parody is indeed highly amusing—gay, without coarseness, cruelty, or anything which would justify serious offence. Holofernes is represented as absurdly vain and pompous. A convinced apostle of culture, re-

joicing in affected and precious language, ready on every occasion to throw in a "French or Italian turn."

But at bottom Holofernes is zealous and well meaning, he acquits himself more creditably of his part, Judas Maccabeus in the *Nine Worthies* pageant, than his rivals, Armado the Euphuist, Costard the Simpleton, or Moth the flippant youngster.

But if the initiated as well as the ignorant spectator were amused at this favourite mirth-provoking character, there is less reason to think that Florio himself, constitutionally incapable of accepting criticism good naturedly and completely devoid of a sense of humour, saw anything funny in Shakespeare's comic creation. Many times during their intercourse, the actor must have unconsciously given him offence, as when, for instance, he scoffs at the Pythagorean doctrine so dear to Giordano Bruno, in *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night.*

But, comes the objection—if Florio recognized himself under the mask of Holofernes—was he not just the man to bear rancour against the satirist, and attempt to get even in his own way? Would he not have left some trace of his anger in contemporary writings? This, in point of fact, is just what he did do. His epistle to the reader, written just after the revival of *Love's Labour's Lost,* exhibits exactly the reaction which might have been expected.[7]

After venting his spleen against the author-actor, who, like Aristophanes, had gibed at learning, he adds that this same miscreant has taken liberties even with the *name* of John Florio.

What more transparent evidence could we find that he had noticed the anagram? Especially as he was ex-

[7] See Appendix C.

ceedingly fond of making them, and had adopted that of *Ori Fons Alieno* for himself?

He could not afford, however, to make his spite too clear in print, for libel was severely punished and it was hard to get well-known initials passed by the Censor. Thus, when Florio says that the initials of the enemy he describes are H. S. he hastens to add—but not H. S. Roman and goes on to explain that the H stands for a descriptive adjective *Hob Hodge* or *Humphrey*, which all denote rusticity. "In Italian they would stand for Hipocrito simultatore," says he. "Hedera seguace, Harpia subata, or Humore superbo. In English Huff-snuff, Hugh Sot, or Humphrey Sowgelder."

I find it rather natural that Florio, who was not anxious to have his volume refused a permit to print, should have taken refuge behind this verbal screen. The Censor had recently suppressed one libellous pamphlet where the actor W.S., author of *Lucrece*, was given rather an unpleasant rôle. The moment for a direct attack under the same initials would have been ill-chosen.

There is perhaps another reason besides that of prudent common sense. Florio's tortuous mind revelled in anagrams, verbal enigmas and *concetti* of all sorts—those crossword puzzles of the Elizabethan era, which by "indirections find direction out" were also highly popular. His designation of Shakespeare must have been perfectly obvious to many of his contemporaries, and when he added that the "wicked actor-poet was a *reader* too" this clue would not have been lost on those who knew that Shakespeare was the official *reader* of the troupe, a fact apparently forgotten nowadays.

But the echo of these quarrels has become faint and far away, like the passions which provoked them. All

that we need recall of the relations between Shakespeare and Florio is the boon which their association was to letters.

The poet made use of the pedant as a living dictionary and encyclopædia. Thanks to his fine library—bought probably with his patron's money—the poet never lacked a book—even the rarest. Florio's own volume was subscribed for in Stratford the year of its publication and remains to-day in the Birthplace Museum.

There was little spiritual or intellectual affinity between the two men, for a broader and a narrower mind have rarely been brought into contact. To the virulent hate of the schoolman, the poet seems always to have opposed laughing and tolerant good humour. If he was unjust to Florio, it was only in refusing the professor personal credit for the literary material by which he undoubtedly benefited.

The reason is simple: Shakespeare felt that his gratitude was due to the pupil, not to the teacher; he never tires of expressing all that he owes to Southampton. Florio represented only the dry bones, Southampton, the living spirit, of beauty in Petrarch, Dante, or Boccaccio. For, although Southampton never set foot on the Italian peninsula and was indebted to Florio for all he knew of it, he had the gift of receiving and transmitting artistic impressions.

Shakespeare, in his ardent friendship and admiration viewed all that his patron loved almost with a lover's eye. It was his friend and confidant who revealed to him the beauty of French and Italian thought—why thank the pedant who perhaps would merely have made them seem boresome?

I would not have it supposed that I desire to replace

Bacon, Edward Vere, Roger Manners, or William Stanley, Earl of Derby, as author or co-author of Shakespeare's dramas, comedies, or poems.

His work clearly demonstrates that Florio was as incapable as Francis Bacon himself of any poetic flight, but where, after all, would Southampton have obtained such knowledge of these elements had Florio not been at his side, dictionary in hand, proverb in mouth, and an essay of Montaigne at his fingers' ends? His talents, although of secondary rank, and his great learning, sufficed to open the portals of the Renaissance to an England which without him would have been far more insular. He taught the greatness of Tuscan genius and the elevation of French seventeenth century prose to men ready to borrow therefrom much of their best inspiration. Without Florio we would have had a very different Shakespeare, another kind of Milton.

By his books, by his teachings, and by his conversation, he opened to ardent and uninitiated eyes the glory of distant horizons. Shakespeare used him as a well-spring of useful knowledge up to the moment, when, freeing himself from the chains of tradition, liberated from servitude to any literary model whatsoever, the poet gave free scope to his original genius.

AUTHORITIES FOR CHAPTER V

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CHAPTER VI

THE ROMANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

Two loves I have of comfort and despair
Which like two spirits do suggest me still
The better angel is a man right fair.
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

SONNET 144

WORDSWORTH, in search for the form of verse best fitted for self-revelation, says that the greatest geniuses of humanity—like Dante and Petrarch—have chosen the sonnet as the final lyric expression, and adds: "With this key, Shakespeare unlocked his heart." It seems to me that he did more. Perfectly conscious himself of the miracle by which "black ink should shine bright," he has projected through the centuries a spirit-photograph of his mighty brain and personality.

In this sequence of one-hundred-and-fifty-two sonnets, composed between thirty and forty, Shakespeare has given in poetic form his own sentimental biography. This volume contains not merely a quantity of separate stanzas, more or less obscure and contradictory, but, when read aright, one dramatic poem, the romance of love and friendship which was his own heart history.

As in the *Song of Songs,* the poet's invocation is not to one individual, but two. The first series is addressed to a young man, the second to a woman. Everything designates the hero, to whom the author gave love and admiration in equal measure, as the rich patron of art

and letters, Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, to whom *Venus and Adonis* had been offered in 1593, *Lucrece* in 1594. The dedications accompanying these two volumes are simply paraphrases of certain sonnets.

The heroine of the second series is less easy to identify, having belonged to a less brilliant world, unknown to fame, save by these verses. Nevertheless, I hope to give enough precise information to pierce the mystery and give to the famous and enigmatic "Dark Lady" a local habitation and a name.

Although by an apparently concerted accord among critics, this volume of sonnets has been declared occult, incomprehensible, and even equivocal, the story it tells is simple. The drama contained therein is treason in love and friendship, a marvellous study where jealousy appears as a master passion—the greatest enemy of mankind and principal obstacle in the human soul's effort to attain God. To free himself from the toils of the vampire-woman—since become such a well-known literary figure—to liberate his friend, caught in the same nets, and to attain serenity by mutual forgiveness, is the drama of the poet's life as revealed by the sonnets.

The conditions of publication perhaps explain the misunderstanding these poems have caused.

In 1609, Thomas Thorpe, an editor who preferred for economic reasons to get his copy through an intermediary, rather than solicit an author himself, brought out *Shakespeare's Sonnets Never Before Imprinted,* accompanied by a poem *A Lover's Complaint,*[1] composed ac-

[1] *A Lover's Complant* treats of a romantic affair between one of the beautiful young women of the court and a nobleman whom the physical description and characteristic tastes clearly designate as Southampton. What relevance this poem has as an historical illustration of these times will be seen in the next chapter.

cording to internal evidence in 1596. Several of the sonnets, if not all, had been circulated in manuscript among men of letters. In 1598, Francis Meres had vaunted "Shakespeare's Sugar'd Sonnets" among his friends, and in 1599 Isaac Jaggard included in *The Passionate Pilgrim* two of those addressed to the "Dark Lady."

In a dedication pretentious as obscure, capable of at least two interpretations (a style, by the way, characteristic of Thomas Thorpe [2]), the editor wishes prosperity to him who had inspired these sonnets—or to him who had procured them for press—and the eternity of fame promised by the immortal poet:

TO
THE ONLY BEGETTER OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS
MR. W. H.
ALL HAPPINESS
AND
THAT ETERNITY
PROMISED BY OUR EVER LIVING POET
WISHETH
THE WELL WISHING ADVENTURER IN
SETTING FORTH

T. T.

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[2] As a key to Thorpe's English style and personality it may be interesting to compare a dedication addressed by him later.

To the Honourablest patron of the muses and good minds William, Earl of Pembroke Knight of the most noble order, etc. Right Honourable. It may worthily seem strange unto your lordship out of what frenzy one of my meanness hath presumed to commit this sacrilege in the straightness of your Lordships leisure to present a piece for matter and model so unworthy, and in this scribbling age wherein great persons are so pestered daily with dedications. All I can allege in extenuation of so many incongruities is the bequest of a deceased man. Being left as a legacy unto your Lordship (Pardon my presumption, great Lord, from so mean a man to so great a person) I could not without impiety present it to any other. . . .

The peculiar composition of these lines, especially the initials, Mr. W. H., has caused all sorts of suppositions, some so extravagant that they might lead an impartial commentator to suppose that loss of mental equilibrium must be the fate of those who attempt to treat this subject. A recent German critic, for example, declares that Mr. W. H. stands for "William Himself."

Without entering into the tangled web of paradox, which leads to no logical solution, I shall merely quote the plain and reasonable explanation given years ago by a clear-sighted critic and excellent interpreter of Shakespeare, François-Victor Hugo. Had it been generally noticed it might have spared much useless shedding of ink:

> I do not follow Thorpe's arrangement, in translating the sonnets, because the sequence is neither logical, nor chronological. The main subject of these poems, being rivalry for a married woman between a humble actor and a nobleman of high standing, their pirate editor dared not recall too clearly a story which had already caused scandal. Thomas Thorpe feared, not only the Censor, but the wrath of a great aristocrat, settled down into respectable married life. On the other hand, he hated to forego an opportunity of publishing Shakespeare's verses, for the poet's fame in 1609 was at its height, and the public clamoured for his lyrical work. Thus cupidity led Thorpe to publish, but prudence caused him to invert the order, giving to a dramatic poem the appearance of isolated sonnets; with the same object, he reversed the order of the veritable initials, and made of the H.W., which means Henry Wriothesley [Earl of Southampton], the mysterious Mr. W. H., whom certain critics, heedless of historical truth, have thought fit to identify with William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a lad of eleven when Shakespeare began his sonnets.

An obvious example of the lack of sequence in Thorpe's arrangement [3] is contained in the group dealing with the

[3] To depart from Thorpe's sequence is no daring innovation. The

"Rival Poets." No. 80 describes a "greater spirit" under the figure of a stately "Man-o'-War," while the poet himself is compared to a humble skiff. The succeeding sonnets treat of quite another thing, until No. 86, which again takes up the ship metaphor, indicating as the reader may see for himself that 86 should immediately follow 80:

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
The worst was this: my love was my decay.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?

---

sonnets numbered by him 41 and 42 had already appeared as 1 and 2 in the *Passionate Pilgrim*. The early reprints of Shakespeare's Poems showed no respect either for Thorpe's or Jaggard's order; and Rowe's supplementary volume, of which I possess a rare copy, divides the sonnets into short poems, grouped by subject, varying in length from one to six stanzas, for which the editor selected titles as *Benefit of Friendship, Patiens Armatus, Nil Magnus Invidia, A Valediction,* etc.

I follow Thorpe more scrupulously than other modern editors in discarding the pedantic and confusing Roman numerals. When I have occasion to quote a sonnet it is according to the arabic numerals and original numbering of the 1609 edition.

No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

One sonnet, which reflects moral discouragement and a pessimistic outlook on life, is numbered by Thorpe 28, but has absolutely no relation to the contiguous stanzas. It concludes:

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

It can only logically accompany a sonnet of similar tone. There is but one which can fit into this place. It specifies the reasons which lead man to pessimism and desire for death: its number is 66, but if transported so that it directly follows 28, the grammatical connection and sequence of thought lacking in Thorpe's arrangement are at once restored:

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.

. . . . . .

But day doth daily draw by sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

It is hardly necessary to add for the general arrangement, that the poems on reconciliation should be placed *after* instead of *before* the friends' quarrel and estrangement.

If the sonnets are grouped by subject they fall naturally into the following classification:

Praise of patron; counsels of marriage; contrast between his high estate, youth and riches, and the poet's humble condition, and years declared "past the best"; regrets in absence; worry and insomnia; professional jealousy and personal rivalry with the other poets eager to take the author's place in the patron's favour. The first breach in the friendship, caused by slander, aggravated by the treachery in love of the young patron who is beloved by the poet's mistress, leading to complete rupture and a long period of silence and estrangement.

The friendship is renewed after mutual pardon and apologies. The poet promises to conquer time and death and assures his friend and patron eternal life through the fame of his verse. A group, which I would entitle

the "fools of time," describes these opportunists with whom the poet contrasts his own unwavering fidelity. The series concludes with a sort of Te Deum or hymn of joy when the patron, imprisoned for life, is at last set at liberty.

The series addressed to the Dark Lady is practically in order as it stands, except that by way of continued mystification, the two introductory sonnets are placed last, giving the reader a disagreeable impression of anti-climax.

This series thus read falls into the following order: love as the remedy for sorrow; praise of brunette beauty; jests and puns on the poet's name, Will, the lady's "will of her own"; reproaches for cruelty and faithlessness; her treason with the poet's friend; love's blindness; love's slavery; renunciation.

Thus these apparently separate poems may be read as a sequent and intensely dramatic whole. To ignore the sonnets is not only to miss the quintessence of Shakespeare's poetic genius, but to lay aside the master key which illuminates the entire literary production.

The earliest commentator of the poet's life and work concluded his brief biography with the statement I have selected as general motto for this volume: "The character of the man himself is to be found in his writings."

Now with no guide but that portion of the work contained in the dramatic form, a reader may be drawn into curious paradoxes. What character in this vast repertory is the poet's mouthpiece? Is Falstaff's clever opportunism given as a model? Is Polonius the prototype of a wise diplomat or far-sighted parent? When Iago counsels before all things to "get money in your purse!"

to the detriment of honour and good repute, is this advice that of Iago's creator? Under the treacherous phrase "Shakespeare says," all these passages are quoted as moral precepts. A prominent statesman pronounced some of poor Polonius' most striking commonplaces the wisest things Shakespeare ever wrote.

Under such circumstances, the lyric work becomes a guiding thread in the dramatic labyrinth. When a precept or sentiment, repeated in the plays, accords with an opinion expressed in the sonnets, there is a good reason to suppose that we hold the author's real thought. The poet, thus studied, really appears in his work and convinces his readers very soon that any time spent in making his acquaintance has not been lost.

The first twenty sonnets addressed to the fair youth are correctly placed at the beginning of Thorpe's series. The writer is chiefly concerned with preaching marriage to one so exceptionally gifted that it seems a crime against humanity, an impiety against God and Nature to leave so much beauty, worth, and wit, without increase.

In the entire history of literature, greater richness of imagery, facility of style and felicity of expression cannot be found. Without wearying the reader, the poet repeats his argument twenty times. Three of the sonnets suffice to give the essence of the whole:

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.

Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

SONNET 9

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O none but unthrifts! Dear my love, you know
You had a father: let your son say so.

SONNET 13

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

SONNET 12

There is no detail insisted on by the poet that is not applicable to the young patron to whom *Venus and Adonis* was dedicated in 1593, *Lucrece* in 1594. The repeated counsel to marry reminds us that from 1590 to 1594, Henry Wriothesley was officially affianced to Elizabeth Vere, granddaughter of the all-powerful Cecil and that the young woman's family were incensed at the prospective bridegroom's hesitation to fulfil his part of the contract.

As to the astonishing likeness between Lady Southampton and her son, it was generally recognized and may be confirmed by a glance at Southampton's portrait which seems to have been almost traced on that of his mother: both are in the gallery at Welbeck and have been several times reproduced:

> *Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee*
> *Calls back the lovely April of her prime.*
>
> SONNET 3

The numerous portraits, prints and miniatures which still exist show that the type of good looks possessed by Henry Wriothesley was the same as described by the poet in the *Sonnets, Venus and Adonis* and *The Lover's Complaint.* His delicate complexion was lit up by blue-grey eyes of extraordinary brilliance, "twin suns" which radiated wit, according to the poets who sang his praises; his smile was amiable and charming, he had great taste and aptitude for field-sports.

The picture of Adonis off for the hunt and detained by the arguments of Venus to forswear single life is acknowledged by Shakespeare in the fifty-third sonnet as a portrait of the young man of the sonnets:

> *Describe Adonis, and his counterfeit*
> *Is poorly imitated after you!*

Nothing could be less applicable to William Herbert than any of these descriptions. The future Lord Pembroke was plain and dark; he was not fatherless like Southampton, and consequently not under the tutelage of the Crown—the epithet *Child of State* could have for him no signification. He did not appear in London until 1598 and even then was not the centre of a coterie of poets, as Southampton had been from the year 1591. The description which is given by Shakespeare of his rivals for favour, fits exactly the men who were struggling for Southampton's recognition during just these years.

Another absolutely gratuitous hypothesis would have it that Mr. W. H. might have been an actor in Shakespeare's troupe. This is inadmissible for two reasons. There was no actor on any list with those initials, and the most cursory reading of the poems shows that they were addressed to a young man of almost princely rank: "Crowned with youth, beauty, wealth and wit."

Two other suggestions are more tenable if we are ready to acknowledge that Thorpe's dedication to Mr. W. H. as the *begetter* of the sonnets merely records the editor's gratitude to the man who had procured the manuscript for the press.

Sir Sidney Lee adopts this interpretation and suggests that the initials may mean Will Hall, a relative of Shakespeare's son-in-law, who sometimes acted as literary agent between author and printer. Mrs. Carmichael-Stopes believes that William Harvey, much interested in literary affairs, was the man who obtained Thorpe's copy, which as Lady Southampton's third husband he was in a good position to do, but neither of these authorities ever cast the slightest doubt on the identity of the person addressed by the author.

In contrast with the young hero so copiously endowed with the graces and the gifts of fortune, the poet draws a bitter and unflattering portrait of himself as the mirror reflects back his image:

But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

His mature appearance was accentuated by early baldness; at thirty-three he probably looked forty. Hard work and worry such as he had endured, wear a man rapidly and justified Shakespeare in feeling middle-aged contrasted to his friend's brilliant youth:

That time of year thou mayest in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

Distinct as the physical portrait is the impression of the poet's mind and heart that the sonnets give us. They show a person of extreme sensitiveness and high susceptibility, whose moral qualities balance his magnificent intelligence, a man to whom meanness and pettiness are only known through what he has experienced on the part of others. His imaginative intuition and ready sympathy dispose him "to see the other man's point of view" and his generosity is such that often it is easier for him to grasp the justice of another's claim than cling to his personal interest.

Although adoring his profession, Shakespeare suffered —especially in the early days—from the discredit then attaching to the stage "from which my name receives a

brand." It is true that the successful actor, when under the protection of a great noble, was a personage, even in those times; but his legal status remained that of a common vagabond and mendicant, denied the privilege of Christian burial, whose mortal remains fell an easy prey to medical student and anatomist, "the coward conquest of a wretch's knife" (Sonnet 74).

Christian burial is always spoken of by Shakespeare in a tone which would be inexplicable if solemn sepulture were to him a matter of course. The haunting fear, which evidently pursued him through life, appears again on his tombstone.

The distress which his equivocal situation caused him on his friend's account—for Southampton was undoubtedly criticized for his familiarity with a player—is constantly reflected in the sonnets. His application for a coat of arms was not, as Mr. Frank Harris declares, the "petty vanity of a parvenu," but a real advantage which raised the possessor from the status of vagabond to the rank of gentility which was so real a thing that it is always noticed by his contemporaries. The armorial blazon, as the twenty-sixth sonnet says:

> *. . . puts apparel on my tattered loving,*
> *Making me worthy of thy sweet respect.*

Professor Brandes declares the sonnets expressing self-effacement and forgiveness of wrong, "despicable and leaving a very painful impression." To a different temper of mind, it is just this group which epitomizes the highest poetic utterance of the English language.

"Well-contented," save on those special occasions, when, "out of suits with Fortune," the poet appears to have been subject to the fits of melancholy which com-

monly attack optimistic natures under adverse circumstances:

Oh, if you leave me, do not leave me last
When all these petty griefs have done their spite
But in the onset come, then shall I taste
At once, the very worst of Fortune's might:
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

Shakespeare frequently speaks of himself as remaining dumb in company before the rivals. In the early days a country-boy's shyness made him rather a listener than a partaker in the wit combats.

I think good thoughts while others write good words
And, like unletter'd clerk still cry "amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polished form of well refined pen.

Or again:

O learn to read what silent love hath writ
To hear with eyes, belongs to love's fine wit.

Wearied by imputations on his own want of classical learning, he expresses more impatience with pedantry than with ignorance, but his bitterest words are reserved to denounce fraud, affectation and hypocrisy. Disliking what is physically artificial also, he inveighs against paint and false hair, during a reign when the monarch boasted sixty wigs, which the poet considered as impious ornaments stolen from the dead:

Before the sacred tresses of the dead,
The spoils of sepulchres were torn away
To live a second life on second head!

Among all the human passions he so marvellously described, the one which the poet understood the best—because it had originally been an active principle in his own heart—was the green-eyed monster, jealousy. This he set out to conquer and did conquer.

Its first manifestation was professional. Like all which touched the poet personally, it is not a base form of selfishness that his complaint embodies. He suffers when the poets preferred to him are unworthy of Southampton's notice. When he encounters a "greater spirit," he acknowledges his superiority and only regrets that his own verse cannot equal that of the best master. Nevertheless he is conscious that his work, unlike all the rest executed under Southampton's inspiration, is eternal because it alone has an immortal soul—the sincere affection which, according to him, never dies:

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read
And tongues-to-be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

One of these rivals may be, and generally is, identified with George Chapman, who in the *School of Night* and the *Amorous Zodiac* abused so much of astronomical similes that Shakespeare was driven to exclaim how unlike was his own artistic conception to that of the poet

Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse
Making a couplement of proud compare
With sun and moon, with earth and seas rich gems
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.

But I cannot agree with Mr. Acheson that the author of the *School of Night* can be connected with "that greater spirit by spirits taught to write above a mortal pitch." This, I believe, can only apply to Christopher Marlowe, for whom he had already expressed admiration and to whom the idea of being assisted by an occult familiar perfectly applies.

Several sonnets refer to a long separation when the poet journeyed on horseback. The London theatres were closed on account of the plague in 1593-94, and there is reason to place this group at that period of provincial touring.

The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee!

SONNET 50

A tragic note is struck when, learning from observation and report that the patron's affection is cooling towards one about whom calumny is rife:

Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill
To set a form upon desire change,
As I'll myself disgrace knowing thy will:
I will affection strangle and look strange
Be absent from thy walks, and on my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong.

SONNET 89

This theme—that he would rather die than be a burden to his friend—is repeated in so many beautiful forms that it would be hard to make a selection. His mastery of the art of verse writing is best shown in No. 71, in

which the rhythm imitates throughout the tolling of the funeral bell:

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I have fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.

Ten sonnets of reproach and bitterness intervene. The patron has chosen among his friends less reputable associations than those of the theatre; he is warned that "having gone through the ambush of young days," without smirch, the flaw to his reputation once made will be more serious than if he had not stood so high: "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

More poignant ones follow. The noble Lord had summoned his player to an audience and forgotten the appointment, while Shakespeare waited, counting the world-without-end hour, and exclaiming:

I have no precious time at all to spend
Nor services to do, till you require.

I am to wait, though waiting be such hell
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well!

Numbers 41 and 42 foreshadow the coming quarrel over the Dark Lady and introduce the theme of jealousy in love:

That thou hast her, is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain.
And both, for my sake, lay me on this cross.

Misunderstanding deepens and relations are broken. The severance apparently lasted for a considerable length of time.

But one of Shakespeare's chief virtues was his fidelity to old ties, his high conception of what friendship ought to be. Learning how much had been suffered by his patron since the breach with him, the poet hastened to salve the wound of the patron's self-esteem:

That you were once unkind befriends me now
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Need, must I, under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammered steel.
For, if you were, by my unkindness shaken
As I by yours, you've passed a hell of time.

And this leads to the masterly climax, where in immortal numbers—fourteen sonnets whose vigour, majesty, and elevation of sentiment have never been reached—is shown how a magic pen shall conquer death and time and obtain for friendship what the well-wishing Thorpe had echoed in his dedication of the volume: "That eternity promised by our ever living poet."

The second series of the *Sonnets* is due to another inspiration. In it the poet directly addresses the famous dark beauty.

In Thorpe's edition, the rupture between the two parts —that belonging to the fair youth and the dark siren— is indicated by a clearly marked space.

The stanza which concludes the series to Southampton is not a sonnet at all, but the typical "Envoi" of twelve verses. Written in the flowery rhetorical style of *Venus and Adonis*, it evidently belongs to the same period, and

perhaps, as has been suggested, accompanied the volume sent to the young patron as a poetical epistle.

However that may be, the verses are not in their place in Thorpe's collection, where this artificial style of compliment, succeeding the tragic farewell, is an anti-climax.

Thorpe seems to have been guided in placing No. 127 where he does by the desire to mark a period showing that those which follow are addressed to a different personage. The Dark Lady series begins on a light tone. The poet had been sojourning at the medicinal spring of Bath, reputed a sovereign remedy for the ills which beset mankind. But, alas! he had found no cure; the only panacea for his sufferings lay in the black eyes of the beloved!

Those black eyes which could not be declared beautiful in a country where "black was not counted fair and bore not beauty's name." After much airy badinage about the unfashionable complexion, the mistress is gracefully reproached for her excessive obstinacy. Every possible pun on the name of the poet *Will*, and the excessive will of the lady is passed in rapid review:

> *Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will*
> *And Will to boot, and Will in overplus,*
> *More than enough am I, that vex thee still,*
> *To thy sweet will making addition thus.*

One is amusing in its parody of Griffin's praise of a blonde beauty,

> *My lady's hair is threads of beaten gold,*
> *Her front the purest crystal eye hath seen,*
> *Her eye the brightest star the heavens hold,*
> *Her cheeks red roses such as seld have been,*
> *Her pretty lips of red vermillion dye,*
> *Her fair feet Thetis praiseth evermore*
> *Her breath Aurora or the morning sky!*

In Shakespeare's 130th sonnet, he affirms:

My Mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun,
Coral is far more red than her lip's red,
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun,
If hair be wired, black wires grow on her head . . .
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound,
I grant I never saw a Goddess go,
My Mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare,
As any she, belied with false compare.

She is praised for her wit, grace, and musical gifts. Her lover denies her beauty but finds her personality the more enchanting. Then a change comes. She is inconstant, cruel, she has deceived not only a too-trusting husband, but a lover who had proved equally blind.

This treachery is all the more painful to her lover, because the new victim of the lady's siren wiles is that very friend to whom the poet owes all.

In the first shock of disillusion, when at last he sees clearly, he reproaches the Dark Lady for that very complexion which now seems to him the symbol of her corrupt heart. Much as he deplores his weakness, he remains captive to the enchantment which has bound him. Neither his five senses nor his five wits can prevent his foolish heart from loving.

Never were love's torments chanted on more sincere and tragic note, especially when the poet sees his friend suffering in the same toils; then his sorrow takes another trend. In a stanza of brutal and realistic treatment he describes the corporal chain of a purely sensual attachment when the soul lends no glamour to idealize human relations.

At length, comes that sonnet (129) which contrasts

purity with profane love. The grossness of the body is here represented as being the chief detriment to humanity's aspiration towards God.

On this sonnet of high renunciation, with its thought borrowed from Montaigne, the series to the Dark Lady should logically conclude. An epitome of the series may be obtained with nine sonnets:

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from his holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress-eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of Bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

SONNET 153

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

SONNET 132

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

SONNET 128

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise
Though in despite of view, is pleased to dote
Nor are my ears with thy tongue's tune delighted
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone
Nor taste nor smell desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee
Who leaves unswayed the likeness of a man
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague, thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

SONNET 141

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,

No news but health from their physicians know;
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

SONNET 140

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

SONNET 148

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty! I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

SONNET 152

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust,
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

SONNET 129

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Pressed by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

SONNET 146

Exactly the same story will be found repeated if we divide this series into three parts containing nine stanzas. Beginning each time with a grace and lightness which justify the comparison between Shakespeare and Ovid, the tone progressively deepens and becomes tragic.

Although no really careful student reading with a de-

sire to comprehend the sonnets as a whole, fails to unravel this story and observe its natural crescendo and climax, no other has noticed, I believe, that here, as in the plays, the poet with his incredible richness of imagery has followed the symphonic method of obtaining dramatic effect to which attention has been already called: *the theme, with suite and variations.*

This analysis, which permits the reader to follow the plot and sequence of a story, half told and half concealed in Thorpe's volume, leads to an effort to identify the powerful enchantress—celebrated with such a strange mixture of love and hate—who caused the rift between the poet and his friend.

That she was dark, that she was married, that she belonged to a world inferior to that of the young patron is proved by the sonnets themselves. Whether in praise or blame, the poet never fails to address the youth as a social superior; he speaks to the lady in terms of equality, if not of contempt.

It would be interesting to see, then, whether an echo of a scandal which had once involved an actor, a young nobleman, and some citizen's wife living between London and Stratford have come down to us in book form.

There is indeed a volume, entitled "Willobie his Avisa," printed in 1594, suppressed by the Censor, and republished some years after, which tells just such a tale. It has already been mentioned as having put François-Victor Hugo on the right track.

This curious pamphlet, signed from Oxford by Hadrian Dorell—a pseudonym for which no explanation has been found—is without literary merit. But it has a superior interest, for it contains the very first printed allu-

sion to Shakespeare as an *author*. At the beginning figure these lines:

> *Though Collatine have dearly bought*
> *To high renown a lasting life,*
> *And found what most in vain have sought,*
> *To have a chaste and constant wife.*
> *Yet Tarquin pluck't his glistering grape,*
> *And Shake-Speare, paints poor Lucrece's rape!*

and it is precious for other reasons as an illuminating document, being a travesty of the characters and story contained in Shakespeare's sonnets.

In a curious mixture of prose and blank verse, a venomous attack is made upon an Oxford inn-keeper's wife. *Avisa* signifies that "rare bird," chastity, and, ironically praised as the English *Lucrece*, makes havoc all about her. The preface, hyperbolical flattery of the rare Avisa, is signed *"contraria contrariis"* showing that these praises should be taken in an opposite sense.

Avisa, in her popular hostelry, is courted by a troop of gallants, among them the rake Nob, and the distinguished *Cavaliero*. When young Mr. H. W., sometimes called Harry, takes love so seriously that he nearly dies of unrequited passion, his friend, an old actor, Mr. W. S., who has passed through like torments, gives the youth wise counsel founded on experience, as to how this dame may be won. To make the identification of Harry Wriothesley more evident, Mr. H. W. is constantly quoting Italian aphorisms, which are all to be found in his professor's hand book, Florio's *First Fruits*. Shakespeare's name, together with his player's quality, having been printed in full, the subject of his identity does not even admit of discussion.

The Censor naturally decreed that the personages were too easily recognizable under *their own initials* and consequently suppressed the volume.

Now the hostelry owned by the Davenants is inscribed at this date of *Willobie his Avisa* under the appellation *Golden Cross* or ensign of Saint-George. Avisa's dwelling is indicated in the verses of the travesty thus:

"See yonder house where hangs the badge of England's saint."

The next fact to establish before connecting Mrs. Davenant with the heroine of the sonnets is whether she could have known both poet and patron before 1594.

Southampton had accompanied Queen Elizabeth to Oxford in 1592-93, remaining throughout the jousts and comedies given to honour her progress. He is described in the College records as having appeared like "one of King Arthur's Knights, so handsome and so debonnair." Shakespeare at the same epoch was on a provincial tour and, as his troupe was attached to the Court, it is not unreasonable to suppose that he had his rôle in the divers pomps and pageants. The three principal personages concerned were consequently on the scene of action.

A study of sources always leads us back through Beeston, Betterton, Fulman and Lacy to that inn afterwards known as the *Crown,* as the veritable stage of the romantic love drama of William Shakespeare.

It was Davenant, son of the hostess of that Inn, who possessed the best contemporary portrait of Shakespeare. Dryden says that this "Chandos" canvas was painted by Burbage, that Betterton procured it from Davenant, and that Dryden himself obtained a copy from the original by the celebrated Court painter, Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The Garrick Club terra-cotta, executed on the same lines as the Chandos painting, bears to the Stratford bust and Droeshout engraving the same relation and degree of idealization as is seen in Houdon's bust of Molière compared to other portraits of that comedian, and reminds us that Molière was more fortunate in some points than the bard of Avon. No French or American Delia Bacon has attempted to prove that Pascal or Descartes wrote *The Misanthrope!*

Sober history hints at the same story as the Oxford libel. The life of Sir William Davenant, playwright and poet laureate under Charles II, is thus condensed from the *Athenæ Oxonienses:*

> This poet's mother was a very beautiful woman, of good wit and conversation very agreeable; in which she was imitated by none of her children but this William. The father, who was a very grave and discreet citizen (yet an admirer and lover of plays and playmakers, especially Shakespeare, who frequented his house in his journies between Warwickshire and London) was of a melancholic disposition and was seldom, or never, seen to laugh; in which he was imitated by none of his children but by Robert, his eldest son.
>
> It is probable that [Shakespeare] stood sponsor for this William. He appears to have been very much attached to children, and particularly so to the eldest son of Mine Host of the "Crown," Robert, afterwards Fellow of St. John's College, and a reverend Doctor of Divinity.

When Shakespeare's godson, William Davenant, tried to prove his descent from an ancient Norman family and inserted an apostrophe in his spelling of the name, a contemporary wit remarked: "Useless! Everybody knows that d'Avonant comes from Avon."

Oldys, in his *Choice Notes,* recalls an anecdote told by Betterton to Pope over which Oxford wagged its head knowingly:

> Young Will Davenant was then a little school boy in the town, seven or eight years old, and so fond of Shakespeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman, observing him running homeward, asked him whither he was posting in all that heat and hurry. He answered: To see his godfather, Shakespeare. "There's a good boy," said the other; "but have a care how you take the name of God in vain."

Aubrey, in his *Brief Lives, Chiefly of Contemporaries,* says:

> Now Sir William [d'Avenant] would sometimes, when pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends, say, that it seemed to him that he writ with the very spirit of Shakespeare, and seemed willing enough to be thought his son. He would tell the story as above, in which way his mother had a very light report.

No one who sustains the Shakespeare-Davenant theory of the sonnets attempts to prove that scandal concerning Mistress Davenant was justified by the facts. That the gossips of Oxford had never lost an occasion of suggesting that young William and Robert Davenant were particularly dear to the poet, is unquestionably true. That he was a familiar friend of the parents is certain, otherwise he would not have been chosen as godfather to one of the sons, nor would the younger have been accepted by all of his literary contemporaries as the best authority on Shakespearean tradition. The objection put forward that William Davenant was not born at the time of the supposed *liaison* is therefore irrelevant to the debate.

There is no evidence connecting Mary Fytton or Jacqueline Field with the Dark Lady, aside from the ingenuity of their respective champions.

Mary Fytton is selected among "Cynthia's maids" on account of her love affair with William Herbert, a scandal which caused her banishment from Court in 1600. But the sonnet treating of the love episode had been already published in the *Passionate Pilgrim* a year before. The author, moreover, describes his inamorata as an exceedingly dark married woman. Mistress Fytton was notoriously of the more popular blonde complexion, notoriously too, a spinster.

The Jacqueline Field theory is more tenable although fragile. We have no data concerning the colouring or reputation of Richard Field's wife, unless we subscribe to the militant Anglo-Saxon dictum: All Frenchwomen are dark —and immoral!

On the other hand, both Shakespeare and Southampton undoubtedly frequented Field's printing house at a date which could concord with this identification of Jacqueline as a possible dark lady. But to erect a theory upon such unsubstantial premises is to build on emptiness.

Therefore the Shakespeare-Southampton-Davenant hypothesis may be taken as the only one which, up to the present day, has any evidence behind it.

There remains only one more theory to discuss: that which claims that the sonnets had no basis in fact but were purely impersonal literary exercises to prove the author's cleverness. Absolute sincerity, not cleverness, however, constitutes their vital appeal. They throb so convincingly with heart's blood that they should rather be

regarded as a moral safety valve, naturally resorted to by the poet.

Robert Browning, one of the most distinguished supporters of the Impersonal theory, tried to enforce his argument by making a poem on the amorous triangle. But this *piece of life* written in the first person, rings so untrue that, when, at the climax, the author would astonish his readers by the sensational revelation

> *Now Robert Browning, you writer of plays*
> *Here's a subject fit for your hand,*

no surprise is created, for the reader knew all along that Browning was, as children say—"only pretending."

Sir Sidney Lee expressed the opinion that the influence of the Dark Lady on Shakespeare's life and work could have been but a passing one. I cannot agree with him in this. I believe that Shakespeare, without her, could never have created his Cleopatra or his Cressida. That the poet passed through a period of great moral suffering, no one who is guided by the internal evidence of the sonnets can doubt. That he came through the fire tempered and ripened by his experience, no one who studies his mature work can doubt either.

There are many more so-called mysteries in the sonnets which are easier of solution:

How did Thorpe obtain the copy he printed? How dared he print without authority from those principally concerned?

To the first query the poet himself explains that having no need of any material remembrance of Southampton and possessing "full charactered with lasting memory" all that he had written in his praise, he had given

away his manuscript. Thus having acknowledged that a text is no longer possessed by an author, we may also admit that a clever editor finds means to procure a copy.

At this time, Southampton had fallen into the political misfortune of proving too attractive. The Queen admired his fine person and remarkable dancing so much that it was deemed prudent to send the Earl as Governor to the Isle of Wight, where, says Sir John Oglander "his just, affable, and obliging deportment gained him the love of all ranks of people."

Carisbroke Castle was too far from London to cause the publisher annoyance. Shakespeare dwelt at a distance. Perhaps like more terrestrial authors, he was not sorry to see his immortal work in print.

And although critics are liberal in applying the terms "thief, pirate and villain" both to Thorpe and Jaggard, present day readers, ignorant as the critics themselves, of all the circumstances, can only be grateful for the happy initiative which saved the volume for posterity.

To the question as to why are there so many repetitions of the same thought, the author himself answers:

Oh, know, sweet love, I always write of you
And you and love are still my argument
So that my best is dressing old words new
Spending again what is already spent.
And as the day is ever new and old
So am I still retelling what is told.

Certain questions as to date of composition are solved with equal ease. One of them celebrates a birthday anniversary, not an ordinary one, but a fixed mark in life; in this case evidently Southampton's majority. It is easy to establish this as October 5, 1593.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed
Such seems your beauty still—three winters cold
Have, from the forests, shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to mellow autumn turned,
In process of the seasons, have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned
Since first I saw you fresh, which still are green.

SONNET 104

With this as a starting point, the date of their first meeting three years before, in the springtime of 1590, can be deduced. And thus is confirmed the reasonable conjecture that almost from the first moment of his coming to London Southampton interested himself in the poet's career. The friendship celebrated in the sonnets began with the last decade of the century; its lyrical expression covered a dozen years. Two other fixed dates may also be established, No. 107, that of the liberation of Southampton from the tower, and No. 125, that of King James' coronation. The conception of others may be approximated through analogy with certain plays. The one, for instance, where the poet uses the figure of black night like the face of an Ethiop against which the visage of his friend

. . . like a jewel hung in ghastly night
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new

was evidently composed when he was writing Romeo and Juliet, and was well enough satisfied with the image to turn it another way:

Thy beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

One word more before again taking up the interrupted thread of Southampton's life. In order to meet the re-

proach of those who say: What matter whether or not it was really Henry Wriothesley that was addressed by the poet? What matter the life and conduct of the hero and whether he was worthy or no of the sentiment which he inspired? Even had the author been mistaken in his estimate and the object of his song utterly base, would the value of the poems be lessened?

A thousand times, yes!

Shakespeare is admirable for his sane judgment and magic divination of the human heart; if his philosophy of life had only found literary expression, if, in the world about him, the "wisdom of Nestor and the genius of Socrates" had not taught him how to distinguish between a romantic hero and a degenerate dilettante—then, and then only, would Shakespeare not have been Shakespeare.

The study of his hero's character is essential to our knowledge of the poet. Southampton's reputation, his place in the world and in his own family should be as carefully examined as Shakespeare's own.

The young Earl, a great personage in a large sphere, has left enough records of his public and private life, to form a solid basis of knowledge. Henry Wriothesley's correspondence, political and domestic, the memoirs of his contemporaries, and State archives, confirm and endorse what Shakespeare says of him. Rarely in history, in fiction, or in real life, can a more worthy object of hero-worship be found than this model of Romeo, Ferdinand, and Florizel.

At a time when descriptive anagrams were so much in vogue, the one chosen to designate Southampton, which became current as his name, was *Stamp of Honour*.

An enlightened patron of art for art's sake, he was not more ardent in his cult for beauty than in his pursuit of

high renown. Generous in friendship, the presence of the King himself did not prevent Southampton from chastising the traducer of his brother officer. Brave and chivalrous on sea and land, a romantic lover, devoted husband, and honest statesman, he was esteemed by his King, venerated by his household, loved by his friends and adored by wife and children.

Acting all parts of goodness, that each age
Succeeding ours, might in thy action see
What virtue in them dead, doth live in thee.

This elegy, written by a faithful retainer, was a deserved tribute to one more blessed in his qualities and natural gifts than favoured by "the fickle jade fortune."

It is to the greatest poet's greater glory that, after having lent his pen to the praises of his young Mæcenas, he should have consecrated such talents to the cause for which his friend, at twenty-eight, staked all and set his days in peril.

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CHAPTER VII

SHAKESPEARE AND THE ESSEX CONSPIRACY

That England which was wont to conquer others
Hath made a shameful conquest of herself
Ah would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

RICHARD II

So great was the ascendency possessed by Robert Devereux over Southampton and other familiar associates, that few hesitated to join his audacious conspiracy to overthrow the Queen's Government. The failure of this enterprise was foredoomed to cost the life of many participants, Essex among them, to condemn Southampton to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower of London, suppress his title, and confiscate his estates.

Shakespeare could not look on impassively at such a drama. He fully shared his young patron's cult for the brilliant personality of Essex, and willingly placed at his command his skill and professional talent. His conception of dramatic authorship was high and the players' scope extensive. He did not view the stage as a passing amusement only, or a means to flatter the great and please public taste, but as a mirror in which the faults and qualities of statesmen and monarchs were held up to all time. "To show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

In consecrating his pen on this occasion to the cause

of his patron he was accused by Bacon of desiring to transport his tragedies from the stage to the state.

But, in order to comprehend the scope of these events, and measure their reflex on Shakespeare's career it is necessary again to take up the narrative of his patron's life.

Beneath his amiable exterior Southampton's real nature was impulsive, intense, and even violent. At seventeen he had already escaped from parent and guardian in a frustrated attempt to join Essex's expedition to France and to fight under the banner of the Prince of Navarre.[1] His devotion to his friends was such that no danger or trouble was too great for him to undertake. He had already saved the lives of the brothers Danvers, implicated in the death of Sir Henry Long, with whom their family had been at feud after the Capulet-Montague manner. Provocation apparently came from Long's side but the murdered man had powerful friends in Wiltshire and soon the whole region was up in the "hue and cry" after the two assassins.

Southampton sheltered them at Whitely Lodge, one of his many residences. Then with great presence of mind, he organized a series of pretended hunting parties which led them nearer and nearer the coast, the refugees joining him nightly, under cover of darkness, until the port of Southampton was finally reached. There the young rescuer chartered a ship to waft his friends to France with recommendations to the King. At this point their discovery was nearly caused by a sheriff who stopped

[1] His letter was dated from Dieppe, March 2, 1592:
"From one who hath no better present to make than the offer of himself to be disposed of by your commandment of which I shall be exceedingly proud, endeavouring always by the best means to deserve it. In the meantime wishing your fortune may prove answerable to the greatness of your own mind."

them at a ferry with a search warrant. Southampton's party did not lack daring. "His Lordship's barber, Humphrey Drewell, and his Italian John Florio," held up the official and threatened to drown him then and there if he attempted to interfere with justice as his Lordship understood it.

Meantime Southampton had got his friends on board. The King of France received them with open arms, and, after their distinguished service at Rouen, intervened with the Queen to obtain their pardon.

Sir Charles and Sir Henry Danvers remained in constant correspondence with their preserver, which explains how easily Shakespeare learned all that he needed to know of the French Court for his play of *Love's Labour's Lost*.

While still in his minority, Henry Wriothesley was, as we have seen, betrothed by his guardian, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, to that powerful Minister's granddaughter, Elizabeth Vere. The grievances which came to a head in the "Drury House Plot" began, like so many political intrigues, with a romance of "despised love." The engagement lasted over five years during which the young man constantly pleaded for "a respite." His mother joined in defending him and at length Miss Vere found a more willing husband in William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby. But Southampton was not permitted to get off "scot free." He was condemned to pay a fine of five thousand crowns, the first recorded case, by the way, in which damage for breach of promise was exacted in England.

Probably liberty was cheap even at that high price, for it enabled Southampton to realize his dream of military and maritime glory. He at once took service against the Spanish fleet under Lord Essex's personal command, dis-

tinguished himself at the taking of Cadiz and received the accolade at the hands of his Admiral "ere he could wipe the sweat of combat from his brow." The friendship of the two was forever sealed during this expedition.

London received them triumphantly and they tasted the sweets of popular acclamation, being the heroes of the hour everywhere except at Court. There indeed they met with a cool reception. Burleigh could not pardon his rival's success with the Queen, and feared his prestige with the public. Other courtiers, like Raleigh, Gray, and Cobham, stirred up the envy of the stay-at-homes. As for Southampton, he remained in Cecil's eyes the man who had scorned alliance with his house. He was about to lose all credit with the Queen for another reason.

His Catholicism had already kept him from the royal favour, and now a love affair was about to ruin him forever in the Queen's graces.

Elizabeth Vernon, a maid-of-honour, belonged to one of the best Catholic families of the Kingdom and was renowned for her beauty and sweetness. The two young people were quickly brought together in these surroundings where their faith kept them somewhat isolated, and where the young girl's guardian—no other than Essex, Miss Vernon's cousin—was the object of the romantic veneration of both.

Soon the Court gossips were busy discussing Southampton's "folly" of which regular reports were sent weekly by that indefatigable "social secretary" of the Sidney family, Rowland White.

> I heard of some unkindness should be between My Lord Southampton and his Mistress, occasioned by some report of Ambrose Willoughby. My Lord Southampton called him to account for it. . . .

Lord Southampton is much troubled at her Majesty's strangest usage of him, somebody hath played unfriendly parts with him. Mr. Secretary hath procured him license to travel. His fair Mistress doth wash her fairest face with many tears. . . .

I hear that My Lord Southampton goes with Mr. Secretary to France which course of his doth exceedingly grieve his Mistress that passes her time in weeping and lamenting.

"Permission to travel," especially when obtained by that busy little hunchback, Mr. Secretary, Robert Cecil, was equivalent to an order to leave the kingdom. For this alone, Southampton might have found consolation. The absence from Court might have permitted him to join his friends the Danvers, and undertake the long promised Italian journey. But this was not to be. As it seemed more prudent to keep the young man in sight, he was attached as secretary to Robert Cecil, who was sent to negotiate at Paris in the interminable council which preceded and followed the Treaty of Vervins.

Southampton was "affectionately received" by Henry IV, who knew of him through the Danvers. He at once became intimate with the Duc de Rohan, as fervent a huntsman, dicer, and tennis player as the young Englishman. He evidently played better tennis, for, in the course of a single day Southampton lost three thousand crowns. The spy who furnished this information declared himself most reluctant to make such a report, but her Majesty paid her informers for just this sort of news, and then as now "a man had to live."

Southampton was obliged to confess his losses to the sympathetic Essex, for he was quite without funds. In spite of his large estates the payment of the breach of promise money had been a strain on his exchequer. From

Essex he was to learn a more disquieting piece of news. Scandal was rife in London. Miss Vernon had been forced to leave Court and had taken refuge with Penelope Devereux, sister of Essex. Although Miss Vernon declared that she knew Southampton's honour and was in no wise troubled, others were worried on her account and among them, none more so than William Shakespeare.

The situation described in his *Lover's Complaint* is precisely that of Elizabeth Vernon at this time, ostensibly abandoned by a lover, whose description, point by point, is exactly that of Southampton. François-Victor Hugo, an early translator and excellent commentator of Shakespeare's minor poems, declares that the *Complaint* was composed in view of softening Southampton's heart and persuading him to return.

Whether it was the poet who succeeded, or the lover who needed no entreaty, certain it is that, abandoning all idea of crossing the Alps and without even obtaining permission to leave Paris, Southampton returned post haste to announce his secret marriage, and obtain the Queen's pardon. "As my offence is light I trust that her Majesty's displeasure will not be heavy," he remarked optimistically.

The poor boy little knew what the rage of Henry VIII's daughter could be on such an occasion. She was too troubled to attend chapel and spent that morning cursing her attendants and threatening that all those who had been privy to Southampton's marriage would be sent to the Tower.

As, even to please the Queen, her Ministers could not judge that marrying without her consent constituted high treason, she had to content herself with having the

young couple locked up in the civil prison of the "Fleet" where they spent their honeymoon.

Elizabeth never forgave Essex, whom she held chiefly responsible for the match, nor his fair cousin who was forbidden the Court.

There are many who find in one of Shakespeare's sonnets—a pearl of the series—an allusion to his patron's marriage.

Let us not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments.

It is too well known to need quotation, and is frequently chosen to illustrate each new case where constancy triumphs over every difficulty.

It certainly seems appropriate to this occasion for there never was an alliance more typical of the perfect union

Which looks o'er tempests and was never shaken.

Through danger, disgrace, separation, and adversity, Lady Southampton remained the personification of wifely devotion to him whom she addressed in her letters as: my dear Lord and only joy of my life.

One of the first consequences of the marriage was the linking of the interests of Southampton even more definitely to the fate of Essex, the new "cousin." They became inseparable, and the brilliant personality of this "charmer of men" was to lead the youthful and romantic lieutenant to the foot of the block.

The very faults of Essex were attractive and of a nature to endear him to the multitude for whom he was the popular idol. His qualities placed him far in advance of his time. Even under the Tudors he dared dream of civil and religious liberty and conceived that statesmanship should be tolerant and magnanimous. In politics

he favoured the French alliance and strove to unite England, Wales and Scotland under the same crown. He recommended treating with the Irish rebels, however, realizing, as others did not, the difficulty of enforcing peace in that "Commonwealth of common woe."

Brilliant and versatile in mind, of remarkable educational attainments, he had a considerable poetic gift and was a clear and vigorous prose writer. He knew French perfectly and was a remarkable Latinist, maintaining a long correspondence with such men as Anthonio Perez and De Thou in classical language.

The only reproach Camden could find to make against Essex was that he was not "made for a courtier" being slow to take or resent offence, overquick and imprudent in pardoning wrongs done to him, much too scrupulous to be willing to commit crimes. So frank that he could not keep a secret, or hide what was passing in his mind, he was so open in his dealings and his countenance that his secretary used to complain that he showed in his face instantaneous sympathy or dislike for his interlocutors.

Such qualities joined to an irresistible charm of manner easily gained Shakespeare's pen to serve the cause of such a leader.

All this time Shakespeare's renown was daily increasing. In 1599, Weever summed up in an epigram what the public best loved, and swore that had he not known the author he would have supposed that Apollo himself had composed *Venus, Lucrece, Romeo,* and *Richard.*

That same year William Jaggard, profiting by the fashion of the hour, secured a few sonnets for his collection entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim,* together with two rejected stanzas from *Venus and Adonis* and the verses

contained in *Love's Labour's Lost*. The two unedited sonnets referring to the episode of the Dark Lady, numbered 1 and 2, reappeared later in Thorpe's collection under the numbers 41 and 42. The small volume was completed by an invocation from Paris to Helen, and the answer from Helen to Paris, attributed to Shakespeare with the rest of the contents, but in reality written by Thomas Heywood, who protested, saying very courteously that the verses were unworthy of Shakespeare and that the poet was much offended with the liberty Mr. Jaggard had taken with his name. The incident was closed, probably pleasantly on all sides, for it was the son of the same editor, Isaac Jaggard, who later became the publisher of Shakespeare's complete works.

With fame, financial success followed. In 1597 all the debts of the Stratford family had been paid off and Shakespeare had bought "that pretty house in brick and timber" known as Clopton Manor, to which he successively added meadows, pasture lands, and orchards enough to leave his heirs a domain in Stratford of some ninety acres.

Possibly, he was thinking even at this date of retiring to the country and devoting himself exclusively to literature. If so, political events forced him to postpone any such project. His successes also were a chain which bound him closer to the theatre.

Much Ado About Nothing, a comedy with many tragic elements, brought a large public to the Globe. The wit combats of Benedick and Beatrice were always immensely appreciated. These personages are almost a repetition of Biron and Rosaline of Love's Labour's Lost but more finished and delicately shaded. The intricacies of a Boccaccio plot lead them, however, to the same conclusion.

Rosaline had decreed at the end of the former comedy that an atmosphere of feasts and merrymaking in which the lovers had met was not conducive to sealing a "world-without-end bargain" to last through life and even beyond. She insisted that Biron must pass a year in contact with human misery nursing the sick in hospitals before renewing his offer. Beatrice is actuated by the same thought when she assigns to her lover a still more difficult duty, that of revenging the honour of her cousin Hero, by challenging his own best friend.

The popularity of this play caused a curious accident in the printing of the first quarto edition, which sheds interesting light on the methods of clandestine publication. An editor anxious to bring out the play while it was still a novelty sent a shorthand writer to the theatre to take it down. The names of some of the characters escaped the scribe's ear. In their place he wrote the names of the actors who performed the parts. Consequently, the quarto bears instead of *Dogberry,* captain of the night watch, and his faithful henchman *Verges,* the names of the clown Kempe, and his acting partner Cowley. At another point in the text, instead of transcribing the verses the transcriber throws in a stage direction: *Jack Wilson enters with a song.* This Wilson was a popular musician and vocal artist.

Julius Cæsar, presented at about the same period, brought new proof of the author's unfailing power and originality. Up to 1640 the vogue of this drama remained undiminished.

The theatre, which scarcely covered the expenses of a sea-coal fire and doorkeepers' fees when presenting Jonson's "well laboured" dramas, found tedious by the public, filled cockpit, galleries, and boxes when Cæsar, Bru-

tus, and Cassius fascinated them with Shakespeare's performance.

Shakespeare daringly introduced his great man at the moment when he had outlived greatness—a Cæsar whose glorious past is only made known to the audience by hearsay, whose chief preoccupation is "to have fat men about him." The Imperator only reconquers his prestige by the sacrifice of the Ides of March.

The drama contained an allegory which did not fail to strike the observant critic. To the initiated there was a parallel between Cæsar's senility and that of the tyrannical Elizabeth, whose succession her ministers were vigorously disputing—and a still greater analogy between the idealism of Brutus and the political views of Essex.

When the year 1599 opened, Essex was so popular and the disorders in Ireland had become so disquieting that his designation as chief of the Expeditionary Forces sent against Tyrone, was universally acclaimed. Even those most active in undermining the favourite at Court were resigned to this promotion, certain that the difficulties encountered by the new viceroy would be immense, promising themselves to make them insurmountable by systematic obstruction of his plans.

Essex disembarked with a force of twenty thousand horse and foot at Dublin. Southampton, at the head of the cavalry, did not fail to distinguish himself in the first encounters, establishing order in the province of Munster, also proving himself as good a diplomat as general, bringing the whole region back to allegiance.

London foresaw an entry more triumphal than that which had greeted the Cadiz homecoming. By way of preparing the public demonstration in their honour,

Shakespeare introduced into his new play, *Henry V*, what Rowe describes as a "compliment elegantly turned to the Earl of Essex, when this great nobleman was Lieutenant-General of the Queen in Ireland."

The return, alas, was not what Shakespeare foreshadowed. Essex did not come back "bearing rebellion broached on his sword"; for, although he had imposed rather favourable conditions on the belligerents, the Irish command had become untenable through political conditions at home. Initiative of any kind was blocked and the army thrown into disorder by the Queen's refusal to ratify the nomination of officers appointed by Essex.

Southampton, through loyalty to his friend, continued to serve as captain in the cavalry which he had commanded as general, and as a climax, London enemies accused the viceroy of plotting with the King of Spain.

Essex lost patience and without waiting permission hastened to England to defend himself against these calumnies and to insist on the confirmation of his officers.

So confident was he of the Queen's favour and affection that he felt sure of success if he could obtain a private hearing, prove the bad faith of Cecil, who, at that very moment was receiving a salary from the King of Spain, and show how his campaign had been consistently blocked for reasons anything but patriotic.

On his way, Essex, accompanied by the Danvers and Southampton, overtook Lord Gray, also riding post to London. This officer had received a severe reprimand for insubordination and was hastening with a report against his superiors, certain in so doing to gain the Minister's favour.

Sir Charles Danvers, who still believed in violent

measures, offered then and there to "knife the spy," but Essex courteously requested his unruly subordinate to let them pass.

In answer, Gray spurred his horse and a race began with Nonesuch, the royal residence, as the goal.

They arrived neck-and-neck. Gray precipitated himself into Cecil's study, while Essex mounted directly to the Queen's apartment and entered unannounced.

Elizabeth, as she grew older, had become so suspicious of plots concerning her succession that she made it a crime of *lèse-majesté* to discuss it. Unfortunately for Essex a panegyric had just been published which was in her hands, wherein it was suggested that his royal blood and remarkable talents would render him the most acceptable candidate for the regency if haply the Queen "should die."

Although his reception was less violent than on the occasion of Southampton's marriage—when she had struck him and told him "go hang"—her anger was all the more dangerous, and was dexterously played on by her ministers.

Her ex-favourite left the palace under arrest, and from that moment his doom, though delayed, was practically sealed.

In vain did one sincere friend, Chancellor Egerton, strive to persuade Essex to beg the Queen's forgiveness and humble himself before her ministers. His answer was characteristic of his indomitable temper of mind.

When the vilest of all indignities are done unto me, doth religion enforce *me* to sue? Cannot Princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, pardon me, My Lord! I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is struck. Let

those that mean to make their profit of Princes show no sense of Princes' injuries.

As for me I have received wrong. My cause is good and whatever comes all the powers on earth can never show more constancy in oppressing, than I can show in suffering whatsoever can or shall be put upon me.

He was brought before the Star-Chamber, but the Court, unable to bring in a verdict of treason or "violence against the Queen's person," invented a new crime called "contempt," which was defined as "error of judgment and lack of respect toward royal authority." He was imprisoned in his own house and gradually stripped of privileges and possessions. Sidney's correspondent noted in a "news letter" that it was pitiful and lamentable to see him, "that was the mignon of fortune, reduced to such misery."

Eight months passed drearily away, then—after repeated attempts to assassinate Essex in prison and an armed attack on Southampton in the streets of London, where only the young man's skill in fencing and the devotion of his page saved him from death—the situation suddenly changed.

The friends who had espoused their cause realized that both had been condemned by the powers that controlled the Queen and that their only chance lay in persuading the sovereign of her ministers' perfidy, in ridding the cabinet of those "caterpillars of the commonwealth" and at the same time delivering England from the nightmare of a Spanish succession.

To this end, they met together at the Danvers' residence, Drury-House, and fomented the plot of which Essex was the soul, and Southampton the principal instrument. Its object was the removal of Cecil and Ra-

leigh as chief factors in the Earl's disgrace. Their slogan was to be "Long live the Queen and after her, long live King James of Scotland, only legitimate heir to the English throne."

The conspirators counted as an asset on the devotion of the London tradesmen, and had recourse, to aid their *coup d'état,* to the same novel method of forming public opinion and exciting it to fever-heat, which had already been sketched in *Henry V:* namely, theatrical propaganda.

Shakespeare's troupe was invited to prepare *Richard II* once more for stage performance, and, according to the Queen herself, it was acted upwards of forty times in squares and public places, as she also affirmed "Know that *I* am Richard Second."

The tragedy, dealing as it does with the catastrophe of a sovereign become the prey of evil counsellors, did indeed have a direct bearing on the political situation, and it is significant that no contemporary edition of the printed quartos dared include the abdication scene.

On the eve of the day selected for the outbreak, Shakespeare's play was presented at the Globe, all the conspirators assisting. Each actor's pay was doubled for the occasion; Augustine Phillipps, manager and dean of the company, received forty shillings in gold.

This performance was fatal to Essex's partisans, for it was used in the trial as positive proof of premeditated violence—"So eager were they to feast their eyes on this tragedy which they hoped to transport from the stage to the state"—as Bacon argued in his brief.

On Sunday, at an early hour, the Queen was to have been surprised in her palace, the guard of which was as-

sured by Sir Christopher Blount, Sir John Davies, and Sir Charles Danvers, who had a hundred men at their command, within the gates. Meantime Essex, set free by Southampton, was to join their friends at the palace, submit his grievances to the Queen, and insist on the revocation of Cecil and Raleigh.

Had he succeeded they would both probably have gone down to history as patriotic heroes. Unfortunately for them, there was a traitor in their midst. The scheme, whose essence was secrecy, was divulged by Ferdinando Gorge. Dawn saw the palace guards tripled, and those who were to have opened the doors under arrest.

Essex and Southampton, ignorant of what had gone wrong at the palace, heading a troop, constantly augmented on the march by the citizens who flocked to their banner, traversed the armourers' quarter, where they were furnished with pikes and muskets. Success smiled for a moment; important hostages were taken back to Essex-House, fortified to endure a siege.

But, near Westminster, further advance was blocked by cannon and the regular troops summoned from the Tower the night before.

A retreat was sounded and the insurgent chiefs were forced back to their improvised stronghold which they valiantly defended throughout the day. Essex's wife and Lady Christopher Blount, his mother, lamented loudly; but his sister Penelope, Lady Rich, was of another metal, and took her place, pistol in hand with the defenders.

By nightfall the regulars had gained a commanding position in the steeple of Saint Clement Danes, from which the musketry fire attained the windows of Essex-House, barricaded only with rows of books from the

library. At midnight cannon were pointed against the principal entrance and charges of gunpowder heaped against the walls.

From the roof, Southampton, torch in hand, called a parley and was met by his cousin Henry Sidney, acting as Ambassador for the government, to discuss the terms of capitulation.

He promised all the conspirators an impartial trial by jury, without inimical elements, and assured them that due consideration would be given to the wrongs and provocations suffered by Essex.

The besieged accordingly surrendered to the Lord Admiral. The night was dark and the tide ran so high under the arches of London Bridge that a boat to the Tower was declared impossible, but the Queen did not sleep in peace until Essex and Southampton had passed behind the sinister grating of the Traitors' Gate.

From his prison Southampton wrote to his wife, whom he had sent to the country, these lines which never reached her but which were at once carried to Minister Cecil, among whose private papers they were found:

To My Bess: Sweetheart, I doubt not you shall hear, ere this letter comes to you, of the misfortunes of your friends. Be not too apprehensive of it, God's will must be done and what is allotted to us by destiny cannot be avoided. Believe that there is nothing that can so much comfort me as to think that you are well and take patiently what hath happened. Contrarywise I shall live in torment. Doubt not but that I shall do well, and ever remain your affectionate husband.

Lady Southampton's frantic appeal "longer I could not live, and suffer the sorrow of not showing some effects of my infinite and faithful love" was also kept by the Minister unanswered.

In the meantime, Mr. Winwood was to learn the happenings at home from the King of France and transmit them back to the Ambassador who was on leave. His letter shows the deep attachment inspired by Essex:

> Yesterday, being at the Louvre, the King took me aside and asked what news I had from England. I told him I had not lately received any. He then told me of a strange commotion in London (which he compared to the barricades at Paris) attempted by the Earls Essex and Southampton followed by divers knights and quality to the number of two thousand. I asked if he had received any news from his Ambassador, he said no but by Mr. de Rohan, freshly arrived out of England this morning by post.
>
> Your Lordship may judge the affliction I feel for what I know, the fear which I conceive for what I know not. Which my heart doth break to think of, and my hand trembles to put down.

It also proves how close were the links between the Essex faction and the court of France. Essex had indeed maintained personal agents in every country—even at Marrakech—in order to keep in closer touch with foreign politics. In London the official representative of France had an unofficial complement, in the person of a special agent accredited to Essex, whom the King of France believed would be chosen regent after the Queen's long-hoped-for demise.

The man naturally selected for this post was one of the Frenchmen most closely linked with Southampton during his Paris sojourn. Thus Hercule de Rohan was waiting events in London, and from Italy one of the Orsini had come charged with the same errand.

In his special honour a *Twelfth Night* revel was offered by the lawyers of the Middle Temple. It was for this

entertainment that Shakespeare prepared his delightful comedy, the last of its happy care-free style. For with it the author's comic period was over.

Although *Twelfth Night* was later destined to partake of the success of other plays conceived in the same spirit, political events caused its failure at this time, as its performance coincided with the check of the Essex faction, disbanded the week after. As for the special ambassadors, they were soon on their way back to Italy and France.

The House of Lords, sitting as a High Court of Justice, was far from being that tribunal "constituted without hate or partiality" promised to the accused. Essex's most bitter personal enemies sat in judgment on the two Earls, and the case was in fact decided before coming to trial. The prosecuting attorney needed just such a "hanging case" to bring him before the public eye and into royal favour. His immense ambition assured his servility to the Minister's wishes.

The insidious letter written by Raleigh to Cecil, tempting him with the offer of the ex-favourite's place in the state, was characteristic of the spirit which moved the great Earl's enemies.[2]

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[2] "If you take it for good counsel to relent toward this tyrant you will repent it when it shall be too late. His malice is fixed and will not evaporate by any mild courses for he will ascribe the alteration to her Majesty's pusillanimity, knowing you work upon her humour.

"For after revenges fear them not for your own father was esteemed the contriver of Norfolk's ruin, yet his son followeth your Father's son! Look to the present and you will do wisely. His son shall be the youngest Earl in England but one, and if his father be kept down Will Cecil shall be able to keep as many men at his heels as he, and match in a better house, so that fear is not worth the fearing. But, if his father continue he will be able to break the branches and pull out the tree root and all.

"Lose not your advantage, if you do I read your destiny. Let the Queen hold her Bothwell while she hath him, he will ever be the canker of her estate and safety. Princes are lost by security and preserved

Essex, acting as his own lawyer, invoked the right of every freeborn Englishman to be judged by a jury which did not include men who had openly sworn to end his life. To this, according to the French Ambassador, who was present "through desire to witness such a rare novelty and to observe the countenance of the enemies who had so long plotted to bring Essex to this pass," they answered very maliciously that men of such quality, having once sworn on "their honour" to judge strictly according to conscience, would rather be torn in pieces than not remain impartial!

This interesting eyewitness thus continues:

His claim having been iniquitously denied, he replied word by word to every accusation, with such assured countenance that his enemies were either reduced to silence or spoke shamefacedly with stammering accents indicative of their fear and ill will. Essex declared that he had come with no hope of saving his life but spoke simply to defend his honour, well knowing that his foes with their lies and chicanery would obtain his head.

Only bloodthirsty tigers could have remained indifferent to the generous attitude of Essex, whose only effort was to disculpate Lord Southampton, and take upon himself the whole responsibility of the plot.

The firmness and modesty with which the latter retorted to the adroit cross-examination of Bacon was also much admired.

When he declared that he had neither armed his followers nor unsheathed his sword in his effort to reach the Queen and get a hearing the lawyer replied: "That was but a ruse, a ruse well known to such-like rebels and traitors. You put

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by prevention. I have seen the last of her good days and ours after his liberty!

Yours to the end,
W. R."

(Edward Edwards, *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh* together with his letters [Macmillan Co., 1868].)

all your faith in the citizens' affection, like the Duc de Guise in the affairs at Paris, hoping that they would arm your followers and do the rest themselves."

To Southampton's declaration that the person of the Queen was held sacred by his party Bacon retorted:

"That also is in accordance with the habits of traitors, who never strike directly at a sovereign, but attack him aslant through the persons of his ministers." He furthermore declared that the real end, proposed by the conspirators, was clearly indicated in the play *Richard the Second* chosen by them for presentation on the eve of their attempt—no less than the forced abdication and murder of a monarch.

During all this time the peers were engaged in stuffing themselves with beer and preserves which they caused to be placed before them in open court as if they had not seen food for days. Puffing tobacco the while to the scandal of all present, until, well soused and drunk on tobacco fumes they gave their votes condemning the two Earls as rebels and traitors to have heart and entrails torn out by the public executioner and burnt before them living; their heads struck off and their bodies quartered.

Essex heard his sentence with an aspect as calm and contented as though invited to lead the Queen out to dance, expressing the hope that her Majesty would allow herself to relent toward Southampton, a man who, if allowed to live, was capable of doing the state such excellent service.

Thus the trial which had lasted from dawn till sunset ended, and the Ambassador concluded his letter, describing it with these words:

This misfortune which has condemned the two most virtuous nobles of this realm, and those who cared the most for France, cannot fail to move all who are cognizant of the great worth of these gallant gentlemen and able to appreciate such an inestimable loss.

The only grace accorded by the Queen to the man she had loved for ten years was to suppress the most fero-

cious part of the sentence and order that his head should be struck off with an axe.

This was done on March 17, with great ceremonial.

Essex's conduct on the scaffold was such a Christian example, his religion so sincere, that a great effect was made on the country. His farewell to Southampton "from whom no cause on earth was capable of separating him" was of touching dignity as was also his appeal to the Queen in favour of his principal partisan.

It is curious to note that all those to whom Shakespearean authorship has been successively ascribed had a prominent place at Westminster Hall. And each and all played a part in direct contradiction to such a claim.

Bacon demanded the head and heart of the very youth to whom all the poet's work had been consecrated; giving as principal evidence of his guilt that he had paid to have "*Richard II* acted." Both William Stanley, Earl of Derby, and Edward Vere, Lord Oxford, were among the judges who pronounced the death verdict. Lord Rutland alone was on the same side as those who had been instrumental in the presentation of this subversive play. He, it is true, was among Shakespeare's friends, but he did not suffer with them, as he was judged "too young, flighty and fantastic, to have been really admitted to the conspirators' secrets, and eventually obtained free pardon."

The paradox of finding this boy capable of writing *Hamlet* and publishing it hardly a year later need not be further dwelt upon.

The block and the scaffold gleaned a large aftermath.

Sir Christopher Blount, Sir Charles Danvers, Captain Lee, Cuffe, Essex's secretary, and quantities of humbler victims, priests, printers, and tradesmen perished at

the Tower or at Tyburn, according to their respective claims of possessing "gentle blood."

But these executions became highly unpopular, nearly cost the hangman his life and did cause him to be dangerously beaten by an exasperated mob. Raleigh and Bacon were obliged to conceal themselves to avoid being roughly handled by crowds who paraded the streets proclaiming the innocence of the victims who had never intended to harm the Queen's person.

The Queen found it prudent to give in to the popular outcry and after having pardoned young Rutland was persuaded to commute Southampton's sentence to life imprisonment in the Tower. His title was abolished, his estates confiscated by the crown, and his imprisonment so rigorous that the gaoler himself protested that if he was not allowed to give his captive air, exercise, and the occasional comfort of seeing his friends, he would not be responsible for his hasty death.

Probably, after this, he was at least permitted to receive books and a pet cat, for his portrait, painted at this time with his arm in a sling, shows both to have been his prison companions.

In the meantime all London trembled and hastened to destroy any incriminating evidences of complicity. The *Globe Company* had good grounds for terror. Augustine Phillipps, the manager, was one of the first to be arrested. There is no record of what penalty the troupe had to pay or whether the government was satisfied in suspending their license to act. Probably the latter, for this would satisfactorily explain the curious reference in *Hamlet* to the reasons which forced the Globe players, "Atlas and his burden," to travel, not alone because of the vogue of

the rival institution of the *Children of the Chapel* but on account of "this recent inhibition."

One thing is certain, the Globe players not only left London, but England itself. Consequently it is not far fetched to suppose that Shakespeare was among those who accompanied Laurence Fletcher to play for a season in Edinburgh, where they appeared before the King of Scotland in a Shakespearean repertory so extensive that *Love's Labour's Lost* which had long since been withdrawn from the boards as "antiquated" was the only one of the author's plays which the royal family had not seen in 1603 when they first arrived in London.

It is also significant to learn that, at the moment of Essex's death, when excitement ran high in Edinburgh and rumour, as usual, exaggerated the number of victims, it was reported that one of Fletcher's troupe had been hanged.

"If it is true, I shall hang the English Ambassador," said King James with unwonted spirit.

That the Scottish sovereign was thoroughly informed of their political rôle in the conspiracy is certain; the extent of his gratitude will be seen in the next chapter.

But the future must have looked black indeed to all who had openly favoured Southampton's cause. To Shakespeare, evidently, the period was tragic, for of this his work gives every proof.

Not only was the epoch of comedy forever past, but even that of romantic tragedy.

The trace of political deception and private grief—for he had lost his boy Hamlet in the midst of the Essex disgrace—is to be found in the utterly new note of tragic pessimism contained in his production at this time. *Coriolanus, Troilus and Cressida, Timon of Athens*—the

latter two replete with cynicism—attest the misanthropic obsession which coloured the dramatist's work with a spirit hitherto foreign to his robust genius and sane outlook on life.

The more noble and gifted his heroes, the crueler are the darts of fortune. Their qualities, not their defects, their virtues, not their vices, bring about their fall, as they caused the fall of Essex.

The author was soul-sick as well as heart-sick.

To say that his work was poor at this time would be incorrect and exaggerated. It is unwholesome and out of character. It strikes a dissonant note, as is, I believe, always the case when an author is doing violence for any reason to his real nature.

Coriolanus, where Caius Martius is condemned as traitor because he alone remains true to the old ideals of Rome, is pervaded by the thought of Essex. The portrait is traced in moving terms and the reader is almost brought to agree that there is no treason in taking up arms against the miserable Senate and Roman rabble.

Troilus leaves a still more painful impression. Its realism is truly modern; Flaubert himself never presented an Emma Bovary who could manœuvre with false sentiment to more fatal effect, than this niece of Pander.

The tirade of Ulysses has always been considered one of the jewels of Shakespeare's art, but its magnificence and the general beauty of the language used throughout the drama, cannot save the play, rather it seems that so much beauty is wasted; the characters are not in accord with the style. This lack of balance has led many perspicacious critics to ask themselves if this is really a Shakespeare tragedy, or a travesty of Homer's heroes—for both

Achilles and Hector are represented as cowards—as in the *Belle Hélène!* To open such a question is the best acknowledgment that, for once, Shakespeare's attempt at a new style was a complete failure.

Timon, a bitter, monotonous dissection of morbid insanity, is equally disagreeable.

During this period of moral discouragement, when no one dared speak the truth, much less write it in plain language, a curious allegorical elegy was brought out under the title *Love's Martyr*.

Shakespeare's last lyrical poem—excepting, of course, the songs in the plays—was published in this volume.

The production is mysterious, unique, both in form and matter. The *Phœnix and the Turtle* is written in four-line stanzas of alternating rhyme, concluding with a threnos in almost Dantesque *terza rima*.

Without attempting to explain the allegory of the immortal Phœnix, who, in dying, takes from a vile world all that is left of truth and beauty, it may be simply noted that, in former days, when everything "traditional" was not called into question and branded as a lie by Teutonic "science," it was deemed certain that Shakespeare had thus commemorated his loving admiration for Robert Devereux.

Many old-time commentators, who, like Gerald Massey, were familiar with English history and biography of this period, found in a number of Shakespeare's characters a suggestion of Essex's personality. I hope that I may not brand myself as an old-fashioned ignoramus in confessing that I share this view.

If Southampton served as the type of romantic lover which he so closely resembled—Orlando, Bassanio, Romeo, Florizel, or Ferdinand—did not his Fidus Achates

lend his more profound and complex traits to Brutus, Hamlet, and Caius Martius?

May we not also look to Essex-House for the originals of the great ladies drawn by Shakespeare?

All that is known of Elizabeth Vernon's character, all that is revealed in her love letters, justifies the opinion that whenever the poet sought a suggestion for the sweet Ophelia, the tender Desdemona, Viola or Imogen, he had but to glance at the lady of quality nearest to his patron's heart.[3]

Whereas, when another type of woman was being conceived for another play, one who was ardent, brilliant, witty, passionate and courageous, to whom love was all the world and social conventions unimportant, what more natural than that he should turn toward Penelope Devereux who as Stella had of old inspired Sidney; who had been the victim of a forced marriage with the disagreeable Lord Rich; who burned with a constant passion for her brother's chivalrous partisan, Sir Charles Blount, and eventually sacrificed her place at Court to live with him; who was closely linked with the Southampton couple, protected the young bride in her time of trouble, and stood godmother to her child.

If, as I suppose, Shakespeare thought of this great lady

[3] In a letter written when her husband was campaigning in Ireland and their friend Lady Rich was importuning Lady Southampton not to remain alone in the country she thus transmits the invitation and discusses its merits.

"For myself I protest unto you that your will, either in this or in anything else, shall be most pleasing to me and my mind alike to all places in this ill time of your absence, being quiet in no place. I was most unwilling to give you cause of trouble thinking of me in this matter —protesting to you again that where you like best I should be, that place shall be most pleasing and all others most hateful unto me.

"I am never ending praying to God to keep you ever out of all danger perfectly well, and soon bring you to me who will endlessly be your faithful and obedient wife,

"E. Southampton."

in drawing such a living picture of Rosalind, Beatrice, or Portia, she was near enough to his world for him to have sketched his heroine from nature. Thus we see that the same keen appreciation of character that led him in real life to love these complex types and to enter into their often hazardous enterprises, made him choose them as models for his dramatic personages.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE SUMMIT OF SUCCESS

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

HENRY VI

AT the very moment when Southampton seemed about to sink forever under his misfortunes, when, after three years of close confinement and severe illness, his family, themselves reduced to extreme misery, had begun to fear for his life, a sudden political change restored Shakespeare's hero to honour, riches and Court favour.

On the twenty-seventh of March, Queen Elizabeth, who had been lamenting that she was bound in chains, died—as much from remorse, it was said, as from any specific disease.

According to a romantic tradition, dramatized by Thomas Corneille and repeated by Schiller as subject for a tragedy, the Queen had, in former days, given her favourite a ring with the promise that she would pardon any crime or offence, at sight of the jewel. After sentence had been pronounced she waited vainly for some sign of contrition from the man she loved, and furious at this new proof of his pride, after hours of mental anguish, was persuaded by Cecil to place her seal on Essex's death warrant.

She learned later, through a confession, that Essex had in reality sent her the token but had placed it in the hands of a certain Court lady who had reason to be jealous of his affection for Lady Scrope, and who, in revenge, suppressed the fateful ring.

Face to face with death, Elizabeth returned to the policy which had been traced by her favourite, and declared that James Stuart was her only legitimate successor, "My throne is that of Kings, a King shall have it."

So her blue seal was filed from the swollen finger and Sir Henry Carey took the Great North road riding in all haste with the symbol of his dual kingship to the son of Mary Stuart, who was a king already.

England entered into official mourning with a sigh of relief and the poetic tears and elegies had no ring of sincerity. Chettle, the same editor who long ago had vilified Shakespeare, seized this occasion to express astonishment that the honey-tongued poet had found no verse to wail the rape of the chaste Elizabeth by that "fell Tarquin death."

Under the circumstances, the silence of a poet whose pen was consecrated to Essex and Southampton was most natural. When he again took it up it was to sing another note than a mourning strain.

James was no sooner invested with royal power than he displayed a grateful zeal in recompensing the victims of the old régime. His first official act before leaving Edinburgh was to sign an order for the release of "our good and faithful servant Henry Wriothesley." Southampton, a free man once more on the tenth of April, took horse to meet the monarch on his way towards London. The sword of honour, which was carried in state before the King in his progress through the towns which

lined the road, was borne by Southampton as the greatest noble of the realm.

In spite of fears and prophecies declaring that Elizabeth's death would set the spark of civil war alight, the great change from Tudor to Stuart took place in absolute tranquillity amid general rejoicings. The spring, exceptionally balmy that year, appeared as the happiest presage, and religious peace once more flourished with the amnesty declared by the King to grace his coronation.

It was then that Shakespeare wrote still another sonnet to Southampton, where he rejoices in the triumphal release of one condemned to end his days in prison. The allusion to the eclipse of our "Mortal Moon," the Queen, who claimed the attributes of Diana, is transparent:

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit, to a confined doom.
The Mortal Moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage,
Incertainties now crown themselves assured
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes.
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou herein shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

Although Professor Tyler ascribed it to an earlier date, the Peace of Vervins could scarcely elicit such a poem, nor could Southampton's risk in 1597 be appropriately referred to as a *confined doom.* It is equally hard to agree with Mr. Acheson that *domestic and internal happenings*

which he assigns to the autumn of 1594, could inspire this triumphant song of spring.

Moreover, if the dedicatory epistle to King James in the English Bible be compared to these lines it will be clear that the same spirit pervades the two, the same death is recorded, the same fears alluded to, the same exultation expressed and the same peace which proclaims laurels of endless age, identified.

> Whereas it was the expectation of many that, at the setting of that bright Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, some thick and palpable clouds of darkness would have overshadowed this land, that men should have been in doubt which way they were to walk and that it should be hardly known who was to direct the unsettled state. The appearance of Your Majesty as the Sun in its strength, instantly dispelled those surmised mists, and gave to all exceeding comfort; especially when we beheld the Government established in your Highness, and hopeful seed by an undoubted Title, and this also accompanied with peace and tranquillity at home and abroad.

No sooner was the King's accession accomplished than the lands and titles of Southampton were restored and an income of six thousand crowns added. As still higher recompense for his services, he received from the King's own hand the Order of the Garter. His wife, again the object of Royal favour, was the first chosen by the new Queen consort to attend her at Court.

The Venetian Ambassador, noting the sudden change in events, declared that the highest favours were reserved for Southampton and Sir Henry Neville (who had been Ambassador to Henry IV) and that the King had embraced the young son of Essex, proclaiming that his father was the best knight that England ever produced.

Samuel Daniel burst into song in praise of Southampton.[1]

If the friends of old days were quick to congratulate, certain enemies lost no time in attempting to wriggle back into favour with the young man, who once more took his place as the rising sun. The following letter may furnish its own comment:

I would have been very glad to have presented my humble service to your Lordship by my attendance, if I could have foreseen that it should not have been unpleasing to you. And therefore as I would commit no error, I choose to write, assuring your Lordship (how credible soever it may seem to you at first) that this great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your Lordship than this, that I may safely be now what I truly was before. And so, craving no other pardon than for troubling you with this letter, I do not begin, but continue to be your Lordship's humble and much devoted

FRANCIS BACON

Southampton's response to this epistle was given twenty years later when, sitting in his turn with the Court which condemned Lord Chancellor Bacon for malversa-

[1] Daniel's eight-stanza poem on what the young Earl had gained in glory by his sufferings contains this characteristic passage:

How could we know that thou could'st have endured
With a reposed cheer, wrong and disgrace;
And with a heart and countenance assured,
Have looked stern death and horror in the face?
How should we know thy soul had been secured
In honest counsels and in ways unbase
Hadst thou not stood to show us what thou wert,
By thy affliction, that descried the heart.

He that endures for what his conscience knows
Not to be ill, doth from a patience high
Look only on the cause whereto he owes
Those sufferings, not on his misery.
The more endured, the more his glory grows. . . .

tion and gross abuse of his high office, he proposed to add to the punishment inflicted by his peers the suppression of Bacon's title and banishment from the realm.

There was little that Southampton would not do, on the contrary, to show his appreciation of those who remained true to his cause through the bad times of his imprisonment. Giovanni Florio was appointed groom of the chamber and reader to her Majesty. As for the troupe of the Globe playhouse, a new era of prosperity opened before Shakespeare's comrades. If, as I suppose, they had been obliged to quit London during the last years of the Queen's reign they were now amply recompensed for hardships endured at that moment. From *The Lord Chamberlain his Servants* they became *The King's Own Players,* with rank of gentlemen of the Chamber. In this capacity the four principal actors carried the canopy over the sovereign's head at the coronation ceremonies, and served the Ambassador of Spain during his visit at Court. Shakespeare's name figures first upon the list of those to whom the Lord Chamberlain officially furnished a certain number of ells of scarlet cloth for this occasion. A sonnet seems to refer to the coronation ceremony, for the poet explains that the outward marks of honour such as "bearing the canopy" mean little to him. Had he not seen too many dwellers on form and favour suffer disgrace to care for anything but to offer gratefully to a constant patron the humble oblation of his verse?

The entrance of the new Queen into London was celebrated by the performance of a rejuvenated *Love's Labour's Lost.*

An amusing letter describes the difficulties of Sir Walter

Cope, charged with the organization of the revels, in getting into touch with musicians, jugglers, or comedians. At last he found Burbage, who assured him that the Queen was already familiar with all the new plays in the troupe's repertory. The best that he could propose was to revive an old comedy which, with its wit and gaiety, was certain to please the Queen's taste. This not only proves that the estrangement between Shakespeare and Southampton was happily over, but indicates also what I suggested in the last chapter, that Shakespeare's troupe had certainly played before the King and Queen of Scotland at Edinburgh. How else could Anna of Denmark have been familiar with the plays which formed the program of 1604?

At about this time the King addressed an autographed letter to Shakespeare, full of amiable compliments, which Sir William d'Avenant, Shakespeare's successor in the company, was very fond of exhibiting to his friends. Overfond, evidently, for he showed it once too often and it disappeared from his papers. The fact of King James' favour is still, however, attested by the official parchment exposed in the National Record Office, wherein is shown what consideration this friend of art and letters had for Shakespeare and his comrades.

With a stroke of the pen, the King abolished all the permits hitherto accorded certain actors to play under the patronage of a great noble, and gave to Shakespeare and his associates the exclusive right to present, according to their commodity, all comedies, tragedies, histories or pastorals, "as much for our personal delectation as for the pleasure of our subjects," in any town, borough, or university of the realm.

Never was such a monopoly accorded to any theatrical

enterprise until the day when Queen Anne took under similar protection the troupe formerly subsidized by the Earl of Worcester, and the Prince of Wales, that of the Lord Admiral.

Before the month of February, 1604, the company, which included Shakespeare and Burbage, had received eighty pounds for their productions, among which Shakespeare's plays constantly figured.

A very different development of theatrical resources was inaugurated by the art-loving Stuarts, during the royal reception at Oxford in 1605 when a new method of stage-setting, by means of revolving pillars and a system of painted drop-curtains, secured a complete scenic change three times in the same tragedy.

The new sovereigns looked upon the playhouse with other eyes than their predecessors. For them it was one of the best means of developing popular education and forming public opinion. Their generous protection enabled Shakespeare to realize certain effects which it would have been impossible to dream of formerly, and these fortunate circumstances enabled him to reach the pinnacle of success, both material and artistic. Though it is often claimed that periods of prosperity are not favourable to artistic production this general commonplace cannot apply to Shakespeare. Every period of his career was equally productive; the turn of his thought, the taste of the time, modified his work in manner, but not in extent or value.

From the moment when he was able to create fashion himself, his genius became more ample, more original. It may be true that he cultivated a new style of philosophical comedy to please the King's meditative and serious disposition, but if so, it is evident that the poet did

no violence to his own inclination; he shows himself too thoroughly at home in this new sphere.

It was easier for a man like Shakespeare to sympathize with the learned and timid successor than to flatter the insatiable vanity of the Virgin Queen. He is in his element in tracing the portrait of the Duke in *Measure for Measure,* the serious-minded and reflective sovereign with the same horror for the popular demonstrations so dreaded by the son of Mary Stuart.[2]

King James was himself a man of letters, the descendant of a poet. After his essay on the Divine Art of Poesy he had fulminated in print against tobacco-smoking, and produced a highly erudite study on Demonology and Witchcraft, in which he observes that "Satan always found his most crafty proselytes among old women." It is interesting to note that the bearded witches in *Macbeth* are traced after James' own model. The warning of the King against holding commerce with the Evil One through the promises of sorcerers or witches is bitterly repeated by Macbeth:

> *Be these juggling fiends no more believed*
> *That keep the word of promise to the ear*
> *And break it to the hope.*

It is easy to pardon the royal author his literary conceit, and his tincture of the pedantic, because he considered that a sovereign ought to be the most cultivated person in his kingdom (a highly laudable ambition), but principally, because his appreciation of Shakespeare's

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[2] *I love the people,*
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well I do not relish well
Their loud applause and aves vehement.
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

James Start

genius facilitated the presentation of an unparalleled series of nine masterpieces: *Measure for Measure, Hamlet, King Lear, Macbeth, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale,* and *The Tempest.*

The publication of *Hamlet* confirmed the dramatist's reputation as the greatest tragic writer of the age, and gained him the esteem of the serious-minded. Gabriel Harvey, who had been rather shocked by the vogue of *Venus and Adonis,* now confessed that "graver spirits delight themselves with *Hamlet.*"

Shakespeare had indeed gone far since the days of his sensual lyrics, comic conceits, and the bitter period of *Timon.* The public, which had followed him throughout, showed that it appreciated the new style adopted by their favourite best of all.

The melodramatic element, which had been his chief fault as a tragic writer, henceforth takes a second place; the events no longer make the tragedy. The happenings on the stage become superficial and secondary. What matters to the spectator is the state of mind which, through the powerful force of some magnetic suggestion, the author succeeds in transmitting to his audience. A comprehensive sympathy is established between the audience and Hamlet; they begin to think and to see things as he does. Whenever a really good actor takes the title rôle such a complete community of feeling can be established that the play is as alive to-day as it ever was, and remains endlessly variable according to the personality of each new interpreter, the worst of whom cannot kill the play.

Those who have seen Booth, Irving, Mounet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt, Forbes-Robertson, Rugiero Rugieri, and John Barrymore act the Prince of Denmark notice that

all were absolutely different from one another and yet each held his audience and, for the moment, at least, *was* Shakespeare's character. Of them all, the absolutely original conception of Sarah Bernhardt, with its marvellous quality of youth and passion, was perhaps the most impressive.

I believe that it was because Shakespeare had so long carried this character in his mind and heart that he was able to paint in such magic fashion the torments which racked his hero's conscience. Certainly, the Prince of Denmark did not spring full armed from that mighty brain during a period of intensive production. The conception of Hamlet was slow and grew with the poet's mind and heart. We have many reasons to be assured that the drama inscribed on the Stationer's Register for publication in 1602 had existed in different forms for at least ten years. The successive editions show the evolution through which Hamlet passed even in print, and give us some idea of the phases through which the grandiloquent early melodrama mentioned in 1594, where the ghost cried, like an oyster-wife, *"Revenge, Hamlet, revenge!"* passed, before evolving into the intense psychological study which has been admired in all lands and through every age.

It is easy to imagine how the author, spurred on by his troupe and the necessity of hurrying the renovation of their old play for revival at some fixed date, sacrificed the last act and let it stand as previously given. The final holocaust, doubtless in keeping with the early melodramatic form, to-day seems crude and shocking after the four acts of finished and shaded emotions which have held the stage and kept the audience spellbound. Shakespeare, in his capacity of director, knew

that he could count on Burbage's talent as a fencer to carry the last act in triumph, by the episode of the duel. The talent of the first Hamlet disarmed not only his stage-adversary but the critic in the audience.

Macbeth, although often given after 1605, was never printed until the appearance of the complete works. Once again in this strange drama, utterly different from all the rest, Shakespeare gives us an entirely new feminine creation. Lady Macbeth is called his "fiend-like Queen," but the author shows us, all the while, how false is this hostile judgment, for Lady Macbeth is an essentially attractive woman, whose grace and charm have entirely subjugated her husband and captivated King Duncan. Her limitless ambition is a reflex of her love and leads naturally to madness, for, according to Shakespeare, madness is the inevitable fate of a sensitive being led by circumstances to play a part in life in complete contradiction to his or her essential nature. The author, while depicting all the horror of the crime, yet keeps the spectators' pity for Lady Macbeth. She remains the type of the "grande amoureuse" in the real sense of this overworked term, and the excess of her love joined with her moral sufferings almost pays for her crime.

I know few situations more moving than that of this unhappy couple, "the Scottish butcher and his fiend-like Queen," poor trembling human beings, who, through the action of fear and remorse, are still more united in the hell that their crime has opened, than in the days of happiness and triumph.

King Lear—I say it perhaps to my shame—is a play that I dislike as much as I admire and marvel at its poignancy and power. It is horrible, it is unbelievable,

but the worst of it is that we are obliged to believe it! Such is Shakespeare's art in the rendering of plot and characters that he has made the impossible true. From the old British chronicles he selected monstrous personages and an extravagant plot; with this material he has created living beings, real and moving as no others that came before. Never was tragedian better inspired than in opposing the rôles of the faithful clown and that strange creation, Edgar, to the wicked Regan and Goneril. It is part of Shakespeare's surprising originality and scorn of British national prejudice which makes him, when he needs one character to play among the Saxon monsters the only disinterested part, look for Cordelia's husband in France.

King Lear was given on the twenty-sixth of December, 1606, before the Court and almost immediately published. Three editions were rapidly exhausted before the printing of the Folio.

From the point of view of literary composition neither *Hamlet, Macbeth,* nor *Lear* can be considered faultless; certain technical errors and lack of verisimilitude are dissembled under the force and vitality of the characters and the perfection of the language used. But, to my mind, there is one drama of this epoch which defies criticism, where every character lives, loves and suffers with an intensity so great that the play carries itself through its own intrinsic perfection of structure. The rapidity, and implacable logic of each event, which leads up to the dénouement, without a single superfluous word, a dialogue so natural and flowing that the spectator is led through each episode to the inevitable climax with all the force of the Greek tragic predestination—*Othello,* even poorly interpreted, is so powerful in itself as to defy criti-

cism, and represents the highest point of Shakespeare's dramatic art.

I have attempted in the course of this volume to explain the formation and evolution of Shakespeare's dramatic genius, taking examples among less-known plays, or pointing out, among the masterpieces, certain passages generally neglected by critics.

According to this plan, instead of analysing *Julius Cæsar,* the masterly portrayal of the tyrant and the idealist in politics, or *Coriolanus,* that prophetic delineation of social conflict, I have chosen *Antony and Cleopatra* as an example of the Roman plays.

Published only after the author's death, this drama is remarkably sane and vigorous. The author appears therein possessed of all his former qualities and shows himself ripened, not embittered, by his life experience, —the true disciple of Montaigne—as he showed himself in his latter days, joining to his passion for art the new cult for moderation.

Antony and Cleopatra is one of the most interesting examples of the Shakespearean method of adapting historical texts to the exigencies of dramatic art. It also gives us an unexpected commentary on an incident in the dramatist's own life.

The tragedy, as every one knows, is borrowed from Plutarch whom he follows very closely, without prejudice to the essential originality which always characterizes any Shakespearean conception of historical truth.

Nothing could be more daring than his treatment of plot and characters. Who but he, and Barbey d'Aurevilly (who took his courage from Shakespeare's example when he wrote the *Vieille Maîtresse*) would have dared to pre-

sent the heroine of a love drama when her amorous life was on the decline—when Cleopatra is over forty? It is the same process formerly used for the hero who has ceased to be heroic, and the process is one of genius, for only thus could the element of pathos essential to the final effect be introduced.

With equal dexterity and power, he places each character and develops his particular traits. The dramatic intrigue is exposed by a series of vivid narrations, brought in with astonishing realism, and always leading up to a most happily conceived climax. For this he invented *Enobarbus,* who, so to speak, carries along the story of the drama and is at the same time the *Argument,* antique *Chorus* and astonishingly modern commentator of all that happens. Scenes which are impossible to place actually before the audience, Enobarbus recounts in so vivid a manner that the spectator loses nothing; the humorous narrative is as easy to follow as action itself.

When handled by Shakespeare the dullness and heaviness which usually accompany the stage narrative disappears. The shameless materialism, the cynical opportunism of this man-of-the-world serve as the best foil for the impulsive passion of Mark Antony, an ambitious parvenu who sincerely believes in himself and is served by his oratorical facility and lavish open-handedness. The supple and conciliating Lepidus, the youthful, frank, and brutal Pompey, are equally striking and well chosen for dramatic contrast.

The supper of the three triumvirs is one of the greatest political satires ever staged.

But perhaps the most interesting study contained in this extraordinary play is the vital presentation of the passion of an illicit love. For, in the Queen of Egypt, we recog-

nize the portrait of a dark beauty already made known to us through the sonnets. Just as Raphael traced in his Madonnas the features of the Fornarina, Shakespeare, in describing the slavery of Mark Antony, remembers his own. The Sorceress of the Nile psychologically is the very same woman as the *"belle laide"* of the sonnets, without whom perhaps we would have neither Cleopatra, nor Cressida.

The passion of Antony which causes the fall of empires is the same essential frenzy which in another sphere merely broke up a friendship, and ravaged the heart of a poet, "miserable vassal of a woman, whom reason told him was a cruel, faithless, unscrupulous liar, without either youth or beauty." A dozen years before he had written:

> *Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,*
> *That in the very refuse of thy deeds*
> *There is such strength and warrantise of skill,*
> *That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?*

To-day of Cleopatra:

> *. . . Vilest things*
> *Become themselves in her, that the holy priests*
> *Bless her when she is riggish.*

When Antony laments his thraldom he finds for her whom he insults the same ruthless terms already set down in the sonnets which the Cleopatras of the world, whether Queens or commoners, always pardon, because, to their thirst for domination, invincible desire, stronger than hate or contempt, is the most intoxicating homage a lover can offer.

When Antony, furious at Cleopatra's treason, attacks her with the coarsest insults, they leave her untouched;

she is perfectly aware that in a moment he will be again in her arms, and that her art of seduction is more powerful than his rage and disappointment.

Through the perspective years, the poet was able to judge his own passion objectively and measure the folly from which he had recovered, or which he had, at least, outlived.

He was too essentially an artist, in meditating over his past sufferings, not to recognize what he had gained through that pain which enables every true poet, quite contrary to Heine's false aphorism "to make of their little sorrows, great songs."

The lamentations of Antony—"would I had never seen her"—are cut short by the voice of reason and experience: "Oh, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel."

As for Cleopatra, universally recognized as the "grande amoureuse," who ever defined her as Shakespeare has done?

Her essential trait is to love *nobody* and to be absolutely incapable of loving truly. Neither Antony's death nor the loss of her kingdom determines her suicide. The author has been careful to show that, following both these calamities, she had remained decided to live, and preoccupied only in saving from the victor's hands the economies which she had long ago set aside.

Suddenly, she learns the fate in store for her—her part at Rome in the Triumph of Octavius Cæsar:

> The quick comedians extemporally will stage us and present our Alexandrian revels—Antony shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness.

Cæsar's captive provokes the final catastrophe in order to appear once more in beauty before the world's eyes. Then, intoxicated with the splendour of her end, she believes for an instant in the sincerity of her passion. She imagines that she loved the Roman triumvir, that it is for him that she dies, but, in reality, she never loved any but Cleopatra and dies to preserve intact the feminine prestige which was her only religion.

How is it possible to give an idea of the depth and intensity of this drama?

For it, and all the others, which mark the apex of Shakespearean art, description can never render the vigour, the harmonious rhythm of the English style, the delicacy and elevation of thought.

I shall not have failed, however, in my audacious enterprise if, through this book, I have persuaded an occasional reader to forget comments and commentators and turn to the works themselves.

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CHAPTER IX

RETIREMENT FROM THE STAGE

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, this was a man!

JULIUS CÆSAR

SHAKESPEARE, who declared in *Macbeth* that the delight of old age should be found in the love and obedience of children and the affectionate reverence of troops of friends, applied this principle to his own life. When his celebrity was at its climax, he retired as actor from the stage, abandoned the capital and gave himself to dramatic composition, his family and home affairs.

His departure was not as sudden as his arrival, nor did it at once become definite. In 1604, he was still acting, as is shown by his name heading the list of performers who interpreted Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*. But the call of Stratford became more urgent after his father's death and the links with London were progressively slipped.

After 1605, the poet's official residence, according to legal papers, was Warwickshire. When called as a witness by a young French apprentice who had broken his articles to elope with his employer's daughter, the actor is referred to as "Master William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, gentleman." It is interesting to note parenthetically that, faithful to his romantic tendencies, the poet seems to have taken the lover's part.

One member of the Shakespeare family remained with the troupe and died in it. This was Edmond, ten years his brother's junior, whom the poet must have counted on to take his place.

During the whole period of his London residence, Shakespeare had remained in close touch with borough affairs. Fellow townsmen, as their correspondence proved, did not fail to look up their friend during their London journeys nor to borrow money from the prosperous actor when their funds ran short.

When he returned to live in their midst, William Shakespeare's existence was not one of inactivity.

Two burning questions divided the town at this time and were of intense personal and business interest to the dramatist:

Whether stage plays should be permitted by the Bailiff;

Whether a private individual might enclose a tract which, from time immemorial, had been used by the villagers as a common.

It had been decided by the council that each theatrical representation must be authorized by the Bailiff and even then pay a fine of ten shillings. This tax was by no means prohibitive. With a friend as mayor, and himself present to shoulder the expense, plays went merrily on in Stratford until 1611, when the Puritan element became more boisterous.

A complaint was then made that ten shillings was far too small a sum to prevent theatrical diversions from taking place and a demand presented that the indemnity should be raised to ten pounds. I do not doubt that Shakespeare, who spent a thousand pounds a year in Stratford, paid this super tax also!

The other affair was of more difficult solution and re-

quired all the poet's gentleness and tact. For, although openly declaring that "he could not bear the Welcombe enclosures"—the phrase is his own—he had to reconcile the interests of the community and his own public spirit with his personal friendship for John Combe, an ill-tempered and eccentric old gentleman who, in face of an order from the Lord Chief Justice to desist, continued his enclosure.

But John Combe, like many disagreeable citizens, allowed certain liberties to certain individuals, of whom Shakespeare was one. We do not know whether he opened a little private gate through his demesne for the residents of New Place, but we do know that Shakespeare familiarly addressed him as "old-ten-per-cent" and wrote a mock epitaph while the miser was living. This did not prevent Combe from leaving Shakespeare a liberal bequest at his death in 1612.

Aside from these community interests, Shakespeare had plenty to do attending to his own. He bought more land, embellished his property, and planted trees. His eldest daughter was married in 1607 and remained near her father, who expressed complete satisfaction with this first son-in-law, Doctor John Hall.

Shakespeare had promised to furnish two plays a year to the *Globe Company,* retouch the plays which Fletcher was engaged on preparing for them in London, and remained a successful author out of town. Experience had taught him what were the public's demands and in what measure the actors of his troupe could satisfy these exigencies.

An amusing commentary on the player's retirement relates how a celebrated highwayman held up a provincial troupe and obliged the tragedian to go through some of his

parts. This was done to the robber's admiration. "You ought to hurry to London and get Burbage's place," advised the brigand. "They will need a young fellow like you when Dick comes to die, and even now I would stake all my earnings that you could best him in a fair performance! Then, when your purse is well lined, you can buy a lordly mansion in the country where your fortune will procure you credit and dignity." "Thanks for your counsel," said the actor. "They do indeed tell of one in our profession who—between you and me—came very miserably to London and has gone home now with full pockets."

Around the hearth of this "lordly mansion" at Stratford, Shakespeare gathered the remaining members of his family, his wife Anne, his daughters Suzanna and Judith, his widowed mother (who survived to see her first grandchild married), two brothers Gilbert and Richard, and that sister Johanna Hart to whom, as well as to her three boys, the poet was deeply attached.

About Shakespeare's wife—of whom we would like to know so much, beyond the baseless conjectures with which commentators are profuse—there is little positive information. But, not having been myself prodigal of theories which I cannot substantiate, I may be pardoned, in this single instance, for venturing upon a personal consideration: If Anne Hathaway had been as disagreeable as most critics would make us believe, I doubt whether her husband would ever have come home! Certainly, if the proverb "A good woman and a happy people should have no history" be true, Shakespeare's wife was a pattern to her sex! A few scanty records indicate her money difficulties during Shakespeare's own hard times, and show that when prosperity came to him his family

shared in it. She had certainly gained the respect and confidence of a shepherd employed by her father, for Thomas Whittington placed his savings for safekeeping in her hands, desiring "Master Shakespeare's wife" to distribute them to the poor of Stratford after the testator's death.

The Latin epitaph placed on her tomb has nothing of the heartless formality of such literature and indicated that Anne Hathaway was appreciated and loved by her daughter:

> Oh, thou my mother, who gave me thy breast and my life! for all the benefits thou hast lavished must I alas give but a stone? Rather pray I that the good angel remove this slab betimes and lead thee quickly, oh mother, to Christ among the stars.

Suzanna Shakespeare, author of this inscription, which, on account of a slight flaw in the Latin verse, has not been ascribed to a man of great learning, was a woman of both head and heart.

Witty above her sex, she had taken her brain from her father Shakespeare, knew how to weep with the wretched and be charitable to all mankind and had gained spiritual grace and wisdom of things eternal from that heavenly Father with whom she dwells in bliss, says her plain English epitaph.

But the simplest statement can be twisted and these lines have been wrenched into an acknowledgment that Shakespeare himself was an unbeliever consigned by an all-merciful God to regions far below those his daughter dwelt in![1]

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[1] "There is unfortunately a testimony in the epitaph of his daughter which implies that his life had not been one of piety," says Dr. Dyce.

A word now on the son-in-law whom Suzanna married under her father's own auspices, and who dwelt in the beautiful old mansion opposite the church where the Shakespeares are buried.

One of the old mulberry trees of the poet's planting still spreads its giant boughs over Mistress Hall's garden and the present owner, who has taken pride in restoring Hallscroft to its Jacobean aspect, recently brought to light Doctor Hall's laboratory which had been walled up to make a symmetrical cupboard.

John Hall, a native son of Stratford, is supposed to have been a nephew of the priest Hugh Hall, executed with the Ardens. In any case, John Hall left England in these troublous times, studied medicine in Paris, and on his return established an extensive practice. His library was reputed the best in all Warwickshire, and his Latin thesis, Englished and reprinted in 1637, proves the esteem in which the medical world held the author. It is rather unusual for a doctor's work to flourish and outlive him so many years. One book written by the learned doctor has come down to us. By its preface we learn that another had been prepared for the press and was lost, like so many of the Stratford manuscripts.

Shakespeare's other daughter and son-in-law were people of lesser note and accordingly the traces of their personalities are not so distinct.

In default of evidence to the contrary and lacking definite proof of her learning, Judith has been declared "probably illiterate," which, of course, does not follow. Even if true, the fact would not be shocking, indicating simply that Judith, the survivor of twins, was of delicate physical and nervous structure, and at that epoch educa-

tion was not forced upon those incapable of profiting by it.

Whatever the personal aptitudes of Judith, she married a man who certainly cannot be classed among the ignorant, Thomas Quinney, son of the Bailiff of Stratford, and himself treasurer of the Municipality. His youngest brother graduated brilliantly from Oxford and taught at the home Grammar-School.

Thomas, although he had not gone further in learning than the gates of this same institution, had acquired a personal culture of his own.

The ornamental cipher traced by him on his account book of the borough shows him to have been an exquisite penman. The verses written below prove that he read and remembered old French fourteenth century romances, and what is better, knew how to apply a quotation with wit and humour.

He prefaces his municipal accounts with a couplet from Octavien de Saint-Gelais, bishop of Angoulême:

Heulreux celui qui, pour devenir sage,
Du mal d'auctruy faict son apprentissage.

As much as to say: "Happy he who learns his trade through the mistakes of others."

It is pleasant to think that between two such sons-in-law there was not much room for the poet to be seriously misunderstood at the home fireside and that his family amply justified Nicholas Rowe's old-fashioned descriptive phrase: "people of good figure and fashion."

It may be interesting to examine further into Rowe's other statement:

The poet did what any man of sense ought, in returning to his native town, where his pleasurable wit and good nature

entitled him to the esteem of every one who understood merit and inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, and where he passed his latter days in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends.

Who were those who formed the dramatist's intimate circle in the country? Thomas Russell, Francis Collins and Thomas Combe are indicated by the poet himself as nearest to his heart, together with Hamnet Sadler. Then there were Sir John and Lady Rainsford, living but a mile from New Place, and, lodging under their hospitable roof, an eminent man of letters, Michael Drayton, described by Fuller as "a pious poet whose conscience had always command of his fantasy, very temperate in life, slow of speech and inoffensive in company."

This mild portrait seems to show that if not very interesting himself, Drayton must have been a satisfactory listener when Shakespeare discoursed!

The object of his lifelong worship, Anne Goodyere, Lady Rainsford, seems veritably to have been a charming and gifted woman and her husband, even according to her poetical adorer, was worthy of this paragon.

Doctor Hall, whose patient she was, concurred with Drayton, who wrote of his soul's mistress under the pseudonym Idea, in admiring Lady Rainsford; but he consigned his opinion of her in more material terms in describing some of his notable cures:

"My Lady Rainsford, beautiful, twenty-seven, and of a gallant structure of body."

Unfortunately, Shakespeare has left no record of what he thought of Drayton's Idea.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, belonged to the immediate neighbourhood and took Shakespeare's godson as page and literary protégé. Another of Doctor Hall's patients

who was Shakespeare's friend is particularly worthy of notice, although little has been accorded him. This was John Thornborough, Dean of York and Bishop of Worcester.

This reverend gentleman had spent his youth in other than pious courses and was much more sedulous in "frequenting the schools of fence and dancing" than those of more serious study. He was also fond of venison and it is written of Thornborough that he had, while at Oxford, been present at every poaching incident of the whole district and "loved to steal deer and conies from private parks." This ancient evidence suggests the future bishop as one of the participants in the Lucy affair. A more singular experience awaited him in his intercourse with the poet's family, for it is recorded of Thornborough that "he was cured of the gout at eighty-six by Doctor Hall!"

New Place became once more, under the Shakespeares, the centre of generous county hospitality, as in the poet's youth when good old Sir Hugh dwelt therein. Certain municipal accounts list the wine and entertainment given to a distinguished preacher. Later, when Queen Henrietta-Maria visited the town during the last of her happy days in England, she held court at New Place as the guest of Shakespeare's daughter, in the only dwelling which was considered worthy to receive her.

In this beautiful manor house, surrounded by orchards, meadowlands and gardens, under the shade of century-old trees and among the young plantations which he himself set out, three plays partaking of a new kind of inspiration were conceived and executed—pastoral tragedy, romantic comedy and that allegorical fantasy

which, with its fairy lore and deep philosophic thought, remain inimitable.

The whole production of the latter years reflects the serenity of the poet's new way of life. *The Winter's Tale, Cymbeline,* and *The Tempest* are apart from other work and mark a new and final phase in the author's psychical development, a period of moral tranquillity. The characters, less heroic than of old, are more finely shaded and gain in naturalness and humanity. Even the play which is classed as a tragedy, ends in a happy reconciliation.

The style is careful and highly finished, the language remarkable. It is easy to see that the author was no longer hurried as he had been in London, but could linger over his manuscripts and turn them out in a form already prepared for ultimate printing. This explains why Hemmings and Condell gave *The Tempest* first among the plays. There is scarcely a misprint in the text, indicating that it was ready, without retouching, to be sent at once to the printing room.

The plot of *The Winter's Tale* is borrowed from *The Delectable Tale of Dorastus and Fawnia,* told by Robert Greene. The aureole of glory lent to the mediocre fiction of an unhappy adversary, together with the fact that Marlowe was also quoted in the lines which give the play its title, indicate that Shapespeare, as he neared his fiftieth anniversary, was feeling old and, by a natural reflex, showed it in thus recurring to the thoughts and habits of other days. We shall see that in *The Tempest* he again quotes Florio.

No matter how Shakespeare felt himself, the reader is not conscious of the slightest failing in the author's talent. His intuition never errs in altering the faulty

psychology of Greene, and infusing the breath of life into his artificial personages.

The character of King Leonatus, a masterly delineation of jealousy, is comparable with that of Othello with whom Hermione's over-civilized husband forms a sharp contrast. Leonatus, King of Sicily, has nothing primitive or savage in his nature; his cruelty is that of a man of the world: whereas the Moor possesses enough concrete bits of evidence to trouble the peace of many placed in his position, Leonatus has nothing on which to base his morbid suspicion. His own imagination distills the poison and determines his action against the Queen. The green-eyed monster literally makes the "meat it feeds on."

In the gallery of women's portraits none is more vigourously drawn than that of Paulina, the intrepid champion of truth, who would rather imperil her own head than hold her tongue, and who consecrates her life to the moral cure of the jealous husband and the rehabilitation of Queen Hermione.

The pastoral interlude is exquisite, as much by the idyl of Prince and shepherdess as the wholesome gaiety of the comic elements. The memory of the child, lost in early boyhood, lives here in the creation of young Mamilius. It would be impossible to give in a few lines a more perfect picture of a delicate and oversensitive being, marked for a premature end, like the poet's own Hamlet.

Cymbeline like *Lear* is borrowed from the ancient legends of Britain during the Roman domination. In these barbarous surroundings the author unexpectedly introduces the theme of a by-plot taken from Boccaccio. This fantasy imparts an aroma of the Renaissance and adds to the many anachronisms of the play which is made

still more peculiar by a care for style, bordering on preciosity. Though all the later works show an extraordinary development and transformation in the poet's language, Jonson's remark that Shakespeare constantly turned and returned his thought on the muse's anvil is nowhere better illustrated than in *Cymbeline*.

The out-of-door scenes are charming in their mixture of realism and fancy. The young princes, educated in a cave to escape from their stepmother's hate, are touching and ingenious creations. The funeral rites which they invent to bewail their beloved Fidele prove that the author considered the observance of such a social convention as the spontaneous reaction of a healthy human heart which usage rightly perpetuates. The naïve simplicity of Cadwel and Polydore form a happy contrast to the court intrigues and the subtlety of the over-sophisticated Roman whose name *Iachamo* evokes the creation of *Iago* as the genius of evil. Here as in *Othello* and *The Winter's Tale,* the green-eyed monster is constantly before the spectator.

But once again, the case of jealousy described is morbid. In this fifth study of the devastating passion, the author shows less sympathy for those who permit themselves to become its victims. We have seen how the spectacle of a jealous spouse—man or woman—amuses the auditors of *The Comedy of Errors* and the *Merry Wives,* profoundly moves him who sees *Othello,* rouses the listener's indignation when *The Winter's Tale* is told or acted, and literally disgusts him who looks on at the ferocity of Posthumus.

The Tempest was concluded about 1610. The poet, faithful to old-time friendship and associations, once more inspired by the subject absorbing Lord Southamp-

ton (who, as secretary of the Virginia Company, had turned his enthusiasm toward colonial expansion) sought in his patron's new interest the subject for the comedy in hand.

Southampton not only supervised the equipment of vessels leaving for the New World, but it was to him that sailing masters and agents addressed the narrations of each voyage. That of the barque *Sea Adventure* whose crew returned in 1610 filled with stories of wreck, tempest and supernatural happenings, was to be celebrated after a new manner.

The ship suffered disaster in the Bermuda Archipelago, peopled, according to the survivors, with unseen inhabitants, where fantastic music accompanied the songs of ethereal beings, genii of the regions.

The Tempest is staged among the "still vexed Bermudas" on an isle which, naturally, is enchanted.

Although the shortest of the plays and simplest in dramatic form—the classical unities being almost respected—*The Tempest* has been the subject of much comment, has opened and left unsolved many questions:

How did the author know so much about occult science?

Where had he heard the name of Ariel if he could not himself read Hebrew?

Where had he travelled to find the Patagonian god Setebos whom the savage Caliban worshipped with strange rites, and where had he not gone in search of this same name of Caliban?

Here, as in so many instances, the simplest solution is the best.

Ariel's name is found in the *Hierarchie of Blessed Angels* written by Shakespeare's sometime collaborator, Thomas Heywood. It is no more nor less than a vulgar-

ization or rhymed hand-book of occult science. The spirit who presides over the powers of the air bears the name chosen by Shakespeare.

The Patagonian Setebos was first mentioned in print by Thevet in his *Cosmographie*. It figures later in Eden's *Popular History of Travel* (1577). Caliban is simply the phonetic anagram of cannibal and is perfectly appropriate to the savage and bestial personage to whom it is given. Shakespeare had been reading the chapter on cannibals in Montaigne, as is obvious from a very long citation from this essay. The suggestion for the monster's name may therefore easily be admitted.

The Tempest is remarkable, not through its knowledge of science, but by the complete mastery of scenic art, also by the human knowledge acquired through ripened experience, fortified by fruitful meditations of a man approaching fifty. Like his own Prospero Shakespeare followed Montaigne's advice in preparing a *good end*, reserving a third of his thought to the contemplation of mortality.

It is not strange that many readers have found in the character of Prospero a reminiscence of the author's own personality, for had not Shakespeare, in renouncing his stage career, broken a magic wand? Whether, in so doing, he reaped the gain of his loss, enjoyed the benefit of such a sacrifice, *The Tempest* itself may perhaps divulge.

Shakespeare believed that the best of a man's education was got by teaching, that he learned more from contact with his children than he could impart.

Here is a characteristic description of boyhood as recalled by two fathers who are reminiscing about their own youth and showing off their own children:

. . . We were
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day, to-morrow as to-day
And to be boy eternal . . .
We were as twin lambs that frisk in the sun,
And bleat to one another; what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing nor dreamed
That any did . . . We should have answered Heaven
Boldly: "Not guilty" the imposition cleared
Hereditary ours. . . .
Looking on the lines of my boy's face
Methought I did recoil
Twenty-three years and saw myself unbreeched
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled
Lest it should bite its master and so prove
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
—Are you so fond of your young prince as we? . . .
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman all.
He makes a July's day short as December
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

This idea transpires constantly in the later work, but is nowhere more powerfully shown forth than in *The Tempest*. While presiding over his child's education the sage Prospero completes his till then imperfect wisdom.

The three heroines created during retirement bear little resemblance to their predecessors; occupied with the living romance of his own girls the poet's life and art became profoundly "touched and changed."

Not so witty, much less worldly-wise than Portia, Rosalind or Beatrice; Imogene, Perdita, and Miranda are essentially country girls, and evoke a pastoral impression. They are far simpler than the gracious Desdemona, or

the sweet but sophisticated Ophelia. They are to the others as wild flowers beside garden roses.

Miranda is a masterpiece of girlish grace and charm. Her influence changes the magician from a creature intoxicated with power, hardened by the world's injustice, into a loving, kindly human being. The finishing touches to the author's moral development may thus be the real allegory of *The Tempest.*

But whether Shakespeare worked directly from living models or whether these creations were the fabric of his teeming imagination, the comedy remains disconcerting in its originality.

The play is at the same time realistic and extravagant. Among its personages are men, supermen, kings, drunkards, lovers, monsters, and fairies. In this enchanted isle, fertile desert, and peopled solitude, the wand of the magician Shakespeare makes real the impossible, gives substance to a dream, and forces the marvelling reader to recognize in a mortal the divine breath of creation.

Before this final crystallization of his many-sided genius, the poet was subjected to three very different influences which stand out clearly when his works are successively examined. Those of his boyhood—Chaucer, Ovid, Plutarch and the British ballads—were followed by the pioneers of the Italian Renaissance; finally he was captivated and transformed by the charm of Montaigne.

The indulgent magnanimity, the spirit of moderation in all things, the serenity of soul which animated Montaigne won over the English poet from his dramatic violence and led him slowly but surely into a higher sphere of thought and feeling. He was the more easily conquered since the same kindred spirit of romantic and

devoted friendship was expressed by Montaigne toward his dead friend La Boëtie, that Shakespeare put in his sonnets to Southampton. Just as the first had dedicated the treasures of his intellect to that "better self," Shakespeare declares as his gift to Southampton that better part of himself, his spirit.

In his taste for the great philosopher of Bordeaux, Shakespeare also followed the trend of his own time. The old desire to vibrate in unison to what was best at the moment, which led him first toward Italy, and, when Italy became sterile, turned him toward the new gods.

For the Italy so dear to Florio had fallen into intellectual decay. In France, on the contrary, the sane and sober doctrine of Montaigne succeeded the complex opportunism of Machiavelli. The political alliance with Henry IV fortified this literary *rapprochement*.

The most striking analogies with the thought of the *Essays* are contained in *Hamlet, Lear, Julius Cæsar,* and *Macbeth.* I have elsewhere cited upwards of thirty. The example in *The Tempest* is so undeniable that unlike the rest it did not escape former critics and has been recognized as an unwelcome but inevitable truth.

Professor Watson recently declared that positive assurance of the authenticity of the signature in Florio's edition of 1611 would hardly reinforce the present certitude that the poet had studied the *Essays*.

This is not a reason to *deny* Shakespeare's signature, even if handwriting experts as usual disagree. The inscription of Shakespeare's name abbreviated as in the volume of Ovid, at the Bodleian, *W. Shpre,* is accompanied by the compressed marginal note *Mors Incrta.* The reference brings us to the chapter on the philosophy of

dying, the very one from which the poet borrowed so many ideas.

The signature was discovered in 1780, long before any commentator had observed an affinity between the two authors; it must then have been an unusually clairvoyant forger who selected Florio's translation of the *Essays* at a date when no connection had been established between Shakespeare and Florio, still less between Shakespeare and Montaigne.

Another French influence is equally apparent in Shakespeare's work and *The Tempest* once again furnishes a striking instance of this claim: the book of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* had been skimmed through and appreciated by the dramatist.

Without attempting to measure what was the degree of admiration which he professed for Rabelais, there are many points where the minds of the two authors appear in sympathy. Rabelais' conception of the infinite and harmonious construction of the Universe, the immortality which he attributes to intellective souls, the unimportance of what is simply brutish, were points where Shakespeare could unreservedly admire the great master of laughter, as much as for his really marvellous linguistic attainments. It must be remembered that the richness of the Rabelaisian vocabulary is second only to that of Shakespeare and is the more remarkable because anterior by the length of nearly a century.

One side of Rabelais' multiform genius was perhaps shocking to the idealism, the innate romanticism, professed by the poet. Shakespeare's tendency was to seek the hero hidden in man—and even in woman—so that the clear-sighted diagnosis of the great doctor on the case of weak and suffering humanity must have appeared cruel.

But there is much more than that behind Rabelais' philosophy, and Shakespeare's mind was capable of perceiving the star behind earthy vapours. The dramatist, when he follows Rabelais, minimizes his coarseness just as he does in borrowing from Peter Aretine. But that he *did* imitate one of Rabelais' dramatic effects I think *The Tempest* proves.

The astonishing realism of Shakespeare's storm at sea had led certain readers to exclaim: "How could a landsman, with no experience of navigation, describe so exactly the events which succeed one another during a hurricane, place in the mouth of his sailors the orders for a lee-shore tack? Would this not require the science of a Bacon, the travels of a Rutland or the who-knows-what of an Earl of Derby?"

They forget in multiplying these questions the very simple answer. Shakespeare was a perfect master of his craft. When he needed a model for a tempest at sea he was capable of seeking it in the pages of the greatest realistic writer of all time, one whose tempest and description of a lee-shore tack (*virement de bord, vent arrière,* as French seamen term it) remains the prototype of circumstantial dramatic narration. Only Shakespeare, like any true artist, did not follow his model with servility, but extracts from the original a veritable quintessence.

He read how Pantagruel remained among his companions a prey to the melancholy which is the forerunner of seasickness; when the pilot who followed with a technician's eye the extraordinary perturbation and refractory confusion of the elements, shouted to his passengers to make ready for the worst, Pantagruel pronounces his beautiful words on the moment of death and man's natural abhorrence to perishing at sea, while Pan-

urge, the wit, called upon the steward to produce some salty relish to make them thirsty as in a moment they will be forced to drink more than they wish. "Would God I were on shore no matter where! Thrice happy planter of cabbage who has always at least one foot on the ground and the other not far off. God! that wave almost carried me with it! I drown, I drown, friends! but, oh! how I would like to die in a drier bed!"

The danger passed, Friar John, the man of action, denounces Panurge's cowardice which had demoralized the passengers, and exclaims: "We ought to have known that no man with such a gallows-bird face could die otherwise than hung high in air upon a gibbet."

What Rabelais narrates in three pages, Shakespeare presents in a few lines, shortening and dramatizing the incident, but following the sequence of events and repeating the same orders to passengers and crew, with the same comments on the chaotic disturbance of the elements.

Then he introduces the invocation to Mother Earth: "Long heath, brown furze, anything! the wills above be done but I would fain die a dry death."

Nor is the lugubrious joke about the gallows-face forgotten, for at sight of the boatswain, Gonzalo exclaims: "He hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect gallows! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable." The dénouement in each scene is reached with a general call to prayers: "And farewell, brother, we split! we split!"

Admitting that the dramatic sequence and parallel sea-language are fortuitous, it is harder to pronounce "purely accidental" the appearance at just the same moment of the same humorous element.

Is it after all so astonishing to find this echo of Rabelais in Shakespeare? Is it not perfectly natural that the centre of an English galaxy of wit should have been interested to read the work of the world's greatest humourist from whom all others are borrowers?

Nor is the incident of *The Tempest* the only analogy to be found. In *As You Like It,* Celia laughingly responds to her cousin's exhortation: "Answer in one word"— "You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first! It's a word too great for any of this age's size!"

Such a direct allusion to a book that was being read throughout all Britain might, one would think, be a sufficient proof that Shakespeare had heard of it. But this is too simple for the controversial critic to accept, and he at once suggests that perhaps there had been some story of an Anglo-Saxon giant bearing the same name! and that the book in which the poet read about him has since been lost!

Rabelais is also brought into contribution by Iago when, desiring to scandalize his auditors, he selects as a metaphor the same which is used to characterize the loves of Gargamelle and Grandgousier.

When Shakespeare sought a name for his pedant, his choice lighted on that of one of the young giant's professors, not Ponocrates nor Jobelin Bridè, but Thubal Holofernes "who could read the most difficult text backwards." I believe that Shakespeare who, in his early years, loved as much as Rabelais to juggle with words, and whose ear was keen for phonetic resemblances, was struck, in reading this chapter, with this readymade anagram of Florio's name and immediately applied Holofernes to his pedant in *Love's Labour's Lost.*

In *Pericles* there is a long passage about a giant who

swallows a church while the beadle sounded the tocsin, which recalls the episode of the rape of the towers of Notre Dame and Gargantua's accidental swallowing of the pilgrims. Coriolanus furnishes a realistic description of the digestive function which follows Rabelais much closer than it does Æsop, to whose influence it has been attributed. Richard II in his prison soliloquy welds together two thoughts taken from Rabelais and Montaigne: first, that of each individual as a world in himself; second, that of an essay: How many men console themselves with the thought that others have gone through the same misfortunes.

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul
My soul the father, and these two beget
A generation of still breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world
In humours like the people of the world
For no thought is contented. The better sort
As thoughts of things divine, are intermixed
With scruples, and do set the word against the word.
As thus "Come little ones" *and then again:*
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a Needle's eye."
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of Fortune's slaves
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggers
Who sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
That "many have, and others must sit there:"
And in this thought they find a kind of ease
Thus play I in one person many people—
And none contented.

Professor Legouis very justly remarks that Falstaff like Gargantua is bigger than nature, containing as he does "a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff."

In this one character Shakespeare sums up, not only two Rabelaisian characters, Panurge and Frère Jan des Entommeurs, but the whole spirit of the Rabelaisian Epic.

The admission that the English dramatist often had the great French realist in mind may appear less surprising when it is remembered that he was already accused of imitating Rabelais in his own day by those who were scandalized by the scenes in *Henry IV*, between Mrs. Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, Falstaff, and Prince Hal.

Joseph Hall conjures the author to cease writing or do so in more seemly sort, adding that it is difficult to tell whether such scenes are painted from the author's own habit of the riotous misrule of London taverns, or imitated from *Wicked Rabelais' drunken Revellings*.

That Rabelais was much discussed in England at this period is well known. Francis Meres, at the same moment that he recommended Shakespeare, warned the British parent not to allow his children to read *Gargantua*. At the same time, Thomas Nashe, eager to profit by the vogue of Rabelaisian wit, asked permission to translate, although he never printed a translation (the old English version having been begun by Sir Thomas Urchard and completed by Pierre Le Motteux).

Nashe put forth as his own the *Astrological Prognostication* which is simply unofficial borrowing from the *Pantagrueline Prognostication*.

Access to Rabelais was, to a person who belonged to Nashe's group, equally simple as had been Shakespeare's approach to Montaigne.

It would seem indeed stranger if Shakespeare, with his taste for the novelty before the public eye, had remained ignorant of such a humoristic masterpiece.

Elizabeth's England was more receptive and vibrant

than it has ever been before or since and Shakespeare, above all others, epitomized the spirit of his time, and even went beyond it.

In submitting the idea that the great dramatist drew fresh inspiration from the well-springs of the Renaissance without doing violence to his own creative power, I cannot consider that I diminish the poet's merit. He had a wider outlook than the limits of his island. Fascinated by the art and literature of Italy at the beginning of his career, he was easily won over to the new thought of France when the great Italian Renaissance began to decline into the rococo.

When *The Tempest* was composed the author was in full possession of an intellectual breadth and comprehensive culture which enabled him to execute this final work of genius.

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CHAPTER X

THE END . . . AND AFTER

Renowned . . . as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son.

RICHARD II

IN London, after the Master's departure, the theatre continued much as when he was still there. John Fletcher, to some extent, replaced the poet and was aided by paid writers, like George Wilkins.

Shakespeare had promised to furnish a certain number of new plays and give general supervision to the work prepared by the others. *Cardenio, The Two Noble Kinsmen,* and *Henry VIII* were registered under the names of Fletcher and Shakespeare. To recognize what was Shakespeare's portion in the plays which remain, seems to me easy.

Of *Cardenio,* we only know that it was founded on an episode from Don Quixote, for the text has completely disappeared. Fletcher had already shown familiarity with Spanish sources and possibly Shakespeare had become interested in the literature of the country when he had been for a month in attendance on the Constable of Castile.

Theatrical production was daily developing and becoming more realistic. In the first act of *Macbeth,* when

given at this time, Banquo entered the stage on horseback, and the apparition of the spectre presented new and sensational effects. The pyrotechnic devices used in *The Tempest* elicited a final growl from "old Ben" who declared in his prologue to *Bartholomew Fair* how much he scorned such clap-trap.

Ben would not condescend to such a contrivance as a servant-monster nor be willing to frighten his audience with elemental disturbance, "Storms and Tempest!"

His criticism contained a certain divination, for Shakespeare's theatre was doomed to fall a sacrifice to the new methods of stage production. An irreparable accident robbed London, not only of the famous Globe, but entailed the destruction of many valuable archives belonging to the troupe.

It had been decided to present *Henry VIII* with unparalleled splendour, and upon the King's entrance into Wolsey's palace, amid a glittering procession, as a final touch, a salvo was fired from a small cannon or mortar. Unfortunately, this bit of realism was fatal, the powder ignited the thatch of the tiring-room and the timber structure of Shakespeare's famous wooden O lay in ashes.

Players and public, preoccupied by their personal security, did not attempt to save the building. "Queen Katharine showed no wish to wait her trial," wrote Sir Henry Wotton, who in describing the event, lauded the nerve of an actor sufficiently cool to extinguish his flaming breeches with bottled ale!

Whether Shakespeare was in London to assist at this gala performance or had been called thither on account of the catastrophe, he remained long enough to add his personal subscription of a hundred pounds to the *Blackfriars' Company* in order to construct a new theatre.

The entire stock amounted to fourteen hundred pounds.

He concluded at the same time the purchase of a house in the neighbourhood of the new theatre. Evidently the financial loss, though heavy, was not ruinous.

The company, as a consolation, had a quantity of Court performances to present, first, to honour the arrival of the Duke of Savoy, then to celebrate the nuptials of the Royal Princess. On these occasions, eight of Shakespeare's plays were produced, including the newest one: *Cymbeline,* which elicited the King's particular admiration. *Cardenio, The Two Noble Kinsmen* and the ill-fated *Henry VIII* were also on the program with *The Winter's Tale,* and *The Tempest.*

The dramatist's presence in London gave rise to a recrudescence of flattering notices of his work.

"We should crown him with immortal laurels for his high style and magic pen," exclaimed an indefatigable admirer of *Richard III.* Anthony Munday boasted his personal acquaintance with the great poet, who, in spite of Court favour and public praise, must have turned his steps rather sadly back to Stratford.

All this while, death had been busy in London as in Warwickshire. Edmond Shakespeare, although seemingly designated—being the Benjamin of the family—to outlive his illustrious brother, was interred at Saint-Saviour's in Southwark with ceremony, the "great bell" solemnly tolling. His mother followed within the year. Gilbert Shakespeare, whom the descriptive epithet "Adolescens" on the Stratford burial records seems to indicate a nephew of the poet, died in 1612. Then, after another short interval, his own brother Richard passed away.

Two happy events interrupted this sable series.

The first grandchild, Eliza Hall, came to cheer the

mourning family, and later the poet's return from London was marked by the wedding of his daughter Judith, whose bridegroom figured among the poet's hereditary friends.

It seems rather extraordinary that the four sons born of this union all died in childhood.

Suzanna Hall's descent did not survive the second generation and, before the end of the eighteenth century, the hardy collateral stock of Johanna Hart had perished.

This seems to indicate that John Shakespeare's descendants were neither marked for long life, nor possessed of much physical resistance, and this perhaps lends colour to what I have already hinted, that there was a strong taint of alcoholism which was naturally more marked in the younger members of the family. William himself was not destined long to survive his half-century.

The immediate cause of death seems to have been due to an imprudence thoroughly in keeping with his character. He was recovering from an illness which had been severe enough to cause him to sign his testament with a rather trembling hand—but evidently was better when the arrival of Ben Jonson, on his famous walking tour into Scotland, was announced.

Shakespeare insisted on giving his old comrade a welcome. It was said by the villagers that, together with Michael Drayton, they passed a merry evening. What is certain is that Shakespeare fell very ill, and—in spite of the elixir of Violets of which his son-in-law vaunted the efficacy, declaring that it had cured the "eminent poet Drayton suffering from a violent tertian fever"—the greater poet succumbed on his fifty-second birthday.[1]

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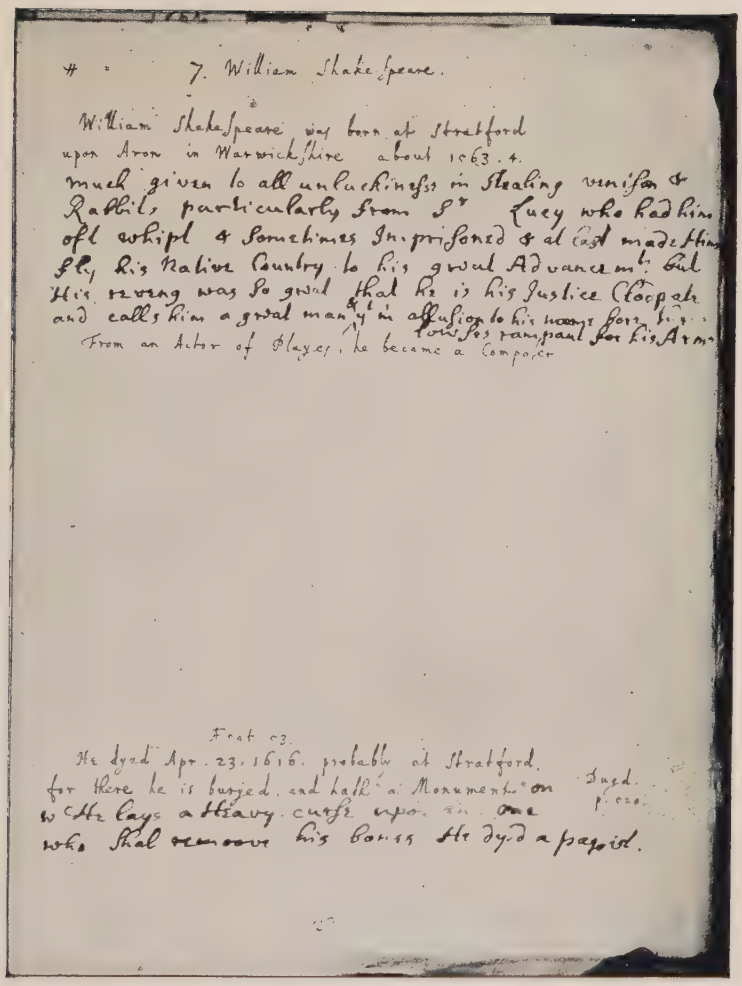
[1] One of Shakespeare's pall-bearers, Doctor Weldon, emigrated to Virginia and was buried at Fredericksburg, where his tombstone has been recently brought to light.



7. William Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire about 1563. 4. much given to all unluckinesse in Stealing venison & Rabbits, particularly from Sr Lucy who had him ofd whipt & sometimes Imprisoned & at last made him fly his Native Country to his great Advancemt but his revenge was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate and calls him a great many in allusion to his name bore three Louses rampant for his Arms

From an Actor of Playes, he became a Composer

Anat 53.

He dyed Apr. 23. 1616. probably at Stratford. for there he is buryed. and hath a Monument on wch He layes a heavy curse upon all one who shal remoove his bones He dyed a papist.

Buryed 1620

FACSIMILE OF THE FULMAN MANUSCRIPT
(FIRST BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE ON SHAKESPEARE)

One of the earliest biographers in noting the event adds: *"He died a papist."* [2]

Whether the statement be or be not true is perhaps known but to Shakespeare and to God. Any judgment thereon should be founded on the value of the document and the good faith of those who attest it. The statement is categorical. It is given by a man who was declared "equally a foe to presbyterians and papists," who had been in close touch with the poet's intimate surroundings. Many were alive, who, if Shakespeare had asked for extreme unction, would have seen the sacraments carried to the house. The Archdeacon of Saperton did not consign this information to paper because he *wished* to believe it, but because he believed it to be true. The manuscript which contains the statement is one of the earliest and most authoritative in existence. Sir Sidney Lee thought best to declare that it "was only late eighteenth century gossip," forgetting that the document was registered as a gift to the Corpus Christi College as early as 1690.

Like all sincere testimony, whether correct or incorrect, it merits impartial examination and no critic is justified in giving a false date for the pleasure of reinforcing his personal religious prejudice. All the *facts* concerning

[2] The Reverend Alexander Dyce, alone among modern authorities is frank enough to comment on the statement without trying to discredit the document itself. Knowing the text to be authentic he was troubled enough by this testimony to try to reassure himself and his readers: "This is contradicted by the tenour of Shakespeare's writings and the history of his life." The tradition originated no doubt, he says comfortingly "from the fact that the poet who could hardly have avoided all discussion on the controverted religious topics of the day, may have incidentally let fall expressions unfavourable to Puritanism which were misrepresented as *papistical*."

Halliwell-Philipps expresses a hope which is based on no grounds whatever that "The poet's last hours were soothed by some Puritan pastor of the Halls' acquaintance." Thus is history made in the image of each historian!

this and other documentary sources are enumerated in the final chapter.

The present writer is actuated in this study by no bias, but tries to reach as near to historical truth as is humanly possible.

It is interesting to find out what Shakespeare believed because *he* believed it—that he should agree with you or me is less to the purpose! Certain precise ethical points made clear by his work and confirmed by his will, tend to lessen the surprise, first roused, by the declaration that in his last hours, he returned to the faith of his immediate ancestors, notably his mother. The narrow-minded excesses indulged in by the Puritans of his own parish, the assaults on private conscience and the arts, which the poet loved, might naturally incite a man of independent spirit to cast in his lot with the opposition. His godson was attacked for being a "dog of Rome" by the Cromwellian officials and his intimate friends, Jonson and Southampton, had shared the old faith. Nor can an impartial student find in the general tenor of Shakespeare's work or life, anything which controverts this statement. His conception of the Universe is beneficent.

The existence of sin and suffering in a world where nothing is wasted explains the utility of both, in forming and purifying the soul.

"She who makes me sin awards me pain" is the final cry of the sinner for whom the mental anguish endured becomes a way to salvation, when rightly understood. This doctrine is a vital part of Catholic belief. Equally orthodox is his clear expression that to gain paradise it cannot suffice to be numbered among the elect. His hope of salvation is essentially based on the mystical sacrifice of

the Redeemer. His opinion of the indissolubility of marriage is not less categorical. The priest's definition repeated in different forms is always essentially the same:

A contract of eternal bond of love
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my testimony.

All creeds have claimed Shakespeare.

The cultivated Islamic scholar reads into his works the recognition of God's unity—all-powerful, all-clement, all-knowing. He also finds Shakespeare in agreement with the Koranic conception of authority, the necessity of class in the world, equality before God alone, or what Shakespeare calls *degree,* without which "mankind like ravenous fishes would feed on one another."

The Jew finds in the dramatist's clear-sighted criticism of some very unchristian Christians an expression of active sympathy with the Hebraic religion.

The free-thinker points with pride to Laertes' angry denunciation of a "churlish priest," who refuses to go further than his rules warrant, as showing the author's hostility to all prelates.

The believer in psychic phenomena, as demonstrated by the modern spiritualistic medium, calls Hamlet to witness that there are "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of" in his friend's philosophy.

Authority for divers doctrines naturally can be found in a work whose speakers exemplify the diversities of men.

There is only one thing which may be stated positively about Shakespeare's conception and practice of religion.

In heart and spirit, he was so far above the world we live in to-day that he cannot be judged by the narrow measure of his commentators. His life philosophy, whether it be called stoical or Christian was that of Montaigne and may be summed up in the concluding lines of *King Lear:*

> *Men must endure their going hence*
> *Even as their coming hither;*
> *Ripeness is all.*[3]

Shakespeare's will, dated on the fifth day of March, 1616, is signed by a hand which specialists declare "enfeebled." "By me, William Shakespeare" is written, on the last page, and in the margin of the separate sheets the signature is repeated in more cramped characters. The document begins:

> In the name of God, amen. I, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick Gent, in perfect health and memory (God be praised) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following:
>
> First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour to be partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

The terms and dispositions which follow denote no clouding of mental lucidity, no weakening of the affectionate solicitude expressed for old ties of friendship. Shakespeare's heart had not narrowed. The predilection for his eldest daughter is strongly marked. She and her husband are left in complete control of all his property

[3] *Si vous avez faict vostre proufit de la vie: vous en estes repeu: allez vous en satisfaict.*

with the trust of personally supervising the execution of his last wishes and bequests.

To Judith, he left an important capital in money, and his silver-gilt bowl. Hamnet Sadler received a gold sealring. To Thomas Combe who had shared his first years in London, he left his sword. The principal members of his troupe, Burbage, Hemmings and Condell, were treated like the old Stratford friend.

Augustine Phillipps having predeceased Shakespeare, John Hemmings, Henry Condell and Burbage remained alone as the dramatist's literary executors. The bequest to them is a tacit acknowledgment of their title to the works, but of course their rights needed no special recapitulation in the will.

The testator remembered the poor of Stratford, mentioned his godson William Walker, and generously provided for his sister, to whom he assured the possession of the Henley Street house, leaving to her boys, one of whom had become an actor, all personal wearing-apparel and his theatrical wardrobe. The poet's grandson Thomas Hart remembered what a joy these costumes had been to their boyish friends and repeated in 1790 to the author of the *Warwickshire Avon* what sport it was for the children to dress up as "scaramouches" in the effects of "our Shakespeare."

The mention of a bequest to his wife between the lines of the will need not be interpreted as wounding to her. The widow legally had her part in the income of the general capital which was administered by a daughter and son-in-law tenderly devoted and with whom she made her home.

That Shakespeare should, as an after-thought, have given her in personal property one of his great carved

bedsteads is an indication rather that it had formed part of Anne Hathaway's dower and ought to return to her own family. It should be remembered that, then as now, in great rural mansions, the "best" bed or *lit de parade* is always placed in the guest chamber. The phrase "second best" which defines the poet's donation to Anne does not mean that hers was a poor gift but that, in taking it out of the general property left to the Halls, Shakespeare recognized this piece of furniture as belonging personally to his widow.

According to local tradition, the famous second-best bed at New Place returned to the Hathaway cottage, where it is still exhibited, together with Shakespeare's courting-chair.

Throughout my effort to shed new light on certain Shakespearean mysteries there is one secret of the poet's life which has been consciously neglected; first, because without new data, it appears impossible of solution, perhaps also because, in so doing, I feel that I am carrying out the poet's wishes, as much as by leaving his tomb inviolate. He regarded marriage as a sacred communion, a sacrament durable beyond the grave. If Anne Hathaway ceased to embody the youthful ideal he had formed of her, she remained no less the being to whom he was linked on earth by their children, and beyond the grave by a mystic sacramental tie. After years of separation, it was to her that he returned. A spirit of reconciliation and serenity pervades his work at this period. The last act of *The Winter's Tale* and many other penitential meditations may shed light on the poet's own sentiments, but we look in vain for any revelation on the character of his wife.

The poet has not permitted his readers to pluck out the

heart of that mystery, although he reveals, almost as a psychological necessity, his sufferings caused by an illicit love.

To the sceptical and realistic mind the author drew his own wife's portrait in *The Comedy of Errors* when he pictured the jealous torments endured by Adriana, who, it may be recalled, suspects her husband of frequenting the neighbouring tavern for the pleasure of meeting the fair hostess "pretty and witty, wild, and yet too gentle."

More romantic readers, desirous of idealizing even domestic relations, prefer to think that one of the most beautiful sonnets, difficult to attribute either to Southampton or to the Dark Lady's inspiration, was addressed to Anne on one of the author's homecomings. In these verses the poet regrets a prolonged absence from that Rose who is his only home of Love, and from whom he could no more be divided than from his own soul, and offers to wash away the stain of infidelity by his return.

Tradition, which tells so little of Anne's life, recalls one sentiment expressed on her deathbed, the earnest desire to be laid as near to her illustrious husband as his own prescription and the rules of the burying place admitted.

Neither she nor her daughter, who repeated her request, obtained sepulture inside the church.

The poet's grave was dug seventeen feet below the pavement of the chancel and on the great flagstone which sealed his tomb these words were cut in rustic characters:

Good friend for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here
Blest be the man who spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Many times in the course of Shakespeare's dramas, and notably in *Hamlet* where the Prince is horrified at the desecration of Yorick's grave to make room for a more recent tenant, the poet expresses his sentiment that the dead should lie in peace.

The advantages of decent and Christian burial are spoken of both in play and sonnet in a very different tone from that naturally used by one to whom sepulture was a foregone conclusion. The actor-poet, who had seen what was done currently in Elizabeth's time with the corpses of vagabonds, who knew that the rules of Stratford churchyard required that, after a certain lapse of time, the bones should be collected and placed in a small charnel-house, apprehended, not without reason, that the Puritans might go farther. In any case, he felt safer in the chancel, but whether it was actually he who composed the lines, or some one in the family who set them there, is a matter of doubt.

The culminating argument in the cleverest book contributed to Baconian literature is based on the above inscription. But the soundness of Mark Twain's reasoning in ridiculing these lines is more questionable than his brilliancy, for he rejects as "fake" all writings attributed to the poet's living hand, and accepts without the slightest question these post-mortem verses! His followers have not detected the flaw in his argument.

Now tradition ascribes to Shakespeare, author of the plays, the desire of having these—or similiar—lines, cut on his tomb to preserve it from desecration.

The proof of art is enduring success. There is no reason to scoff at the simple appeal contained in this verse, whether Shakespeare wrote it or not. For its object was to reach the heart of some rough labourer who

might be called upon to fling the poet's dust into the common charnel. That object has unquestionably been attained. For three hundred years and more, the inscription has protected the poet's resting-place against the assaults of the curious, the attacks of Delia Bacon and the periodical clamours of admirers demanding a place in Westminster for the bard of Avon.

Although I only accept such traditions as are backed by serious corroborative evidence, the Baconian who lightly taxes me with credulity here selects and promulgates ex-cathedra, the least probable of all Shakespearean legends, as alone worthy of belief!

A man who can write nothing, is certain to write his own epitaph.

With exemplary devotion to the poet's wishes and pious cult for his memory, his widow and children set about erecting in the North Aisle of the chancel a mural monument sculptured by Nicholas and Garret Johnson, sons of a Dutch stone cutter who had achieved some renown. He had made the tomb of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote which was the handsomest of the kind in all the neighbourhood.

Beneath two allegorical figures, Labour and Repose, which support the famous *gentleman's crest,* the poet is represented life size and at half-length. His right hand, supported by a cushion, holds a golden pen. A Latin inscription tells how "he who united the wisdom of Nestor and the genius of Socrates to the art of Virgil, on earth, had moved the multitudes to admiration and has his place on high Olympus."

It has been stated as an indisputable fact that some London man of letters composed this inscription. I

think it is a far safer assumption that Doctor Hall, head of the family, and, together with his wife, Shakespeare's residuary legatee, being financially responsible for the monument was responsible for the inscription also. He was an excellent Latinist and wrote fluently in that language.

It is to be noticed that Londoners speak first of the poet's *art* and *renown*. The family, on the contrary, seem to recognize as the traits most admirable in Shakespeare his *wisdom* and his *philosophy*. *Art* and *fame* come afterwards.

The verse which follows desires passers-by to stop here and weep, for Nature herself seems no longer quick, but buried with her poet, adding (evidently the family could not help being impressed by the marbles and alabaster, the paint and gilding which they had so freely lavished) that all which had been spent to deck his tomb could never be such an ornament as that name he had made famous. *Shakespeare who had left for posterity but a blank page in which future poets might inscribe how far his immortal wit surpassed all that could possibly come after him!*

The first lyric voice raised in elegy of the poet was that of a little boy, who, whenever the players came to town, ran away from school to meet his illustrious godfather as he passed through Oxford, and whose brother Robert, grown to be an eminent divine once declared that "Master Shakespeare had given him a hundred kisses."

It may be remarked that young Davenant makes use of the same word "delighted" in the sense deprived of light, which we find employed by Shakespeare in *Measure for Measure*.

ODE

in remembrance of Master William Shakespeare

Beware delighted poets when you sing
To welcome Nature in the early spring:
Your num'rous feet not tread
The bank of Avon; for each flower
As it ne'er knew a sun or shower
Hangs there a pensive head.

Each tree whose thick and spreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs, than shade
Unwilling now to grow
Looks like the plume a captain wears
Whose rifled falls are steeped i' th' tears
Which from his last rage flow.

The piteous river wept itself away
Long since alas: to such a swift decay
That reach the map and look
If ever there a river you can spy
And for a river, your mocked eye
Will find a shallow brook.

When the London world learned of Shakespeare's death, a movement was evidently set on foot to have him buried in the abbey near Spenser, Chaucer and Beaumont, as was done indeed later, both for William Davenant and Ben Jonson.

William Basse demanded this honour as a right for Shakespeare, then suddenly changing his mind said that the greatest glory of the coming ages would be to lie beside the poet, who at Stratford is lord of his grave, not the tenant. Old Ben agrees with the decision of the poet's family that it is better so and declares that "he asks no

room between Chaucer and Spenser to lodge the swan of Avon."

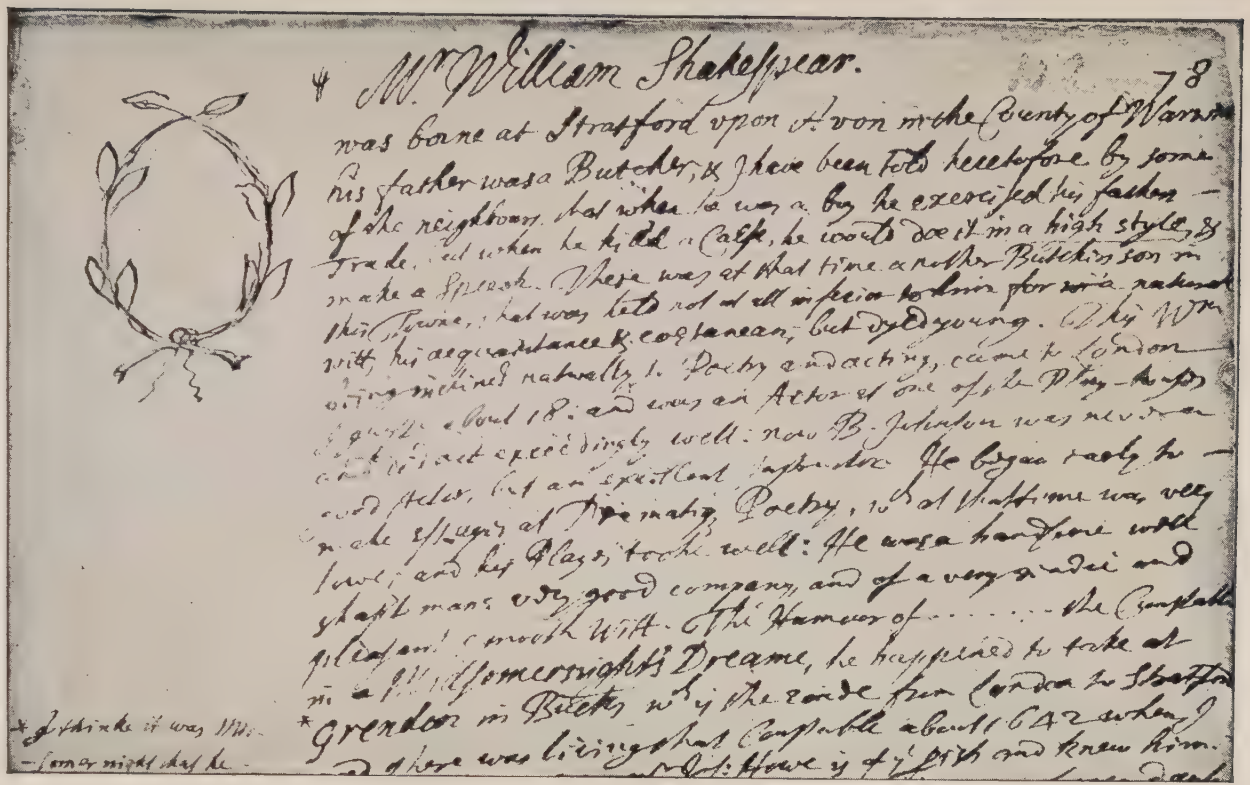
Samuel Shepherd, too, suggests that as Statius proposed a pilgrimage to the ashes of Virgil, so future generations of poets should piously turn their steps to Stratford.

In London also the old circle set to work to commemorate their comrade in that eternal monument which, according to Jonson, was to outlive all bronze and marble, an edition of Shakespeare's complete works.

The death of Burbage, in 1618, following that of Augustine Phillipps, left Hemmings and Condell faced with this immense enterprise. Before they could collect the material it took months, probably years, to buy up existing copyrights of all the published and unpublished texts and to unite them in the hands of one and the same man, Isaac Jaggard. In 1623, the great In-Folio was given to the world. It is said that an advance copy dated 1622 exists in America. I have not myself seen it and therefore cannot speak with the authority I have attempted to employ in describing other original editions which I have in each case examined.

It is safe to suppose, however, that an advance copy could only have been printed with a view of presentation to the patron to whom this work was dedicated. It seems perfectly natural that Lord Pembroke, with whom the troupe had been in close contact for many years, should have been chosen by the actor-editors. His principal function as Chamberlain had been to oversee stage productions. He loved the theatre and cared so much for certain of the players that he could not bring himself to see another man act Burbage's part without shedding tears.

Southampton, to whom of old the poet himself had con-


Mr William Shakespear. 78

was borne at Stratford upon Avon in the County of Warwick.
His father was a Butcher, & I have been told heretofore by some
of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's
Trade, but when he killed a Calfe, he would doe it in a high stile, &
make a Speech. There was at that time another Butcher's son in
this Towne, that was held not at all inferiour to him for a naturall
witt, his equall in Schollarship, & Coetanean, but died young. This Wm
being inclined naturally to Poetry & acting, came to London
being encouraged, as I have heard, by Sir William Davenant, who
in his younger yeares frequented Stratford, & was wont to converse
much with Mr Hart (formerly a Citizen there, & Mr Shakespeare's
Old Acquaintance, & Schoolfellow) and supposing him to have
some Naturall Parts, & a Generous Soule, bent him to the Stage.
His first Imployment was to hold Gentlemens Horses at the Play-
house door, till he had gotten some Insight into the Company.
After he was received a Servitor, he fell to Act exceedingly well:
now B. Johnson was then in his Chiefe Reputation & Esteem with
the Town, & his Playes took mightily; but Shakespeare's Genius
was not to Elaborate Plotts, wherefore he made use of the Assist-
ance of one Jo. Dauborne, a Bencher of the Middle Temple, for
the Maine Design & Fabrick of his Playes, & he would then
write Scenes, and Shew them to Dauborne, and sometimes to
Ben Johnson, & other Friends, for their Judgement, whether
they were proper & pertinent to the Subject, & accordingly
as they Encouraged him, or otherwise, he proceeded in that
Matter. He was a handsome well shapt man, very good company,
& of a very ready & pleasant & smooth witt. The Humour of
Adam the Clerke in Augurie, & the Constable in Midsommer nights
Dreame, he happened to take at the Crown Inne at Grendon in Bucks,
w^ch is the roade from London to Stratford, & Mr Wicherly
was wont to lye there in his journey to & from the Country.
There was living that Constable about 1642 when I
was there, & remembred Mr Wicherly & Shakespeare.

* I thinke it was Mr [illegible] some night that he

FACSIMILE OF A PASSAGE FROM THE AUBREY MANUSCRIPT
(SECOND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE ON SHAKESPEARE)

secrated his entire work "whose virtues showed ever more fresh and green when his grave head was gray," when in command of the expeditionary forces in the Low countries, fell a victim to his paternal affection. He expired in the camp of Rosendael while caring for his eighteen-year-old son who accompanied him in the campaign. He caught the pernicious fever and only outlived his boy two days.

Lady Southampton survived for many years, distinguished by her cult for her dear Lord's memory and by her loyalty to King Charles, whom she concealed in her "noble seat of Tichfield" after his escape from Hampton Court, in 1647.

Possibly she was a factor in the monarch's love for Shakespeare; for, as we know, Charles' captivity was consoled by constant reading of the dramas.

In her widowhood, Lady Southampton's principal interest was the organization of a memorial gift, a magnificent portrait of her husband, together with his fine library, to the College of Saint John's at Cambridge. I was sorry to find no trace of this memorial. The books have been indiscriminately mixed with others and the portrait carried off into one of the residential buildings to hide some spots on the wall paper.

Lord Southampton being inaccessible, the choice of Pembroke was indicated and it was under the double auspices of this great nobleman and his brother, Lord Montgomery, that the In-Folio of 1623 appeared, accompanied by numerous dedicatory epistles and laudatory verses—a veritable chorus of praise—not so much to the great work itself, as to the actor's own personality. At each reprint the number of these verses augmented.

The volume contains, separated into *Comedies, Histories* and *Tragedies,* all those plays, with the exception of *Pericles* [3] which had been printed in quarto form, during the author's own life (with or without assent from the owners) and the twenty unpublished works that the *Globe* and *Blackfriars' Company* had only made familiar by stage representation.

In dedicating the folio to Lord Pembroke, Shakespeare's comrades excuse themselves for their audacity, emboldened thereto by the favours so often shown by the Lord Chamberlain *to the author and his works when living.* "We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead in procuring his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit, or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare."

The engraving by Martin Droeshout although doubtless representing Shakespeare's most characteristic traits, is artistically worthless; Jonson, while noting the resemblance, remarks that "had the engraver been able to draw Shakespeare's *wit* it would have been the finest work ever consigned to metal."

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[3] *Pericles* was incorporated in the folio reprint of 1664 together with the *London Prodigal, History of Lord Cromwell, History of Sir John Oldcastle, The Puritan Widow, A Yorkshire Tragedy* and *Locrine.* A really complete and authoritative study of Shakespearean apocrypha is yet to be undertaken. To me who has given the subject a good deal of critical attention it seems clear that the *Yorkshire Tragedy* and *The London Prodigal* have every title to be considered his.

Both passed as his work during his lifetime, were acted when he still belonged to the cast and were published immediately under his full name.

Locrine is a gross and obvious caricature of Shakespeare's worst bombast. The signature W. S. also marks this play as having been one of the popular University parodies so much in vogue at this epoch.

The Puritan Widow is not without merit. If Shakespeare had a controlling hand in its composition he was much more under Jonsonian influence than usual.

Jonson's magnificent ode to the swan of Avon: "My beloved, the author Mr. William Shakespeare," declares that his rival was not for an age but for all time, regrets that he had small Latin and less Greek, but adds that his art was made from life-experience and constant study of language and rhythm. Recalling the actor, he says that Shakespeare, "when with buskined tread he shook the stage," defied comparison with all that Greece or Rome had given with Roscius. Speaking of the work: that, "just as a father's countenance may be recalled in the face of his son," so *"the race of Shakespeare's mind and manners shine in his well turned and true filed line."* . . .

Men of taste and learning, like Hugh Holland, John Mabbe and Leonard Digges, brought their admiring tribute, after Jonson, to him who for so long had been the London idol. To those who knew Shakespeare, there was nothing surprising or doubtful in his work. The charm, the wit, the distinction, the broad humanity and tincture of humanism found therein, were just the qualities which friends and public expected of "sweet Mr. Shakespeare."

Shakespeare dead, his renown lived and grew from decade to decade. Four successive editions (1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685) were exhausted, single volumes *in-quarto* of the favourite plays and poems, were constantly reprinted. During the eighteenth century, nine well-known writers consecrated their talents to complete critical editions. Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Warburton, Samuel Johnson, Capell, George Steevens, Ayscough, and Edmund Malone are among the best known.

In 1644, a celebrated mathematician, Leonard Digges, mentioned the persistent success of Shakespeare with the

public, declaring the theatre, which could hardly make its expenses with other Elizabethan authors, was filled to overflowing when Brutus, Cæsar, Falstaff, Malvolio, and Benedick appeared upon the stage.

Charles I, brought up in the cult of the dramatist, was reproached by the Puritans for preferring Shakespeare to the Bible. Had it been otherwise, said they, his misfortunes would not have been so great.

Under the Cromwellian autocracy, the theatre was in eclipse. But Sir William Davenant was clever enough to evade the laws against the playhouses reconstitute the dispersed *Blackfriars' Company* and, under colour of an appeal to patriotism, presented in the Tennis-court and Lincoln's Inn what he called *Oratorios* or *Opera Stylo-recitativo*.

With the Restoration came reaction against militant Puritanism. Charles II made Davenant his poet-laureate and confided to him the task of restoring the drama. *His Majesty's Players*, with Shakespeare's godson at their head, constructed the Duke's theatre and, later, Drury Lane.

The bust of Shakespeare now at the Garrick Club is supposed to have decorated the proscenium arch, and was discovered on the site of the Duke's playhouse, two hundred years after the fire of London.

The Drury Lane Company prided itself on possessing the true Shakespearean tradition concerning the interpretation of the principal characters. Davenant had kept in his company "old Mr. Taylor" and Mr. Lowine, "who had been taught their parts by Shakespeare himself." These passed on the torch to Betterton—perhaps the greatest of all Shakespearean interpreters. Betterton was followed by David Garrick, who fired the Kembles,

Keenes, Booths, Fechters, Salvinis, and Irving, and thus in pious succession the memory of the first interpretation was kept alive.

Unfortunately, Davenant was not so scrupulous with the texts themselves. He transformed *Measure for Measure* into the *Law Against Lovers,* but as it was his pretension to be guided in his work by the hand of the master himself, this was no impiety on his part.

The history of his troupe was written practically day by day, from 1662 to 1708, by the manager and archive-keeper, John Downes, who boasts "never having missed a performance or a rehearsal during forty-five years when Shakespeare's plays were constantly given." *Othello, Henry IV, Julius Cæsar,* the *Merry Wives,* and *Macbeth* were the principal favourites. Mr. Hart, in the rôles of Brutus and Othello, always filled the house; Major Mohun was an admirable Cassius. Mr. Betterton, who joined the company at the age of twenty-two, remained with it after all the others. His greatest parts were Pericles, Hamlet, Richard III, King Lear, Macbeth, Timon, Henry VIII and Falstaff. "No one could have believed," says Downes, "that each rôle had not been specially made to fit his extraordinary talents. Young Mr. Knyaston, our beautiful 'leading lady,' interpreted Shakespeare's heroines so remarkably that I dare affirm no woman could have shown such tenderness and sensibility."

Romeo and Juliet was altered by Mr. Howard, so that the hero and heroine might survive; thus the play was given in alternate versions as a comedy or a tragedy.

It is these representations which the unsentimental Pepys described in his diary. He saw the first revival of *Hamlet* in 1661, found *Romeo and Juliet* "the worst ever

seen," *The Taming of the Shrew* good in spots, declared *Macbeth* excellent, admired *Henry VIII,* chiefly because of the "beautiful new costumes and scenery," perhaps most of all because the King and Court were present; judged *Twelfth Night* a "silly play," and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* insipid. Although, at the first performance pronouncing *The Tempest* the "innocentest thing he ever saw," he returned six times; at the third performance he declared that it was "very pleasant and far above our modern comedies" and was completely won over at the sixth presentation.

It was at this period of cordial relations with the Court of France that Shakespeare's glory passed over seas. In 1677, Saint-Evrémond speaks of the *Merchant of Venice* in his *Essays on Comedy;* refers to *Queen Elizabeth's comedy* (*Merry Wives*) and *Henry VIII* in a letter to the Duchess de Mazarin.

Pierre Antoine Le Motteux, the translator of Rabelais, was an enthusiastic Shakespearean, and took up the defence of the poet in the *Gentleman's Journal.* He says in writing of these articles to Sir Charles Sedley in 1693: "You are too great an admirer of Shakespeare not to subscribe to praises of a work of which I may say as Ovid of Graecinus:

> *Quos prior est mirata, sequens mirabitur aetas*
> *In quorum plausus tota theatra sonant.*

It was probably Pierre Le Motteux who answered the French Ambassador's query as to the status of dramatic art in England, after which report Louis XIV acquired the second In-Folio (1632) annotated by his librarian, Nicholas Clement.

From this time Shakespeare's reputation was assured

in France. L'Abbé Prévost, the celebrated author of *Manon Lescaut,* introduces twelve passages from Shakespeare in his work on the English drama (1745) and this led Ducis to present his version of *Hamlet* in 1769, followed by *Romeo and Juliet.* The public demand for Shakespeare continued. Pierre Le Tourneur, aided by Count de Catuelan and Fontaine-Malherbe, undertook the French edition of 1776. The pompous list of subscribers, among whom are found the Royal family and Court dignitaries, Catherine of Russia, the Duc de Choiseul, Quentin-la-Tour and Talleyrand, attest the vogue of this work, and it is amusing to find among them "Mr. Dobby and Mr. Mowter of North America," besides Mr. Davenant and David Garrick of London.

Voltaire, who had posed as being the "discoverer" of Shakespeare, became soured at what he considered a too great success, and began to think such outspoken praise a "menace to French patriotism." A bitter dispute then arose between the partisans of each clan. The modern world only remembers Voltaire's side.

Le Tourneur, however, with the faith of an apostle, did not abandon his cult and it was soon shared by some of the best contemporary authorities: Diderot, Sedaine, and Hénault, the reputed president of the Paris Parlement. Madame du Deffand, the friend of Horace Walpole, and Madame de Staël were among the feminine precursors. With them as time went on, Shakespeare's admirers in France multiplied.

Villemain, de Vigny, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Saint-Victor, Musset, Flaubert, Barbey d'Aurevilly, George Sand, Taine, Montégut, Loti, Maeterlinck, Rostand professed the cult of the great English poet or found in his works some of their best inspiration.

In France as in other countries the final touchstone of dramatic talent is the impersonation of a Shakespearean rôle; without having made this conquest, no tragedian would dare proclaim himself or herself of the first rank.

France has been particularly fortunate in the intellectual quality of the men who have specialized in the study of Shakespeare's epoch. I have already indicated how Victor Hugo promulgated the sane doctrine about him while error was most rife in Anglo-Saxon countries.

To-day with such men as Emile Legouis and Albert Feuillerat directing English studies in the universities of France, it is easy to predict that the rising generation will maintain a cult, both ardent and orthodox, of the Master Poet.

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CHAPTER XI

SOURCES OF DOCUMENTATION

Biographical Notices of Fuller, Fulman, Phillips, Aubrey, Winstanley, Langbaine, and Rowe.

In composing this book, I have only utilized contemporary documents or such as were written long enough ago for their respective authors to have been in touch with men who lived in the dramatist's own time.

They have, I hope, sufficed to call up the personality and surroundings of William Shakespeare, actor, poet, and gentleman, more veraciously, and at the same time more vividly than has been done hitherto. Had I not feared unduly to lengthen this volume in each instance where I have quoted one text, I might have given half a dozen.

A complete list of references accompanies every chapter, this method seeming more precise and practical than a final table. Having seldom interrupted my narrative to discuss certain points at issue among critics, it appears fair to include a comparison of the texts which must necessarily serve all modern biographers but are generally out of reach of the amateur.

No less than six early biographical notices in perfect conformity one with another, but drawn from different sources, define and establish the tradition as we know it.

I have made it a point to accompany each text with precise information concerning each special author, so

that the value of his testimony may be judged according to the methods of historical criticism practised at the Sorbonne and without which modern Shakespearean research ends in hopeless confusion and a war of words.

Although Nicholas Rowe's "Account" is often mentioned as the *first* notice concerning the dramatist, this statement is incorrect. Instead of being the *first,* Rowe is the *last* among seventeenth century writers to furnish a biographical notice of the poet, published in 1709.

Four printed texts precede Rowe's edition by more than half a century and two manuscripts remain in the archives at Oxford to which they were consigned respectively in 1697 and 1688.

Let us examine the first printed document concerning the poet, written by Thomas Fuller in 1643 and published twenty years later by his son.

Fuller's notes on the *Worthies of England* were grouped according to region and classed alphabetically. In order to find the article on Shakespeare it is not the letter *S* which must be consulted but the word *Warwickshire.* As few readers got so far, it was some time before a consensus of authorities agreed that Fuller's notice was the earliest in date. This once done, however, it is astonishing to observe that no trouble was ever taken to examine this writer's personality and see whether he was in a position to speak with authority on Shakespeare.

Thomas Fuller's competence is unquestionable. Not only did he frequent, as a familiar, the taverns which he describes, but his London associations were the poet's own. He was a nephew of John Davenant, of Oxford, and had been intimately linked with the Danvers family, notably with Sir Henry, on whose tomb he pronounced the funeral eulogy.

Thomas Fuller is described in Aubrey's *Contemporary Lives* as a most agreeable and open-minded "bonus socius" or good fellow, endowed with such a phenomenal memory that he could recite all the tradesmen's signs between Ludgate Hill and Charing Cross. Besides the *Worthies of England,* Fuller, who was a churchman of high standing, wrote a work of piety, curiously entitled *Pisgah Sights.*

In his notice on Shakespeare he says:

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon in this county (Warwickshire) in whom three eminent poets may seem in some sort to be compounded.

First Martial in the warlike sound of his sir-name whence some may conjecture him of military extraction Hasti-vibrans or Shakespeare.

Second Ovid the most natural and witty of all poets.

Third Plautus, who was an exact comedian yet never any scholar, as our Shakespeare, if alive, would confess himself. Add to all these that his genius was jocular and inclining him to festivity, yet he could, when so disposed, be solemn and serious, as appears by his tragedies; so that Herclitus himself (I mean if secret and unseen), might afford to smile at his comedies they were so merry, and Democritus scarce forbear to sigh at his tragedies, they were so mournful.

He was an eminent instance of the truth of the rule, *Poeta non fit, sed nascitur;* one is not made but born a poet. Indeed his learning was very little, so as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature itself was all the art which was used upon him.

Many were the wit combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson; which two I behold like a Spanish great Gallion and an English man of war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid but slow in his performances. Shakespeare with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take ad-

vantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.

He died Anno Domini 16— and was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon the town of his nativity.

An interesting point to be observed in the above lines is that the comparison between Shakespeare and Ovid, first noticed in 1598 by Francis Meres, is here referred to as though the analogy had become a literary formula.

Although critics were slow to discover the priority of this notice over all the others they have been more hasty in affirming that, being without distinguished literary merit, it should be judged without importance.

The intrinsic merit of Edward Phillips' productions is more difficult to deny, thanks to his kinship with Milton, and his friendship with the renowned Diodatis. This author, in his own time, enjoyed excellent repute, in 1575 he published some critical considerations on the poets of England or *Theatrum Poetarum.*

The preface of this volume concluded with the declaration that the greatest of all poets was Shakespeare. An interesting comparison follows:

Let us observe Spenser with all his rustic obsolete words, with all his rough hewn Clowterly verses; yet take him throughout and we shall find in him a graceful and poetic majesty; in like manner Shakespeare, in spite of all his unfiled expressions, his rambling and indigested fancies (the laughter of the critical) yet must be confessed a poet above many that go beyond him in literature some degrees.

Benjamin Jonson, the most learned, judicious and correct of our English comedians, and the more to be admired for being so, for that neither the height of natural parts—for he was no Shakespeare—nor the cost of extraordinary education; for he is reported but a bricklayer's son, but his own proper Industry and Addiction to books advanced him to this perfection.

Christopher Marlowe, a kind of second Shakespeare (whose contemporary he was). Not only because like him he rose from an actor to be a maker of plays though inferior in fame and merit; but also because in his begun poem of Hero and Leander, he seems to have a resemblance of that clean and unsophisticated wit, which is natural to that incomparable poet.

John Fletcher one of the happy triumvirate among whom there might be said to be a symmetry of perfection while each excelled in his peculiar way: Ben Jonson in his elaborate pains and knowledge of authors, Shakespeare in his pure vein of wit, and natural poetic height; Fletcher in courtly elegance and gentle familiarity of style and withal a wit and invention so overflowing that the luxuriant branches thereof were frequently lopped off by his almost inseparable companion, Francis Beaumont.

William Shakespeare, the glory of the English stage; whose nativity at Stratford upon Avon, is the highest honour that town can boast of; from an actor of Tragedies and comedies he became a maker; and such a maker that though some others pretended to a more exact Decorum and economy, especially in Tragedy, never any expressed a more lofty and tragic height; never any represented nature more purely to the life, and when the polishments of art are most wanting, as probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance; and in all his writings hath an unvulgar style, as well in his *Venus and Adonis* and his *Rape of Lucrece* and other various poems, as in his dramatics.

A third testimony concerning Shakespeare is in the possession of the Corpus Christi College at Oxford, to the archives of which it was consigned at the author's death in 1688.

The collection wherein it figures includes twenty-five manuscript volumes in irregular octavo size. The author of this immense work was William Fulman, a man of humble origin but precocious and distinguished intelli-

gence which developed into exceptional learning under the tutelage of Henry Hammond, an erudite Anglican clergyman, one of the collaborators in the famous *Eikon Basiliké,* and intimate in his youth with both the Pembroke and Southampton families.

Fulman was adopted by this eminent divine and learned all that he could teach and more, being an impassioned student and ardent collector. More than half a century of his life was passed in the compilation and annotation of valuable documents and correspondence.

His first four volumes treat of civil and religious history. Numbers five and six are given over to monastical records, seven and eight contain data referring to Oxford University as a whole, nine, ten and eleven special information concerning Corpus Christi—the author's beloved *Alma Mater*—twelve, thirteen, fourteen and fifteen contain brief biographical notices of celebrities, seventeen and eighteen are devoted to theological matters, nineteen to a transcription of verses, and the remainder—from twenty to twenty-five—contain memoranda of divers kinds.

Shakespeare's name figures three times in the volume concerning British poets. It is spelled according to the accepted official and court form and the details given on his productions are impeccably correct.

Fulman notes the date and place of publication of the *Passionate Pilgrim* and adds that a collection containing one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, together with the *Lover's Complaint,* were issued at London in 1609.

A short biographical notice follows:

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire, about 1563-4.

Much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits particularly from Sir Lucy—who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate and calls him a great man [in his own conceit] *and in allusion to his name bore three lowses rampant for his Arms.*

From an Actor of plays he became a composer. He dyed April 23, 1616, Aetat 53, probably at Stratford for there he is buried and hath a monument see Dugdale page 520.

On which he lays a heavy curse upon any one who shall remove his bones. He dyed a Papist.

This manuscript note is composed in two distinct writings, that of Fulman, small, exquisite and meticulous, the other—in italics—more rapid and straggling calligraphy, is that of Richard Davies, Archdeacon of Saperton. Far from diminishing the value of Fulman's evidence the testimony of Davies strengthens his authority.

In fact, both authors are equally entitled to respect and the value of the manuscript is further confirmed by the best contemporary historian—who has given us all the facts relating to its composition.

We learn in the *Athenae Oxonienses* (1690) that when the learned William Fulman died, he left behind him the immense collection of notes, texts and documents which had constituted his life work, asking his friend Davies, for years a sharer in his studies, to "digest and classify" the papers, complete certain unfinished memoirs from the random notes set down on separate sheets, then turn the whole over to the Corpus Christi Archives. The work was completed before 1590, for at that date Anthony Wood declared that he often begged the college authorities to let him have a sight of Fulman's papers "so serviceable to the promotion of my work now almost ready

for the press." (*The Athenae Oxonienses,* was indeed published in the same year.)

Wood then continues:

> But such is the humour of men of this age that rather than act a part for the public good and honour of learning they will suffer choice things to be buried in oblivion.

When I first presented myself at Oxford, following the indication given above, I was confronted with obstacles of a different sort than those which Wood complained of. My unfortunate sex did not allow me to enter as reader in the Corpus Christi Library.

At length through the courtesy of Dr. Cowley who consented to retain all the volumes at the Bodleian long enough for me to study and obtain photographs of the pages concerning Shakespeare, I was able to take full cognizance of this valuable collection which is practically unknown, for I learned that they had never been consulted since the days when Dr. Dyce first mentioned them in his edition 1854.

It will be observed that the blanks filled out by Davies were left by Fulman himself who reserves space for the ulterior information to be consigned thereto.

The words "He dyed a Papist" are in the writing of Davies, but far from diminishing the authority of the document, that of Davies—I repeat—confirms it. For Richard Davies, Archdeacon of Saperton, was a man of science and erudition. He had participated in the historical work of Burnet on the Reformation and his good faith on this occasion cannot be called into question. A zealous minister of the Anglican church and like Fulman, an inveterate foe to papacy, he was one of the best controversial writers and speakers in favour of the Church

of England. When he sets down the statement that Shakespeare died a papist we may be certain that it was because he believed the information true, not because he wished to believe that it was so.

Like Davies—remaining in the Episcopal Church in which I was baptized—I agree with him in thinking that it is better to take note of the documents still in our possession rather than to twist or suppress historical truth to fit in with the personal tenets of modern writers.

One of the fullest and most interesting of the notices is undoubtedly that of John Aubrey, composed *circa* 1650. Its text is so frequently reproduced that I shall content myself by recalling the essential facts concerning the author's methods of work and value as an authority.

Born in 1626, John Aubrey, who was in direct touch with the men of letters immediately preceding him, furnishes, on his own time and theirs, notes of exceptional vivacity and interest. He prides himself on not wasting time over things which every one knows—preferring to select small forgotten details on his various subjects. Hence the argument so often used by critics "Aubrey does not mention this so we need not believe it" is of no value. His curiosity concerning the generation preceding his own led him from boyhood to seek the company of the aged whom he calls "pages of living history." He loved to collect curious data about the private life of great men and women, and often threw in such a phrase as this in the midst of his notes, "Without an old gossip like me there would be no remembrance of this." Just those parts of history which the professional biographer lays most stress upon are those neglected by this amateur.

Aubrey worked without much method, jotting down

pell-mell what he had collected on the physical appearance, associations, family and marital ties of the subject in hand. In the margin he noted the source from which he had got his information, or if he was put on a new track, adds, for instance, "Told that Wm. Lacy is the man now living that knows the most about Shakespeare and B. Jonson, for his address query Mr. Beeston." When he had found Mr. Beeston, procured the desired address and finally traced Lacy to his haunts, he set down the information obtained, not in the life of Shakespeare, but in a separate note marked *Beeston Lacy*.

When he had too much material for his page he wrote in the margin or between the paragraphs which makes his manuscript very difficult to decipher. His collection, *Brief Lives Chiefly of My Contemporaries,* comprises four hundred biographical notes on distinguished persons: writers, statesmen, astrologers, soldiers, gentlemen, and personal friends. They include eight reigns, from Henry VIII to James II, of which five passed during his own time. Belonging to a family renowned for longevity, he profited by direct evidence on the past, "My aunt Deborah Aubrey, my great-uncle Danvers, my friend Mr. Hoskins, Mr. Mollins, John Florio's son-in-law and Isaak Walton" are contributors to his data. Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton and Sir John Suckling, and many more authorities on the poet, lived far into Aubrey's day, as he says himself: "Rarely has such authority been found for work of the sort." For many years, Aubrey, whose lawsuits led him constantly to be on the road, was familiar in every tavern, worked only for himself and according to his own taste and choice. But one day, he was introduced to a professional historian—the same Anthony à

Wood, of whom mention has several times been made, then engaged in an immense history of Oxford College, with notes on the principal graduates. Of solitary and secluded tastes, Wood was overjoyed at meeting a man of the world capable of furnishing data about persons of whom the antiquary could learn only what was dryly set down on the university records. Aubrey, flattered by the great man's attention, agreed to compile the minutes essential to his volume. This explains the carelessness with which he sets down dates and quotations. He counted on Wood himself to verify dates and look up texts.

Aubrey's very faults give to his work extraordinary vitality and sincerity. Many pages are consecrated to Ben Jonson, Walter Raleigh, whom he detested, and consequently pictures remarkably. Descartes meets with his admiration, "the greatest mathematical genius of the age," says he, "far more distinguished therein than by his theology." Francis Bacon is shown as possessing an extraordinary legal mind. In the life of Harvey, the great physician, to whom he nevertheless denies the discovery of circulation—which he took from an obscure colleague, Walter Warner by name—Aubrey throws in this amusing observation. "Harvey had been physician to Lord Chancellor Bacon and admired his wit and style, but would not allow him to be a great philosopher. 'Tush,' exclaimed the old doctor, speaking in derision, 'he writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor.'" Aubrey also remarks, in speaking of Bacon, that he sometimes wrote verse and quotes to prove it the stanzas most admired by his friends. Both in style and matter the verses are beneath contempt, but it is upon this passage, which they quote without its context, that Baconian critics base the

claim that they find in Aubrey the recognition of Bacon's poetical genius. Let the reader judge it himself.

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed
Or pains his head;
Those that live single take it for a curse
Or do things worse;
Some would have children; those that have them moan
Or wish them gone.
What is it then to have or have no wife
But single thraldom or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease;
To cross the sea to any foreign soil,
Perils and toil.
Wars with their noise affright us; when they cease
Ware worse in peace.
What then remains? But that we still should cry
Not to be born, or being born, to die.

Aubrey is more explicit when he affirms the genius of Shakespeare. The notice which concerns him is marked with a symbolical crown of laurel. After mentioning that Mr. William Shakespeare was born at Stratford he adds that his father was a butcher and that neighbours informed the biographer that when William, as a boy, had followed the trade, he killed a calf in tragic style; but that being naturally inclined to poetry he came to London at about eighteen, where he was actor in one of the theatres and played extremely well. That Jonson, on the contrary, was poor in the profession although a good director. Shakespeare began early to make essays in the dramatic art, which at that time was very low; his plays took "exceeding well." He was a handsome, well-shaped man, of

pleasant natural wit, he and Jonson were in the habit of noting the humours and extravagances which they met on their travels and it was when touring and at the village of Grendon that he found the individual who suggested his comic constable. "This person was still living when I came down to Oxford in 1642 and Mr. Joseph Howe, of this parish, knew him." Aubrey then recalls the anecdote of the supper in a tavern at Stratford when Shakespeare made the mock epitaph on John Combe, but to make the story better, he added that the poet was never forgiven, whereas we know that Combe bequeathed to his constant friend, Mr. Shakespeare, the sum of five pounds. He continues literally:

> He was wont to go to his native country once a year.
>
> I think I have been told that he left two or three hundred pounds a year to his sister (vide his epitaph in Dugdale's Warwickshire).
>
> I have heard Sir William D'Avenant, and Mr. Thomas Shadwall, who is counted the best comedian we have now, say that Shakespeare had a most prodigious wit and admired his natural parts beyond all other dramatical writers.

Aubrey then makes allusions to the praise of Shakespeare for "never having blotted out a line" (would that he had blotted out a thousand, said Jonson), and continues with a personal appreciation:

> His comedies will remain masterpieces as long as English is understood because he handles them Mores Hominum, whereas our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcomberies, that twenty years hence they will not be understood. Though as Ben Jonson says of him that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been, in his younger years, a schoolmaster in the country.

This information, adds Aubrey, was obtained from Mr. Beeston.

Mr. Beeston, having managed one of the playhouses in Shakespeare's time, was an excellent authority on all pertaining to drama. Francis Kirkman, who dedicated to him a play translated from the French in 1662, recognizes in Beeston the best authority on all theatrical matters. Beeston sent Aubrey to Mr. Lacy to obtain certain supplementary information. It was then that Aubrey consigned to his papers the scrawl about Jonson, and completed his text on Shakespeare by the lines:

> The more to be esteemed because not a company keeper, lived at Shoreditch, would not be debauched; and if invited was in pain.

But, like a good chronicler, Aubrey never completely squeezed his subject dry on first handling. Scandal is seldom found under the name of the subject implicated, but in the biography of some one else. Thus, his remarks concerning Bacon's private life are to be found in a notice concerning Mr. Thomas Bushell, and the history of Shakespeare's Oxford love-affair is set down in the biographical notice of Sir William d'Avenant.

As a vain pretext for discrediting Aubrey's authority it has been said that there are so many gaps in the text, so much banal information omitted, that surely the author was very ill-informed.

Such criticism ignores Aubrey's own statement that he voluntarily omits general knowledge which has become commonplace; his boast is to mention "singularities." If, for instance, he does not dwell on the deer-stealing episode in referring to Shakespeare it is precisely because on account of the well-known anecdote of Justice Shallow

the public was more familiar with this story than any other concerning the poet's youth. It is also generally forgotten by those who quote Aubrey that through no fault of the author himself we are no longer in possession of his complete original manuscript.

When Aubrey turned over his collection to Anthony à Wood, political strife reigned at Oxford. A rumour spread through the college that the historian was in the possession of much subversive matter—enough to cut the author's throat. Wood was a prudent man and feared search-warrants. Consequently, without a word to the author ("And I who trusted him with my life," exclaimed poor Aubrey) consigned to the flames a third of the incriminating papers, which had been confided to his safe keeping. To this ordeal qualified by its victim as "crucifying" there was no remedy. So the papers were left "gelded and unindexed" to the Bodleian library since when they had been partially edited by Edmund Malone and more recently by Andrew Clarke.

A brief analysis will suffice for the article due to the pen of William Winstanley, for this author repeats *verbatim* all that had been said by his predecessors. He adds simply to the foregoing information the remark that "Shakespeare was one of the actors who had been led to dramatic composition, like Marlowe in his own day, and Mr. Lacy who has since become celebrated." He also recalls the fact that he formed, together with Daniel, Drayton, and Jonson a famous poetic "quaternion" and "by his conversing with jocular wits, whereto he was naturally inclined, he became so famously witty—or wittily famous—as, without learning he attained to an extraordinary height in the comic strain."

Gerard Langbaine consecrates thirty pages to the same subject in his *Account of the Dramatic Poets,* 1691. His work, an excellent critical study of the plays and poems, includes a transcription of *Lucrece,* which evidently was hard to come by. The only new matter introduced is a description of the poet's tomb together with that of his wife and daughter; he transcribes the various epitaphs. Langbaine alone seems to have observed the frequency with which Italian proverbs are to be found in the poet's works.

Account of the English Dramatic poets.

William Shakespeare One of the most eminent poets of his time; he was born at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire; and flourished in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James the first. His natural genius to poetry was so excellent, that, like those Diamonds which are found in Cornwall, nature had little or no occasion of the assistance of art to polish it.

The truth as agreed on by most is that his learning was not extraordinary; and I am led to believe that his skill in the French and Italian tongues exceeded his knowledge in the Roman language. For we find him not only beholding to Cynthio and Bandello for his plots but likewise a scene in *Henry Fifth* written in French between the Princess Catherine and her Governante. Besides Italian proverbs scattered up and down in his writings.

It would be superfluous in me to endeavour to particularise what most deserves praise in him after so many great men have given him their several testimonials of his merit; so I should think I were guilty of an injury beyond pardon to his memory, should I so disparage it as to bring his wit in competition with any of our age.

I shall take the liberty to speak my mind as my predecessors have done of his works; which is that I esteem his plays beyond any that have ever been published in our language, and though I extremely admire Jonson and Fletcher; yet I

must still aver that when in competition with Shakespeare, I must apply to them what Justus Lipsius writ concerning Terence and Plautus.

Terentiam amo, admiror, sed Plautum magis.

Thus when the six first biographical notices are reviewed they are found to be in complete accord one with another, and all strictly in agreement with the remarks of contemporaries concerning the poet, whether pronounced in eulogy or in malice.

The one document which still remains to be examined differs from that of Aubrey in a single point—not a question of fact but of individual opinion. For this single divergence is simply one of the ever open questions of worldly prestige—What was the position of the Shakespeare family among their neighbours?

Rowe declares them to have been "people of good figure and fashion" whereas Aubrey, invoking as authority one of the old Henley Street neighbours, affirms that the poet, for a brief period, followed his father's trade as butcher, and when he killed a calf did it in tragic style!

These declarations are in no wise at variance. They merely deal with different periods separated by a twenty-years interval. Rowe is perfectly frank in his statement that between 1580 and 1590 the Shakespeares were in dire financial straits, which obliged the removal of young Will from school to come to his father's aid.

In speaking of the Shakespeares' high situation in the community, he naturally referred to the status of the family after 1606, when the poet had returned rich and famous and occupied the position of Stratford's leading citizen.

Aubrey's statements concerned a period twenty years

back. Therefore there is no contradiction between the two statements.

The critical acumen of Nicholas Rowe and his high literary quality set him in a class apart from those who up to his time had dealt with the subject. He was a man of culture and refinement, an excellent commentator of Boileau and La Bruyère and it was, according to the charming Nance Oldfield "a liberal education to hear Rowe speak or read aloud."

His work as a dramatist was extremely popular in his own time although few remember to-day that it was to his "gallant gay Lothario" in the *Fair Penitent* that Goethe owed Lothair, and that fair Callista suggested Fielding's famous *Clarissa Harlowe*.

Like Jonson, d'Avenant, and Dryden, Rowe in his turn, was chosen Poet Laureate.

When he began his undertaking and left the "art so greatly loved to consecrate himself to the greatest of all poets and redeem him from the injuries of former impressions although not pretending to restore the work to the exactness of the original manuscripts" he devoted to Shakespeare the best that was in him and deserves much more than the grudging praise which those who repeat his remarks without quotation marks, from generation to generation, accord to this excellent critic.

When as a biographer he began collecting his material the memory of the actor-poet was still vividly recalled both in Stratford and London. That is why his work may be legitimately classed rather as seventeenth than as eighteenth century work. The two score plays of which he collated the existing texts were not completed in a day and though his eight volumes were published in

the early eighteenth century this does not make him an eighteenth century writer.

He did the work of a precursor in attempting to establish a better Shakespearean text from comparison between the quartos and folio editions and his reading of contested passages is often excellent. He added tables of *The Dramatis Personæ* to such plays as were printed without one, and arranged the separation into acts and scenes which modern editors are obliged to follow.

As a critic we have never had a better. Each time Rowe hazards an original opinion concerning the date or sequence of the dramas, his reasoned solution has been proved correct.

Thus he refused to accept *The Tempest* as an early work although placed first of all by the original editors. His critical sense detected the full maturity of this conception. He declared with equal accuracy that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* could only belong to a very early period, and fixed the date of *Henry V* as infallibly as was done after the discovery of the Stationer's Register.

His criticism is impartial and illuminating, his mistakes infrequent and minor in character. He has been reproached with exaggerated severity for one inaccurate statement for he said that Shakespeare had *three daughters*, whereas we know that Judith's twin was a boy. But as Rowe simply followed what was set down in the Stratford birth record is it astonishing that he should have supposed *Hamlet* to have been a feminine appellation?

As his complete transcription would exceed the limits of this volume and as I have myself printed it *in extenso* elsewhere, I have selected what is most essential, leaving out the passages which have been already incorporated in the course of this volume.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE ETC. OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEAR

"It seems to be a kind of Respect due to the Memory of Excellent Men, especially of those whom their Wit and Learning have made famous, to deliver some Account of themselves, as well as their Works, to Posterity. For this Reason, how fond do we see some People of discovering any little Personal Story of the Great Men of Antiquity, their Families, the common Accidents of their Lives, and even their Shape, Make and Features have been the Subject of critical Enquiries. How trifling soever this Curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very Natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an Account of any remarkable Person, till we have heard him described even to the very Cloaths he wears. As for what relates to Men of Letters, the knowledge of an Author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding of his Book: And tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakespear* may seem to many not to want a Comment, yet I fancy some little Account of the Man himself, may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the Son of Mr. *John Shakespear*, and was Born at *Stratford* upon *Avon* in *Warwickshire*, in April 1564. His Family as appears by the Register and Public Writings relating to that Town, were of Good Figure and Fashion there and are mentioned as Gentlemen. His Father who was a considerable Dealer in Wool, had so large a Family, ten Children in all, that tho' he was his eldest Son, he could give him no better Education than his own Employment. He had bred him, 't is true, for some time at a Free-School Where 't is probable he ac-

quir'd that little Latin he was Master of: But the narrowness of his Circumstances, and the want of his assistance at Home, forc'd his Father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further Proficiency in that Language. It is without Controversy, that he had no knowledge of the Writings of the *Antient Poets,* not only from this Reason, but from his Works themselves, where we find no traces of any thing that looks like an Imitation of 'em; the Delicacy of his Taste and the natural Bent of his own Great *Genius,* equal, if not superior to some of the best of theirs, would certainly have led him to Read and Study 'em with so much Pleasure, that some of their fine Images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them may be an Argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his Ignorance of the *Antients* were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a Dispute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more Correct yet it is not improbable but that the Regularity and Deference for them which would have attended that Correctness, might have restrained some of that Fire, Impetuousity, and even beautiful Extravagance which we admire in Shakespear: And I believe we are better pleased with those Thoughts, altogether New and Uncommon, which his own Imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful Passages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a Master of the *English* Language to deliver 'em. Some *Latin,* without question he did know, and one may see up and down in his Plays how far his Reading that way went: In *Love's Labours Lost,* the Pedant comes out with a Verse of

Mantuan; and in *Titus Andronicus,* one of the gothick Princes upon reading

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu—

says, *'T is a Verse* in Horace, but he *remembered it from his Latin Grammar;* Which I suppose was the Authors Case. Whatever Latin he had, 't is certain he understood *French,* as may be observed from many words and Sentences scattered up and down his Plays in that Language, and especially from one scene in *Henry the Fifth* written wholly in it.

Upon his leaving School, he seems to have given Entirely into that way of Living which his Father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the World after a Family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very Young. His Wife was a Daughter of one *Hathaway,* said to have been a substantial Yeoman in the Neighbourhood of *Stratford.* In this kind of Settlement he continued for some time, 'till an Extravagance that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country and that way of Living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a Blemish upon his good Manners, and a Misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *Geniuses* that was known in *Dramatick Poetry.*

He had, by a Misfortune common enough to young Fellows fallen into Ill Company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of Deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belonged to *Sir Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlcot,* near *Stratford.* For this he was prosecuted by that Gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge

that ill-Usage, he made a Ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first Essay of his Poetry be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the Prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his Business and Family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in *London*.

It is at this Time, and upon this Accident that he is said to have made his first Acquaintance in the Playhouse. He was received into the Company then in being, at first in a very mean Rank; but his admirable Wit, and the natural Turn of it to the Stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, Yet as an excellent Writer.

His Name is Printed, as the Custom was in those Times, amongst those of the other Players, before some old Plays, but without any particular Account of what sort of Parts he used to play; and tho' I have inquired I could never meet with any further Account of him this way, than that the top of his Performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from some certain Authority, which was the first Play he wrote; It would be without doubt a pleasure to any Man, curious in Things of this Kind, to see and know, what was the first Essay of a Fancy like *Shakespear's*. Perhaps we are not to look for his Beginnings, like those of other Authors, among their least perfect Writings; Art had so little, and Nature so large a Share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the Performances of his Youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most Fire and strength of Imagination in 'em, were the best.

Mr. Dryden seems to think that *Pericles* is one of his first Plays; but there is no judgment to be formed on

that, since there is good Reason to believe that the greatest part of that Play was not written by him, tho' it is owned some part of it certainly was, particularly the last Act. But tho' the order of Time in which the several Pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are Passages in some few of them which seems to fix their Dates. So the *chorus* in the beginning of the fifth Act of *Henry Fifth,* by a Compliment very handsom'ly turned to the Earl of *Essex,* shews the Play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in Ireland: And his *Elegy* upon the Q. *Elizabeth* and her Successor K. *James,* in the latter end of his *Henry VIII,* is a proof of that Plays being written after the Accession of the latter of those two Princes to the Crown of *England.* Whatever the Particular Times of his Writing were, the People of his Age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of Diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a *Genius* arise among 'em of so pleasurable, so rich a Vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite Entertainments. Besides the Advantages of his Wit he was in himself a good natur'd Man of great sweetness in his Manners, and a most agreable Companion; so that it is no wonder if with so many good Qualities he made Himself acquainted with the best Conversations of those Times.

Queen *Elizabeth* had several of his Plays Acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious Marks of her Favour: It is that Maiden Princess plainly, whom he intends by

A fair Vestal, Throned by the West.
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

And that whole Passage is a Compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She

James Stuart

was so well pleased with that admirable Character of *Falstaff,* in the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth,* that she commanded him to continue it for one Play more and to shew him in Love. This is said to be the Occasion of his Writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* How well she was obeyed, the Play it self is an admirable Proof. Upon this Occasion, it may not be improper to observe that this Part of *Falstaff* is said to have been written originally under the Name of *Oldcastle* some of that Family being then remaining, *and* the Queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff.

. . . What Grace soever the Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only that he owed the Fortune which the Reputation of his Wit made. He had the Honour to meet with many great and Uncommon Marks of Favour and Friendship from the Earl of *Southampton,* famous in the Histories of that Time for his Friendship to the unfortunate Earl of *Essex.* It was to that Noble Lord that he Dedicated his *Venus and Adonis* the only Piece of his Poetry which he ever published himself, tho' many of his Plays were surrepticiously and lamely Printed in his Lifetime. There is one Instance so singular in the Magnificence of this Patron of Shakespear's that if I had not been assured that the Story was handed down by Sir William *D'Avenant,* who was probably very well acquainted with his Affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted, that my Lord *Southampton,* at one time, gave him a thousand Pounds to enable him to carry through a Purchase which he heard he had a mind to.

What particular Habitude or Friendships he contracted with private Men, I have not been able to learn, More than that every one who had a true Taste of Merit, and could distinguish Men, had generally a just Value and

Esteem for him. His exceeding Candour and Good Nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler Part of the World to love him, As the power of his Wit obliged the Men of the most delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him. . . .

His Plays are properly to be distinguished only into Comedies and Tragedies. Those which are called Histories, and even some of his Comedies, are really Tragedies with a run or mixture of Comedy amongst 'em. That way of Trage-Comedy was the common mistake of that Age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the *English* Taste, that tho' the severer Critiques among us cannot bear it yet, the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact Tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor, The Comedy of Errors,* and *The Taming of the Shrew* are all pure Comedy; the rest however they are called have something of both Kinds.

Falstaff is allowed by everybody to be a Master-Piece, the Character is always well sustained tho' drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the account of his Death given by his old Landlady Mrs. Quickly in the first act of *Henry Fifth* tho' it be extremely Natural is yet as diverting as any Part of his Life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is that tho' he has made him a Thief, Lying, Cowardly, Vainglorious and in short every thing Vicious, yet he has given him so much Wit as to make it almost too agreeable, and I don't know whether some People have not in remembrance of the Diversion he had formerly afforded 'em, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily when he comes to the Crown in the End of the second Part of *Henry the Fourth.* Amongst other Extravagancies in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he has made him a

Deer-Stealer that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* prosecutor under the Name of Justice *Shallow;* He has given him very near the same coat of Arms which *Dugdale* in his *Antiquities* of that County describes for a family there and makes the Welsh Parson descant very pleasantly upon 'em. That whole Play is admirable, the Humours are various and well opposed; the main Design which is to cure *Ford* of his unreasonable jealousy is extremely well conducted. *Falstaff's billet doux,* and Mr. Slender's "Ah, Sweet Ann Page!" are very Good Expressions of Love in their Way. In *Twelfth Night* there is something singularly Ridiculous and Pleasant in the Fantastical steward Malvolio. The Parasite and the Vainglorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well* is as good as anything of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terrence. Petruchio,* in *The Taming of the Shrew,* is an uncommon Piece of Humour. The conversation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice* in *Much Ado about Nothing* and of *Rosalind* in *As You Like It,* have much Wit and sprightliness all along. His Clowns, without which Character there was hardly any Play writ in that Time, were all very entertaining: and I believe *Thersites* in *Troilus and Cressida,* and Apemantus in *Timon,* will be allowed to be masterpieces of ill nature and *Satyrical* snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable Character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice;* But tho' we have seen that Play received and acted as a Comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed Tragically by the Author. There appears in it such a deadly Spirit of Revenge, such a Savage Fierceness and Fellness and such a bloody designation of Cruelty and Mischief, as cannot agree either with the style or characters of Comedy. The

Play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakespear's. The Tale indeed, in that Part relating to the Caskets and the extravagant and unusual kind of Bond given by Antonio, is a little too much removed from the Rules of Probability: But taking the Fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written.

There is something in the Friendship of Antonio and Bassanio very Great, Generous and Tender. The whole Fourth Act, supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable, is extremely Fine. But there are two Passages that deserve a particular Notice. The first is what Portia says in praise of Mercy, and the other on the power of Music. The Melancholy of Jaques, in *As You Like* it, is as singular and odd as it is diverting, and if what Horace says,

"Difficile est proprie communia Dicere,"

'Twill be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in his description of the several Degrees and Ages of Man's Life, tho' the Thought be Old and common enough.

His Images are indeed ev'ry where so lively that the Thing that he would represent stands fully before you. I will venture to point out one more, which is as I think, as strong and uncommon as anything I ever saw; 'tis an Image of Patience, speaking of a Maid in Love, he says—

She never told her Love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud
Feed on her damask cheeks: she pined in Thought
And sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief.

What an Image is here given! and what a task it would have been for the greatest Masters of Greece and Rome

to have expressed the Passions designed by this sketch of Statuary. The style of his Comedy is, in general, Natural to the Characters, and easie in itself; and the Wit most commonly, sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into Dogrel Rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors* and a passage or two in some other Plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon Words, it was a common Vise of the Age he liv'd in: and if we find it in the Pulpit made use of as an Ornament to the Sermons of some of the Gravest Divines of those Times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage. But certainly the greatness of this Author's Genius does no way so much appear, as where he gives Imagination an entire Loose, and raises his Fancy to a flight above Mankind and the Limits of the Visible World. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream, Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Of these *The Tempest,* however it comes to be placed the first by former Publishers of his Works, can never have been first written by him: It seems to me as perfect in its Kind as almost anything we have of his. One may observe, that the Unities are kept here with an Exactness uncommon to the Liberties of his Writings: Tho' that was what, I suppose, he valued himself the least upon, since his excellencies were all of another Kind. . . .

His Magic has something in it very Solemn and very Poetical; and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shews a wonderful Invention in the Author Who could strike out such a particular wild Image and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon Grotesques that ever was seen. The observation which I have been informed three very great men concurred in making upon his part, was extremely just.

"That Shakespear had not only found out a new Character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character." . . .

It is the same magic that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream,* the Witches in *Macbeth.* . . . The design of *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the Punishment of two Families, for the Unreasonable Feuds and Animosities, that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the Effusion of so much Blood. In the management of the Story, he has shown something Wonderfully Tender and Passionate in the Love Part, and very pitiful in the Distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles.* In each of 'em a young Prince is engaged to Revenge the Death of his Father, and the Mothers are both concerned in the Murder of their Husbands, and are afterwards married to the Murderers. . . . *Hamlet* is represented with the same Piety towards his Father, and Resolution to Revenge his Death as Orestes. He has the same abhorence for his Mother's Guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by Incest: But 't is with wonderful Art and justness of Judgment, that the Poet restrains him from doing Violence to his Mother. To prevent anything of that kind, he makes his Father's Ghost forbid that Part of the Vengeance.

> *But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,*
> *Taint not thy Mind; nor let thy Soul Contrive*
> *Against thy Mother aught; leave her to Heaven,*
> *And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,*
> *To prick and sting her.*

This is to distinguish rightly between *Horror* and *Terror.* The latter is a proper Passion of Tragedy, but

the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no Dramatic Writer ever succeeded better in raising Terror in the Minds of his Audience, than *Shakespear* has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth,* but more especially the Scene where the King is murdered, in the second Act, as well as this Play is a noble proof of that Manly Spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was in giving the strongest Motions to our Souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet,* without taking notice of the Advantage with which we have seen this Masterpiece of Shakespear distinguish itself upon the Stage by Mr. Betterton's fine Performance of that Part. A Man, who tho' he had no other Good Qualities, as he had a great Many, must have made his way into the Esteem of all Men of Letters, by this only Excellency. No Man is better acquainted with Shakespear's manner of Expression, and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much Master of him that whatever Part of his he Performs he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the Author had exactly conceived it as he plays it.

I must own a Particular Obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the Passages relating to his Life, which I have here transmitted to the Public, his Veneration for the Memory of *Shakespear* having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a Name for which he had so great a Value. . . .

This book is in the Possession of the Public, and 'twill be hard to dip into any Part of it, without finding what I have said of him made good.

The latter Part of his Life was spent, as all Men of

Good Sense will Wish theirs may be, in Ease, Retirement, and the Conversation of his Friends. He had the Good Fortune to gather an Estate equal to his Occasion, and, in that, to his Wish; and is said to have spent some Years before his Death at his Native *Stratford*. His pleasurable Wit, and Good-nature, engaged him in the Acquaintance, and entitled him to the Friendship of the Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood. . . .

He died in the 53rd Year of his Age, and was buried on the North Side of the Chancel, in the Great Church at *Stratford* where a Monument as engraved in the Plate, is Placed in the Wall. On his Grave stone underneath is,

Good Friend, for Jesus sake, forbear
To Dig the Dust inclosed here.
Blest be the Man that spares these Stones,
And Curst be he that moves my Bones.

He had three Daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder to one Mr. Thomas Quinney, by whom he had three sons, who all died without Children; and Susannah, who was his Favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of Good Reputation in that Country. She left one child only, a Daughter, who was first married to Thomas Nash Esq. and afterwards to Sir John Barnard of Abington, but died likewise without Issue.

This is what I could learn of any Note, either relating to himself or his Family: The Character of the Man is best seen in his Writings. . . .

Besides his Plays in this Edition there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. *Langbain* which I have never seen and Know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin* and *Lucrece* in stanzas which have been printed in a late collection of Poems."

Other bases of documentation which establish Shakespearean authorship are more tangible than the biographies, being definite, contemporaneous and official.

His two first publications, after registration, were signed with the author's name in full, issued from the press of his school-companion, and, moreover, bore dedications which are highly characteristic of the author's personality.

Three other editors, Jaggard, Chettle and Thorpe, successively took pains to obtain copy of Shakespeare's work just *because* it was known to be his. Chettle even brings in a significant negative proof of his contemporary fame in a public reproach to the well-known dramatist for having failed to write a tribute to Elizabeth on the occasion of her demise!

Two anthologies collected in 1600 produced more than three hundred extracts from the plays and poems.

Seventeen plays were published in quarto form while their author still lived and directed their theatrical presentation.

When the complete edition of the dramatic works was issued, the undertaking was supervised by men who, from the earliest days of the theatrical company's incorporation, had been in constant literary and professional intercourse with the actor-author.

On the official register which exercised government censorship and served to establish copyright over all printed matter, Shakespeare's works figure more than two score times between 1593 and 1640.

It may conveniently be recalled that each editor, before obtaining permission to publish, was obliged to submit the manuscript and declare the author's name to the *Wardens*. In case of transfer from one editor to another—which the

popularity of Shakespeare's books rendered frequent—it became necessary to recall the facts which proved the paternity of the work and validated copyright. Here is a sample of the inscription of two plays on the Stationer's Register:

> Andrew Wise and William Apsley 23 August 1600 inscribe for their rights under the Wardens guarantee, two books one of which is entitled *Much Ado about Nothing* the other *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, containing the *Humours of Sir John Falstaff*, written by Master Shakespeare.

During two centuries and a half, Shakespeare's authorship was never questioned, except for certain unauthenticated work, and this because the so-called "Doubtful Plays" were thought to be *unworthy of him*. Never until 1840 did any reader propose the hypothesis that *he was unworthy of them*. The nebulous and conflicting evidence brought forward to support this theory is certainly not of sufficient weight to cloud Shakespeare's well-established title to his work.

APPENDIX A

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE

To the Right excellent and Honorable Lorde.

The Lord Robert Dudley Earle of Leycester, Baron of Denbigh, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, Maister of the Queenes Maiesties horses, and one of hir Graces most Honorable priuie Counsell, Iohn Florio, wisheth all godlie felicitie, continuance of health, increase of Honor, and Grace Eternall.

Right Honorable, when (at the earnest request of diuers Gentilmen my entire friends) I had for the recreation and private exercise drawen out of certaine common questions, and ordinarie aunseres together with diuers prouerbes, sentences and Golden sayings vsed as well in Italian as in English, and therewithall collected and translated out of sundrie the best Italian authours with certaine necessarie rules for Englishmen to attaine to the perfection of the Italian tongue, and for Italians to learne the pronountiation of our englishe. They would needes (though sore against my will) *have it putt foorth in Print* but I, (Right Honorale) considering the great and manifolde inconvences he hasardes himfelfe vnto, that commiteth anie thing to the open vewe of all men, hauing no worthie Mecoenas to defend him againft the malignant, ready backbiters, a long while I rested as confused and trobled in minde, not knowing whom to finde sufficient, to defend me from fuch inconuentences. At last, calling to remembrance, the Noblenesse of your Honour's minde, I chose you (although presumtiously done of me) as a sufficient ramp to shield me from the battery of such venomous tongues. For knowing by experience your continuall delight in setting foorth of good letters, and ernest zeale in maintaining of languages, I did as it

were, perswade withe myselfe that few or none would attempt (remembring your Honour) to set or to whet their carping tongues against it, although my great presumption doe partly merit it. Yet at the last, I encouraged myself in your Honours name to send this little pamphlet abroade hoping that your honour wil not onely with curteous acceptation beholde this foolishe and fond attempt of mine, with your bodely eyes, but also consider it with your inward eye of discretion, and weigh the gift given by the givers hart though too base a gift to come to your Honour's hand, too rude a worke for you to reade, and too unripe sowre and unsavourie fruites for you Honour to take a taste of, yet notwithstanding such as they be, I give them to you as a token of zealous affection and dutiefull love I beare unto your Honour, whom I know to be the onely furtherer, maintainer and supporter of all wel dispofed mindes toward anie kinde of studie yet (Right Honourable) that little, or (to say truth) none at all is the learning that I have and smal is the seede plant and grafe whence these altogether wilde, and unsavourie fruites doe spring, the which, tho so they be, are not altogether to be rejected, and utterly refused. For the basenes and sowernes of these, will serve to sett out the pleasaunt and delectable taste of other men's fruites, for as by the bad is the good knowen, so, by the sower is the sweet better discerned and by the darknesse of the night may a man judge of the brightnesse of the day, in so much that I wholy perswade with myfelf that lightly your Honour will pardon my attempt and fond presumption, in being bold, under your Honour's patronage to shield me with defence against fuch carping bloustering and malignious tongues which not onely doo perilously shake at, yea and indeavor mainely to beate downe and confute not onely all kind of blossomes and young budded fruites, but also those which are already come to growth and perfection. Wherefore knowing as before I said, your Honour's good wil in advancing all kindes of good letters and seeing by experience the nipping and taunting scoffs of the raging sect of THEOMINUS, altogether set and bent against the publishing of the same: As also using to prevent one contrary by another (that is), to prevent, I fay, thofe lewd and viperous carpers by the shadowe of your Honours most Cle-

ment, Benigne and therewithal well favoring and affectionated mind both unto me and all other well meanours in setting foorth of those things which be for the common commoditie of all (not onlie) this our commonwealth, but also of other forraine nations. I thought it good to houer (I fay) & fubmit me under your Honour's refuge, who of that your so high renowned clemencie refuse not, or abiect to shield your humblest suppliantes in such good causes, who are loath to stand openly in the cavelling reproaches of the foresaid taunting broode: As also they being loth to stand to the displeasure of ill-willers for yeelding forth their good willes. Which if they had not fuch good furtherers: surely they would never employ their labours to the profit and commoditie of their country but should seeme to be, as salt without savour, and as fire without heat. Which in deede I do thinke to have been the only cause why learning heretofore hath been so obscured and kept in dennes, and altogether without any such direct or plaine path thereto, as now at this day (God be thanked therefore) it is. And thus dedicating, disposing and yeelding thefe my simple first fruites to your Honours noble protection, in hope of the gentle acceptation thereof, I commit your honour to the tuition of the Almightie, who maintaine and keepe your Honour in moft prosperous and happie estate, deliver and defend you from all worldly cares and earthly troubles, and bring you after this transitorie life into the place of eternall joy and felicitie.

Your Honours most humble and bounden during life
to command. I. F.

APPENDIX B

DEDICATION SECOND FRUITS

To the right worshipfull, the kinde entertainer of vertue, and mirrour of a goode minde Master Nicholas Saunder of Ewel Esq. his devoted Iohn Florio Congratulates the rich reward of the one, and lasting beautie of the other and wisheth all felicitie els.

Sir in this stirring time, and pregnant prime of invention when everie bramble is fruitefull, when euerie mol-hill hath cast of the winters mourning garment, and when everie man is busilie woorking to feede his owne fancie; some by delivering to the presse the occurences & accidents of the world, newes from the mart, or from the mint (and newes are the credite of a trauailer, and the firft question of an englifhman). Some, like Alchimiste distilling quintessences of wit, that doth melt golde to nothing, & Yet would make gold of nothing; that make men in the moone and catch moonshine in water. Some putting on pyed coats lyke calenders, and hammering vpon dialls, taking the elevation of Pancridge church (their quotidian walkes) pronosticate of faire, of foule or of smelling wether. Some, more active gallants made of a finer molde, by devising how to win their Mistrises favours, and how to blaze and blanche their passions with aeglogues, songs, and sonnets, in pitiful verse or miserable prose, and most, for a fashion; is not Love then a wagg, that makes men so wanton? yet love is a pretie thing to give unto my Ladye. Other-some with new caracterisings bespattings all the posts in *London* to the proofe, and fouling of paper in twelve howres thinke to effect Calabrian wonders; is not the number of twelve wonderfull? Some with Amadysing & Martinising a multitude of our libertine yonkers with triviall, frivolous, and vaine-vaine drolleries, set manie mindes a gadding; could a foole with a feather make

men better sport? I could not but chuse but-apply myself in some sort to the season, and either prove a weede in my encrease without profit, or a wholesome pothearbe in profit without pleasure. If I proove more than I promife, I will impute it to the gracious Soile where my endeavours are planted, whose sovreaigne vertue divided with such worthless seedes, hath transformed my unregarded slips to medicinable simples. Manie sowe corne and reape thistles; bestow three yeares toile in manuring a barraine plot, and haue nothing for their labor but their traivel: the reason why? because they leave the lowe dales, to seeke thrift in the hill countries; and dig for good on the top of the Alpes, when Æsop's cock found a pearl in a lower place. For me, I am none of their faction, I love not to climb high to catch shadowes; suficeth, gentle Sir, that your perfections are the port where my labors must anchor, whose manie and liberall fauours have been so largely extended unto me that I have a long time studied how I might in some sort gratefully testifie my thankfulness unto you. But when I had assembled my thoughts & entered into a contrarious consultation of my utmoft abilities, I could not finde anie employment more agreable to my power, or better beseeming my dutie, than this present Delication, whereby the world, by the instance of your never entermitted benevolence towards me, should have a perfect insight into your vertue and bountie (qualities growne too solitary in this age) and your self might be unfallibly persuaded in what degree I honor and regarde you. For indeede I neither may in equitie forget, nor in reason conceale, the rare curtisies you vouchaft me at *Oxford,* the friendly offers and great liberalitie since (aboue my hope and my desert) continued at *London,* wherewith you have fast bound me to beare a dutifull & grateful observance towards you while I live, & to honour that mind, from which as from a spring, al your friendships & goodness hath flowed. And therefore to give you some pause and assurance of a thankful minde and my proferred devotion, I haue consecrated these my slender *endeavours.* wholy to your *delight.* which shall stand for an image and monument of your worthinesse to posteritie. And though they serve to pleasure and profit manie, yet shall myselfe reape pleasure, alfo if they please you

well, under whose name and cognisance they shall goe abroade and seeke their fortuns. How the world will entertaine them I knowe not, or what acceptance your credit may adde to their baseness I am yet uncertaine, but this I dare vaunt without sparke of vaine-glory that I have given you a taste of the best Italian fruites the Thuscane Garden could affoorde; but if the pallate of some ale or beer mouthes be out of taste that they cannot taste them let them sport but not spue. The Moone keeps her course for alle the dogges barking. I have for these fruits ransackt and rifled the gardens of fame throughout Italie (and there are the Hesperides) if translated they do prosper, (as they flourished upon their native stock) or eate them & they will be fweete, or set them and they will adorne your orchyards.

The maidenhead of my industrie I yeelded to a noble Mecenas (renowned Leicester), the honor of England, whom, though like Hector every miscreant Mirmidon dare strike being dead, yet sing *Homer* or *Virgil,* write friend or foe, of *Troy* or of *Troyes* issue, that Hector must have his desert. The General of his Prince The Paragon of his Peers, the watchman of our peace.

Non so fe miglior duce o cavaliero.

As Petrarke hath in his Triumph of Fame; and, to conclude, the supporter of his friends, the terror of his foes, and the *Britton* Patron of the Muses:

Dardania's light and Troyens' faithfuls't hope.

But nor I, nor the place may halfe suffice for his praise which, the sweetest singer of all our westerne shepheards hath so exquisitely depainted, that, as Achilles by Alexander was counted happy for having such a rare emblazoner of his magnanimitie, as the Maeonian poete; so I account him thrice-fortunate, in having such a herauld of his vertues as Spenser; Curteous Lord, Curteous Spenser, I knowe not which hath purchast more fame, either he in deseruing so well of a scholler or so famous a scholler in being so thankfull without hope of

requitall, to so famous a Lord: But leaving him that dying left all artes, and all strangers as Orphanes, forsaken and frendles, I will wholly convert my muze to you (my second patron) who among manie that beare their crests high and mingle their titles with *tam Marti quam Mercvrio* are an unfayned embracer of vertues and nourisher of knowledge and of leearning. I published long since my first fruite to the use of such as were but meanely entred in the italian tongue (and which because they were first and the tree but young were something sowre, yet at last digested in his cold climat), knowing well that they would both nourish and delight & I have againe, after long toyle and diligent pruning of my orcharde brought forth my seeond fruites (better riper and plesanter than the first) not unfit for those that embrace the language of the muses, or, would beautify their speech with a not vulgar bravery. These two I brought forth as the daughters and offsprings of my care and studie: My elder (as before noted) because she was ambitious (as heirs are wont) I married for preferment and honour, but this younger (fayrer, better-nurtured, & comelier than her sister) because my hope of such preferment and honour had fayled me, I thought to have cloystered up in some solitarines which she perceiving with haste putting on her best ornaments and, following the guise of her countrie women presuming very much on the love and favour of her parents hath voluntaryly made her choice (plainly telling me that she will not leade apes in hell) and matcht with such a one as she best liketh, and hopeth will both dearley love her and make her such a joynter as shall be to the comfort of her parents, and joy of her match, and therefore I have given her my consent, because shee hath jumped so well with modest modesty and not aspired so high that she might be upbraided either with her birth or basnes when she could not mend it. I know the world will smile friendlier, and gaze more upon a damzell marching in figured silkes (who are as paper bookes with nothing in them) than upon one being clad in plane homespun cloth, (who are as plain chests full of treasure) yet *communis error* shall not have my company, and therefore have I rather chosen to present my Italian and English proverbiall sportes to such a one

as I know joynes them both so aptly in himselfe, as I doubt whether is best in him, but he is best in both; who loves them both, no man better; and touching proverbs, invents them, no man finer; and applyes them no man fitter, and that taketh his great contentment in knowledge of languages (guides and instruments to perfection and excellencie) as in Nectar and Ambroisia (meate onlie for the Gods and deyfied mindes) I shall not neede to troble my selfe or you with any commendation of this matter I deliver, nor to give credit by some figures and colours to proverbes and sentenfes, seeing your self know well (whose censure I most respect) both how much a proverbiall speech (namely in italian) graceth a wise meaning, and how probably it argueth a good conceipt, and olfo how naturally the Italians please themselves with such materyall, short, and wittie speeches (which when themselves are out of Italy and amongst strangers, who they think hath learnt a little Italian out of CASTILIAN'S COURTIER, or GUAZZO HIS DIALOGUES, they will endeavor to forget or neglect and speake bookish, and not as they will doe amongst themselves because they know their proverbes never came over the Alpes) no leffe than with the conceited apothegms or Impresas, which never fall within the reach of a barren or vulgar head. What decorum I have observed in selecting them I leave to the learned to consider. Thus, craving the continuall Sunfhine of your worship's favour toward, me, and that they may never decline to any west and desiring your friendly censure on my traveils I wish unto you your owne wishes, which are such as wisdome endites, and successe should subscribe.

Your W. affectionate in all he may;

I. F.

To the Reader.

Reader, good or bad, name thyselfe for I know not which to tearme thee, unleffe I heard thee reade, and reading judge and judging exercise; or courtesie the cognizance of a gentleman, or malice the badge of a Momus, or exact examination the puritane scale of a criticall censor: to the firft (as to my friends) I wish as gracious acceptaunce where they desire it

most, as they extend where I deserve it least; and to the second I can wish no worse than they work for themselves, tho I should wish them blindness, deafnes and dumbnes: for blynd they are (or worse) that see not their own vices, or others vertues: deafe they are (or worse) that never could hear wel of themselves nor would hear well of others: and dumbe they are (or worse) that speake not but behind men's backes (whose bookes speake to all) but speake nought but is nought like themselves, than what can be worse? As for critiks I accompt of them as crickets; no goodlie bird if a man marke them, no sweete note if a man heare them, no good lucke if a man have them: they lurke in corners but catch cold if they look out, they lie in sight of the furnace that tries others but will not come neare the flame that should purifie themselves, they are bred of filth & fed with filth, what vermine to call them I know not, or wormes or flies or what woorse? They are like cupping glasses, that draw nothing but corrupt blood; like swine that leave the cleare springs to wallow in a puddle: they doe not, as Plutarke and Aristarcus, derive philosophie and set flowres out of Homer; but with Zoylus deride his halting and pull assunder his fayre joynted verfes: they doe not seeke honie with the bee, but suck poyson with the spider. They will doe nought, but all is nought but what they doo. They snuff our lampes perhaps, but sure they add no oyle. They will heale us of the toothachs but are themsulves sicke of the fever-lourdane Demonstrative rethorique is their studie, and the dogges letter thay can snarle alreadie. As for me, for it is I, and I am an Englishman in italiane; I know They have a knife at command to cut my throate *Un Inglefe Italianato e un Diavolo incarnato*. Now, who the devell taught thee so much italian? speake me as much more and take all? Meane you the men or their mindes? Be the men goode and their mindes bad? speake for the men (for you are one) or I will doubt of your minde: Mislike you the language? why the best speake it best and hir Majestie none better. I, but too manie tongues are naught; indeede one is too manie for him that can not ufe it well. MITHRIDATES was reported to have learned three and twentie seuerall languages and ENNIUS to have three harts because three tongues. But it should

seeme that thou hast not one sound hart, but such a one as is cancred with envie, nor anie tongue but a forked tongue, thou hissest so like a snake, and yet me thinkes by thy looke that thou should'st have no tongue thou gapest and mowest soe like a frogg: I, thou cans't read whatsover is good in Italian translated and was it good that the translated then or were they good that translated it? Had they been like thee they were not worth the naming: and thou, being unlike them, art unworthie to name them. Had they not knowen Italian how had they translated it? and had they not translated it where were now thy reading? Rather drink at the wel-head than sip at puddled streames; rather buy af first hand than goe on trust to the hucksters, I, but thou wilt urge me with their manners & vices not remembring that wher great vices are their are infinit vertues & aske me whether they be goode or bad? Surely touching their vices they are bad and I condemne them like thyselfe, the men are as we are (if bad may God amend both us and them) and I thinke wee may verie well mend both. I, but (peradventure), thou wilt say my fruits are wyndie, I pray thee keepe thy winde to coole thy potage. I, but they are rotten: what and so greene? that's a marwell, indeede, I thinke the caterpillar hath newly caught them. If thy sight and taste of my fruits be so altered that neither colour nor taste of my fruits will please thee, I greatly force not, for I never minded to be thy fruiterer. *Muro bianco* is paper goode enoughe for every *matto:* Prints were first invented for wise men's use and not for foolès play. These proverbs and proverbiall phrases (hitherto so peculiar to the italians that they could never finde their way ower the Appenines, or meanes to become famialiare to anie other Nation) have onlie been stamped for the wise and not for thee (and therefore thou hast noe part in them). Who will kindly accept of them (tho in the ordring of them I differ with most men's methodes) who, on their compositions onely seeke for wordes to expresse their matter, and I have endeavored to finie matter to declare those Italian wordes & phrases, (that never yett saw Albion's cliffes) for the pleasure of which I whill shortly send into the world an exquisite Italian and English Dictionary and a compendious grammar. The Sunne spreading his beames

indifferently (and my fruits in an open orchyard, and indifferent to all) doth soften wax and harden clay (my fruites will please the gentler sort but offend the clayish or clownish sort, whom good things scarcely please, and I care not to displease); I know I have them not all, and you, will be readie (if I should say so) with BATE ME AN ACE QUOTH BOLTON OR WIDE QUOTH BOLTON WHEN HIS BOLT FLEW BACKWARD. Indeede here are not all, for tell me who can tell them? But here are the chiefe, and thanke me that I cull them. The Greekes and Latines thanke Erasmus, and our Englishmen make much of Heywood: for proverbs are the pith the proprieties, the proofes, the pureties the elegancies as the commoneft so the commendablest phrases of a language. To use them is a grace, to understand them a good, but to gather them a paine to me tho' a gaine to thee. I but for all that I must not scape without some new flout: now vould I were by thee to give thee such another, and surely I would give thee bread for cake. Farewell if thou meane well; els fare as ill as thou wisheft me to fare.

The laft of April, 1591.
Resolute I. F.

APPENDIX C

FLORIO'S WORLD OF WORDS

The Epistle Dedicatorie

To the Right Honorable Patrons of Vertue Patterns of Honor, Roger Earle of Rutland; Henrie Earle of Southampton; Lucie, Countess of Bedford.

This dedication (Right Honorable and that worthily) may haply make your Honor's muse; well fare that dedication, that may excite your muse. I am no auctorised Herauld to marshall your precedence. Private dutie might perhaps give one the prioritie, where publike respect should prefer another. To choose *Tullie* or Ausonius Confuls, is to prefer them before all but one; but to choose either the former of the twaine, is to prefer him before all. It is saide of Atreus in a fact most discorderly, that may be saide of any in so ordering his best dutie

It makes no matter whether yet he resolves of neither.

I onely say your Honors best knowe yonr places: An Italian turne may serve the turne Lame are we in Platoe's censure, if we be not ambidexters, vsing both handes alike Right hand, or left hand as peeres with mutuall paritie, without disparagement may it pleafe your honors to joyne hand in hand and so joyntely, to lend an eare (and lend it, I beseech you) to a poore man, that invites your Honors to a christening, that I and my poore studies like *Philemon* & *Baucis* may in so lowe a cottage entertaine so high, if not deities, yet dignities of whom the poet testifies.

Ma fopra altro frutto piu gradito
Fu il volto allegro e'l mon bugiardo amore.
E benche fosse povero il convito
Non su la volontà sovera e'l core.

Two ouerhastie fruites of mine, nowe some yeeres since, like two forwarde females, the one put her-selfe in seruice to an Earle of Excellence, the other to a gentleman of Worth, both into the worlde to runne the race of their fortune. Now where my rawer youth brought forth those female fruites, my riper yeeres affoording me I cannot say a braine-babe Minerva armed at all assaies at firft houre; but rather from my Italian *Semele,* and English thigh, a boucing boie, *Bacchus*-like almost all names: And being, as the manner of this countrie is, after some strength gathered to bring it abroade; I was to entreate three witnesses to the entrie of it into Christendome, ouer presumptuous (I grant) o entreate so high a presence, but your Honors so gracious (I hope) to be ouer entreated. My hope springs out of three items: your honors naturall benignitie; your able emploiment of such seruicers; and the towardly liklihood of this springall to do your honest service. The first to vouchase all; the second to accept this; the third, to applie it selfe to the first and second. Of the first your birth your place and your customes of the second your studies your conceits and your exercice; of the third my endeavours, my proceedings and my proiect gives assurance. Your birth highly noble more than gentle, your place aboue others as in degree fo in height of bountie, and other vertues, your custome, neuer wearie of well doing: your studies much in all, most in Italian excellence: your conceits, in onderstanding others to work aboue them in your own: your exercise to read what the world's best wits hauve written, ans to speake as they write. My endeauours to apprehend the best, is not all; my proceedings to impart my best first to your honors, then to all that emploie me: my proiect in this volume to comprehend the best and all. In truth I acknowledge an entire debt not onely of my best knowledge, but of all yea of more than I know orcan, to your bounteous lordship, most noble most vertuous,

and most Honorable EARLE OE SOUTHAMPTON, in whose paie and patronage I have lived some yeeres to whom I owe and vowe the yeeres that I have to live. But as to me and manie more the glorious sunne-shine of your Honor hath infused light and life, so my lesser borrowed light, after a principall respect to your benigne aspect and influence, affoorded some lustre to others.

In loyaltie I may averre (my needle toucht and drawne and held by such an adamant) what he in love assumed that sawe the other stars but bent his course by the Pole Starre: and two guardes avowing, *Aspicit Vnam* One guideth ma to more I see. Good partes imparted are not impaired. Your springs are first tho serve your selfe, yet may yeelde your neighbors sweete water; your taper is to light to you first and yet it may light your neighbors candle, I might make doubt *wleast* I or mine be not now of any further use to your selfe-sufficiencie, being at home so instructed for Italian as teaching or learning could supplie, that there seemed no neede for travell and now by travell so accomplisht, as what wants to perfection?

Wherein no lesse must be attributed to your embellisht graces (my most noble, most gracious and most graceful EARLE OF RUTLAND welle entred in the toong, ere your honor entered Italie, there therin so perfected as what neede a Dictionarie? Naie if I offer service but to them that neede it, with what face seeke I a place with your excellent LADISHIP? (My most-most honored because best-best adoreed MADAME) who by conceited industrie, or industrious conceite, in Italian as in French, in French as in Spanish, in all as in English underftand what you reade, write as you reade, and speake as you write yet rather charge your minde with matter than your memorie with worthes. And if the present, present so smal profit I must confesse it brings much less delight for what pleasure in a pot of simples? *O mal visite, o mal note, o mal gradite?* Or not seene, or ill knowne, or ill accepted? Yet here-hence may some good accrewe, not onlie to truantlie-schollers which ever and anon runne to VENUTI and ALUNNO; or to new-entred novice that harly can construe their lesson; or to well-forward students, that have turned over GUAZZO and CASTIGLIONE, yea

runne through GUARINI, ARIOSTO, TASSO, BOCCACE and PETARCHE: but even to the èost compleate Doctor, yea to him that can best stande *All, erta* for the best Italian, hereof sometimes may rise some use; since, have he the memorie of THEMISTOCLES, of SENEGA of SCALIGER yet is it not infinite in so finite a bodie And I have seene the best, yea naturall Italians, not onlie stagger, but even stick fast in the myre, and at last give it over, or give their verdict with an *ignoramus*. BOCACE is prettie hard, yet understood; PETRARCHE harder yet explained: DANTE hardest, but commented. Some doubt if all aright. ALUNNO, for his foster-children hath framed a World of their wordes, VENUTI taken much paines in some verie few auctors; and our WILLIAM THOMAS hath done prettilie; and if all faile, al though we miss or mistake a worde, yet make we up the sense. Such making is marring. Naie all as good: but not as right And not right is flat wrong. One saies of PETRARCHE for all: A thousand strapadoes could not compell him to confesse, what some interpreters will make him say he meant. And a judicious gentleman of this lande will upholde tha none in England understands him thoroughly. How then ayme we at PETER ARETINE, that is so wittie? hath such varietie, and frames so manie new wordes? At FRANCESCO DONI, who is so fantasticall and so strange? At THOMASO GARZONI in his PIAZZA UNIVERSALE; or at ALLESSANDRO CITTOLINI in his TIPOCOSMIA, who have more propere and peculiar wordes concerning every severall sort of trade, arte or occupation, for every particular toole, or implement belonging to them, than ever any man heeretofore collected in any booke, or sawe collected in any language? How shall we understand HANNIBALL CARO, who is so full of wittie jestes, sharpe quipes, nipping tantes, and scoffing phrases against that learned man LODOVICO CASTELVETRI in his APOLOGIA DE BANCHI? Howe shall the Englishe gentleman come to the perfect understanding of FEDERICO GRISONE, his ARTE DE CAVALCARE, who is so full of strange phrases, and unusual wordes peculiar only unto horsemanship? and proper but to CAVALARIZZI? Howe shall we understand so manie and so strange books, of so severall, and so fantasticall subjects as be written in the Italian toong? How shall we,

naie, how may we ayme at the VENETIAN at the ROMANE, at the LOMBARD, at the NEAPOLITANE, at so manie and so much differing Dialects, and idiomes, as be used and spoken in Italie, besides the FLORENTINE? Sure we must say as that most intelligent and grave prelate said, when he came new out of the south into the North, and was saluted with a woman's sute in Northern "Now what is that in English"? If I, who many yeer as have made profession of this toong, and in this search and quest of inquirie have spent most of my studies; yet many times in many wordes have been so stal'd and stabled as such sticking made me blushingly confesse my ignorance, and such confession indeede made me studiouslie seeke helpe, but such helpe was not readielie to be had at hande. Then may your Honours without any dis honour, yea what and whosoever he be that thinkes himselfe a very good Italian, and that to trip others, doth alwaies stand *All'erta* without disgrace to himselfe, sometines be at a stand, and standing see no easie issue, buth for issue with a direction, which in this mappe I hold, if not exactlie delineated, yet conviently pricked out Is all then in this little? All I know and more (I know) than yet in any other. Though most of these you knowe already yet have I enough, if you know anything more than you knew by this. The retainer doth some service, that now and then but holds your Honor's styrrop, or lends a hand over a stile, or opens a gappe for easier passage, or holds a torch in a darke waie: enough to wear your Honor's cloth. Such then, since this may proove, it, Right Honorable, and reprove for it my rudeness and rashness, rudeness in presuming so high, rashness in assuming so much for it that yet is anapproved. Some perhaps will except against the sexe and not allowe it for a male broode, sithens, as our Italians saie, *Le parole sono femine, & i fatti* sono maschy (Woordes they are women, and deedes thay are men), But let such know that *detti* and *fatii* woordes and deedes with me are all of one gender. And though they were commonly Feminine, why might I not by strong imagination (which Phisitians give such power unto) alter their sexe? or at least by such heaven piercing devotion as transformed *Iphis,* according to that description of the poet . . .

Et ogni membro suo piu forte e sciolto
Sente, e volge alla madre il motto e'l lume
Come vero fanciullo esser si vede
Iphi va con parole alme, e devote
Al tempio con la madre, e la nutrice,
E paga il voto, e'l suo miracol dice.

And so his strength, his stature, and his masculine vigor (I would, naie I could saie vertue) makes me assure his sexe, and according to his sexe provide so autenticall testimonies. Laie then your blisse-full handes on his head (Right Honorable) and witnes that he by me devoted to your Honors, forsakes my private cell, all retired conceits, and selfe respects, to serve you in the world the world in you, and believes in your honour's goodnes, in proportion as his servive shall be of moment and effectuall, and that you will not onely in due censure be his judges, but on true judgment his protectors; and in this faith desires to be numbred in your familie, so in your studies to attend as your least becke may be his *dieugarde:* for he hath toong to answer, woords at will, and wants not some wit, though he speake plaine, what each thing is. So have I crost him, and so blest him, your god-childe and your servant: that you may likewise give him our blessing, if it be but as one that stande you in stead, supplies you or pleases you, you saie Gods blessing on him. But though in the forefront he beares your Honorable names, it may be demanded how is it your Honors gave not him his name? Herein (Right Honorable) beare with the fondnes of his mother, my Mistresse *Muse* who, seeing hir female *Arecusa* turn'd to a pleasing male *Arescon* (as *Plinie* tels of one) beg's as some mother's use, that to the father's name she might prefix a name befitting the child's nature. So cald she him A *World of Wordes:* since as the Universe contains all things digested in best equipaged order, embellisht with innumerable ornaments by the universal creator and as Tipocosmia imagined by Allessandro Cittolini and Fabrica del Mondo framed by Francesco Alunno, and Piazza Universale set out by Thomaso Garzoni tooke their names of the Universall worlde, in words to represent things of this world: as words are types of things,

and every man by him-selfe a little worlde in some resemblances; so, thought she, she did see as great capacitie, and as meete method in this, as in those latter, and', Was much as might be in Italian and English), a modell of the former, and therefore as good cause so to entitle it. If looking into it it looke like the Sporades, or scattered Ilands rather than one well-jointed or close-joined bodye or one coherent orbe: your Honors knowe, an armie ranged in files, is fitter for muster than in a ring; and jewels are sooner found in severall boxes than in one bagge. If in these rankes the Englishe outnumber the Italian, congratulate the copie and varietie of our sweete-mother-toong, which, under this most Excellent and well speaking Princesse or Ladie of the worlde in all languages is growne as farre beyond that of former times, as her flourishing raigne for all happiness is beyond the raignes of former princes. Right Honorable, I feare me I have detained your Honors too long with so homelie entertainment, yet being the best my meanenes of skill can afforde; which intending as my child's christening-banquet heereunto I presumed to invite your Honors: but I hope what was saide at your Honor's first coming (I meane in the beginning of my Epistle) shall serve for a finall excuse. And in conclusion (most Honorable) once againe at your departure give me leave to commend this sonne of mine to your favorable protections, and adwow him yours, with this licence. That as *Henricus Stephanus* dedicated his treasure of the Greeke toong to *Maximilian* the Emperour, to *Charles* the French King and to Elizabeth, our dread Souveraihne, and by their favours to the *Universities:* so I may consecrate his lesser volume of little-lesse value, but of like import, first to your triple Honors, then under your protection to all Italian-English, or English-Italian students. Vouschafe then, highlie Honorable as of manie made for others, yet made known to your Honors, so of this to take knowledge, who was borne bred and brought foorth for your honours chiefe service; though more service it may do, to many others, that more neede it; since manie make as much of that which is made for them, as that they made themselves, and of adopted as of begotten children; yea *Adrian* the Emperour made more of those than these since the begotten are such as fate gives

us, and adopted such as choyce culs us. They often times *stolti* sgarbati e inutile these ever with *Corpo intiero,* leggiadre membre, emente sana.

Accepting therefore of the child, I hope your Honors wish as well to the father who to your honors, all deuoted, wisheth the meede of your merits, renowne of your vertues, and health of your persons, humblie with gracious leave kissing your thrice-honored hands, protesteth to continue ever.

Your Honor's most humble and bounden in true fervice.

IOHN FLORIO.

WORLD OF WORDS

To the Reader,

I know not how I may again adventure an Epistle to the Reader, so are the times or readers in theses times, most part sicke of the sullens, and peevish in their sicknes and conceited in their peevishnes.

So should I fear the fire who have felt the flame so lately, and flie from the sea, that have yet a vow to pay for scaping my last ship-wrake.

Good counsell indeed but who followeth it? Who loves to be more on the sea than they that have most on it? Whether for change if they have kept at a stay, or for amends if they have lost, or for increase if they have gotten.

But before I recount to the (gentle reader) the purpose of my new voyage: give me leave a little to please myselfe and refresh thee with the discourse of my old danger. Which, because in som respects it is a common danger, the discoverie of it may happily profit other men, as much as it please myselfe. And here might I begin with those notable Pirates on this our paper sea, those sea dogges, or lande Critickes, monsters of men, if not beastes rather than men; whose teeth are canniballs their toongs adder-forkes, their lippes aspes poyson, their eyes basiliskes, their breath of a grave, their wordes the swordes of turkes, that strive which shall dive deepest into a Christian lying bound before them. But for these barking and biting dogs they as well known as Scylla and Charybdis.

There is another sort of leering curs that rather snarle than

bite whereof I could instance one who, lightning upon a good sonnet of a gentleman, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet, than to be counteso, called the author a rymer, notwithstanding he had more skill in good poetrie, than my slie gentleman seemed to have in good manners or humanitie.

But my quarrell is to a toothless dog that hateth where he cannot hurt, and would fain bite when he hath no teeth. His name is H. S. for he his not. Doe not take it for the Roman H. S. so much worth, unlesse it be that H. S. is twice as much and a half, as halfe an as.

This fellow, this H. S. reading (for I would you should knowe he his a reader and a writer too), under my last epistle to the reader I. F. made as familiar a woorde of F as if I had been his brother. Now "recte sit oculis magister tuis," said an ancient writer to a much-like reading grammarian pedente: "God save your eie sight, sir, or at least your insight." And might not a man that can do as much as you, that is reade, find as much matter out of H. S. as you did out of I. F.? as for example, H. S. why may it not stand as well for Haeres Stultitiae as for Homo Simplex? or for Hara Suillina as for Hostis Studiosorum? or for Hircus Satirricus as well as for any of them? And this in Latine besides Hedera Seguac Harpia Subata Humore Superbo, Hipocrito Simulatore in Italian? And in English World without end.

Huffe Snuffe, Horse-stealer, Hob Sowter, Hugh Sot, Humfrey Swineshead, Hodge Sowgelder. Now Master H. S. if this doe gaule you forbeare kicking hereafter and in the meantime you may make you a plaister of your dride Marioram. I have seene in my daies an inscription, harder to finde out the meaning, and yet easier for a man to picke out a better meaning out of it, if he be not a man of H. S. condition.

There is a most excellent preface to the excellently translated booke signed A. B. which, when I sawe I eftsoones conceived Could I in perusing the whole A. B. C. omit the needlesse and well-order the requisite letters I should finde some such thing as ADMIRIBILIS BONITAS, or AMANTVAM BEATISSIMUS. But how long tincke you would H. S. have been rooting and grunting eer he could have found as he is Hominem

Simplicissimus or would have picked out as he is Hirudo Sanguisuga, so honest a meaning.

They that rage and rave and raile against heaven, I say not they are guiltie of sacrilege but at least they loose their labour.

Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plaies and scowre their mouths on Socrates; those very mouths they make to vilifie him shall be the means to amplifie his virtue.

It may be Socrates would not kicke againe, if an asse did kicke at him. Yet some that cannot be so wise and will not be so patient as Socrates will, for such jadish tricks, give the asse his due burden of bastinadas. Let H. S. hisse, and his complices quarrel and all breake their gals, I have a great faction of good writers to bandie with me

Thinke they to set their teeth on tender stuffe?
But they shall mar their teeth and find me tough.
"Conantes Frangere Frangam" said Victoria Collona:

Yet had not H. S. so causelessly so witleffly provoked me, Il coulde not haue been hired or induced againft my manner, againft my nature thus far to haue vurged him: though happily heerafter, I shall rather contemne him. He is to blame saith Martial (and further he brands him with a knavish name) that will be wittie in another man's booke.

I like not reproof when it pertaines not to me, But it they like to see their own pictures in lively colours let them goe to the painters shop or looking-glasse of Amianus Marcellinus an unpartiall historian, in his 28th booke about the middle, bush and amend. Tho I more than feare much detracting: for I haue already tafted of fome, and that extraordinarie, though in an ordinarie place, where my child was beaten ere it was born divining his emperfections for his Englifsh part and one averring that he could beget a better of his owne which like enough he can and hath done manie a one God forgive him. I doubt not that ravens and crows both will haue a graine or two of my harvest in spite of my teeth especially. H. S. who is so manie graines too light, yet I am well content to repay good for evil, thinking it not impossible that by the taste of the corn those very foules may in time have their mouthes

stopt for speaknig evill of the husbandman. And let this comparison of a labouring man by the way put you in mind (Gentle Reader) of his labours, that hath laboured so much and so long to save you labour which I doubt not but he may justly stand upon in this toong-work as in Latin Sir Thomas Eliot, Bishop Cooper and after them Thomas and John Rider have done amongst us: and in Greeke and Latin both the Stephans the father and the sonne, who notwithstanding the helpes each of them had, yet none of them but thought he might challenge speciall thankes for his speciall travell to better purpose than anie before him. And if they did so in those toongs where they had so many, and so great helpes, and in toongs which were helpes to one another; they that understande will easily acknowledge the difference betwixt my paines and theirs: yet I desire no preeminence of thankes: but either equall thankes or equal excuse. And well may I make that comparison betwixt our labour that Alessandro Cittolini maketh in his Tipocosmia: we all fared indeede like sea faring men (according to my first comparison) and launched forth into a deepe and dangerous sea, but they had this advantage of me, that they were many to steer a passage-boat; I was but one to turn and wind the sails, to use the oar, to sit at the sterne, to prick my card, to watch upon the upper decke, beate-swaine, pilot, mate, and master, all offices in one, and that in a more unruly,—ore unwieldy, and more roomsome vessell than the biggest hulke on Thames, or oomehen bearing Caracke in Spaine; or slave-tiring Gallie in Turkie and that in a sea more dangerous and more stormie and more comfortlesse than any ocean. If any think that I had great helpes of Alunno or Venuti, let him confer and knowe I have in two, yea almost in one of my letters of the alphabet more words than they have in all their twentie; and they are but for a few auctors in the Italian toong, mine for most that writte well, as may appeare in the catalog of bookes that I have read through of purpose for the accomplishing of this dictionarie. I would not meddle with their defects and errors, nor yet amplifie the fulnesse or perfection of my owne worke, farthar than upon a just ground to satisfie his good desire that wisheth the best helpe. If any man aske whether all Italian words be

here? I answere him it may be no: and yet I think here be as many, as he his likely to finde that asks the question within the compass of his reading; and yet he may have read well too. I should think that very fewe words could escape those auctors I have sett downe, which I have read to the absolute accomplishing of this worke, being the most principall, choicest, and difficult in the toong; especially writing in such varietie not onlie of matters out in dialects: but what if I asked him againe how many hundred words he and possibly his teachers too were gravelled in which he shall finde here explained? If no other books can be so well perfected, butt still some thing may be added, how much lesse a word booke? since daily both new wordes are invented; and bookes still found that make a new supplie of olde; We see the experience in Latin a limited toong, that is at his full growth: and yet if a man consider the reprinting of Latin Dictionaries, ever with addition of new store, he would thinke it were still increasing. And yet in these Dictionnarie as in all other that is printed still is reputed perfect. And so it is after the customarie and possible perfection of a Dictionarie, which kind of perfection if I challenge to mine (especially considering the yearly increase, which is as certainly in this, in French, in Spanish in Dutch &c. as we find by experience it is in Englishe: and I think I may well saie more in this than in the rest; yea, and in the rest, mostly from this), I Hope that no man that shall expend the woorth of this work in impartiall examination, will think I challenge more than is due to it. And for English gentlemen me thinks it must needes be a pleasure to them, to see so rich a toong out vide by their mother-speech as by the manie-folde Englishes of manie wordes in this is manifest? The want whereof in England heretofore, I might justly say in all Europe, might endeare the worth. Though without it some knew much, yet none knew all Italian, as all may do by this. That well to know Italian is a grace of all graces without exception, which I ever exemplifie in her gracious highnes whose due-deserved praises to set forth aright I may rightyl say as noble Italian writer saide erst of her most-renowned father of famous memorie, *Che per capir le giusti lodi della quale converrebe o che il cielo* s'inalzasse *o ch' il mondo s'al-*

largasse; or as the modern Italian Homer said of a Queen far inferious to her thrice sacred Majestie, *Che le glorie altrui si esprimono scrivendo e parlando, quelle di sua Serenissima e sacratissima Maesta si possono solo esprimere maravigliando e tacendo* "Of whose innumerable excellencies: if oot the foremost, yet most famous I have heard, and often have had the good hap and comfort to see, that no Embassador or stranger hath audience of hir Maijestie, but in his native toong; and none hath answere but in the same; or in the common toongs of Greeke and Latin by hir secred lips pronounced. That the best by hir pattern desire to doe so much, I doubt not; but I doubt how they can without such helpe and that such helpe was to be had till now I denie: yet doe I understand that a gentlemen of worshipful account, well trawell'd well conceited, end well experienced in the Italian, hath, in this very kind taken great pains ande made as great proofes of his inestimable worth. Glad would I be to see that work abroade: some sight whereof, gave me twenty years since the first ligt to this. But since he suppresseth his for private respects, or further perfection, nor he nor others will (I hope) prize this the lesse. I could here enter into a large discourse of the Italian toong, and of the teachers and teaching thereof and shew the ease and facilitie of it, with setting downe some fewe, yea, very fewe observations whereunto the Italian toong may be reduced: which some of good sort and experience have merrily compared to juggling-tricks, all which afore a man knowe or discover how they are done, one would judge to be very hard and difficult; but after a man hath seene and known them, they are deemed but slight and easie. And I was once purposed for the benefit of all learners to have done it. . . . But that I understand that there be some that are persuaded, yea and affirme, that nothing can be sett downe either by me or anie else that they have not or knowe not before; and I am informed, that same would not be ashamed to protest they knewe as much before: and therefore contrarie to my first resolution I forbeare to doe it, grieving that for their sakes the gentle reader shall be barred of so necessarie a scale of the Italian toong. If these or others think this is no such paines, little price or less profit than I talk of I onely wish they felt but

half of my paines for it; or let them leave this and tie themselves to the like taske and then let the fruites of our labours, and the reapers of the fruites judge betwixt us whose pains hath sorted to best perfection: which ere long (if God send me life and blesse these labors) I meane to perfect with addition of the French and Latine, and with the woordes of some twenty good Italian auctors that I could never obtaine the sight of, and hope shortly to enjoy. And I intend also to publish and annexe unto this an alphabeticall English Dictionarie, that anie man knowing but the English word, shall presently finde the Italian for it. Meanewhile I wish to thee as of me thou shalt deserve, and wish of thee as I knowe of thee I have deserved.

RESOLUTE IOHN FLORIO.

The names of the Bookes and Auctors, that have bin read of purpose, for the accomplishing of this Dictionarie, and out of which it is collected

Arcadia del Sanazzaro.
Arte Aulica di Lorenzo Ducci.
Asolani di Pietro Bembo.
Auuertimente ed essamini ad un perfetto bombadiere di Girolamo Cataneo.
Balia. Comedia.
Bernardino Rocca dell Imprese militari.
Bibbia Sacra tradotta da Giovanni Diodati.
Boccaccio de Casi degl huomini Illustri.
Botero delle Isole.
Brauera del Capitano Spauento.
Calisto. Comedia.
Canzon di ballo di Lorenzo Medici.
Capitoli della venerabil compagnia della lesina.
Capo finto. Comedia.—Catalogo di Messer Adonymo.—
Celestina Comedia.
Cena delle ceneri del Nolano.
Cento novelle antiche di bel parlar gentile.
Clitia. Comedio.
Commenccrio delle piu nobili e mostruosi cose d'Italia.

Contenti. Comedia.
Considerationi di valdesso.
Contra-lesina.
Corbaccio del Boccaccio.
Cornelio Tacito, tradotto da Bernardo Dauanzati.
Corono et palma militare di Artigleria, di Aless. Capobianco.
Corrado Gesnero degl' animali, pesci, ed uccelli (tre volume).
Dante. Commentato de Alessandro Velitelli.
Dante. Commentato da Bernardo Danielo.
Dante. Commentato da Giovanni Boccaccio.
Dante. Commentato dal Landini.
Decamerone, ouero Cento Novelle dell Boccaccio.
Decamerone spirituale di Francesco Dionigi.
Della causa, principio ed uno del Nolano.
Della perfettione della vita politica di Mr. Paulo Paruta.
Dell Arte della Cucina di Christofaro Messibugo.
Dell infinito, uniuerso et mendi del Nolano.
Descritione delle feste fatti a Firenze del 1608.
Descritione del Regno o stato di Napoli.
Dialoghi della Corte del Aretino.
Dialoghi della Carte del Aretino.
Diologhi o sei giornate del Aretino.
Dialoghi di Nicolo Franco.
Dialoghi di Speron Speroni.
Dialoghi piacevoli di Steffano Guazzo.
Dialoghi della lingua di Benedetto Varchi detto Hercolano.
Dialogo di Giacomo Reccamati.
Diologo di Giouanni Stamlerno.
Discorsi Academici de mondi de Thomaso Buoni.
La vita della Vergine Maria del Aretino.
La Vita del San Thomaso del Aretino.
La vita del Santa Catarina del Aretino.
La P. Errante del Aretino.
La vita del Gran Capitano del Giovio.
La Tipocosmia d'Alessandro Cittolini.
La Zucca del Doni.
Le lodi del Porco del Doni.
Lettere famigliare d'Annibal Caro.

Lettere famigliare di Claudio Tholomei.
Lettere facete et piacevole di diversi geand, huomini raccolte da Francesco Turchi.
Le opere di Petrarca.
Le quatro comedie del Aretino.
Le opere burlesche del Berni e d'Altri Duo volumi.
Mathiolo sopra Dioscorde.
Opere di Senofonte, tradotte da Marcantonio Gandini.
Ordini di caualcare del Federico Grifone.
Osservationi sopra il Petrarca di Francesco Allunno.
Piazza Uniuersale di Thomaso Garzoni.
Pistolotti amorosi degl' Academisi Peregrini.
Primo volume del Epistoli o lettere del Aretino.
Ragioni di Stato del Botero.
Relationi Uniuersali del Botero.
Ricchezze della lingua Toscana di Francesco Alunno.
Rime piacevole di Cesare Caporali, del Mauro e d'altri.
Secondo volume delle lettere del Aretino.
Sinagoga de pazzi di Thomaso Garzoni.
Specchio di vera penetentia di Maestro Iascopo Passavanti.
Theatro di varij cervelli di Thomaso Garzoni.
Terzo volume delle lettere del Aretino.
Tito-Livio, tradotto dal Narni.
Tre volume di Conrado Gesnero degli animali, pesci, e ucelli.
Vocabolario delas dos linguas Italiano e Spagnuolo.

APPENDIX D

PREFACE

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE

To the right honorable my best-best Benefactors, and most-most honored Ladies, Lucie Countesse of Bedford; *and hir best-most loved-loving Mother,* Ladie Anne Harrington.

Strange it may seeme to some, whose seeming is misseeming, in one worthless patronage, to joyne two so severallie all-worthy Ladies. But to any in the right, it would be judged wrong, to disjoyne them in ought, who never were neerer in kinde, than ever in kindnesse. None dearer (dearest Ladies) I have seene, and all may say, to your Honorable husbands then you, to you then your Honorable husbands; and then to other, then eyther is to th' other. So as were I to name but the one, I should surely intend the other: but intending this Dedication to two, I could not but name both. To my last Birth, which I held masculine, (as are all mens concepts that are their owner, though but by their collecting; and this was to *Montaigne* like *Bacchus,* closed in, or loosed from his great *Iupiters* thigh) I the indulgent father invited two right Honorable Godfathers, with the ONE of your Noble Ladyshippes to witnesse. So to this defective edition (since all translations are reputed famalls, delivered at second hand; and I in this serve but as *Vulcan,* to hatchet this *Minerva* from that *Iupiters* bigge braine) I yet at least a fondling foster-father, having transported it from *France* to *England;* put it in English clothes; taught it to talke our tongue (though many-times with a jerke of the French *Iargon*) would set it forth to the best service I might; and to better I might not, than you that deserve the best. Yet hath it this above your other ser-

vants: it may not onely serve you two, to repeate in true English what you reade in fine French, but many thousands more, to tell them in their owne, what they would be taught in an other language. How nobly it is descended, let the father in the ninth Chapter of his third booke by letters testimoniall of the Romane Senate and Citty beare record: How rightly it is his, and his beloved, let him by his discourse in the eight'th of his second, written to the Lady of *Estissac* (as if were to you concerning your sweete heire, most motherly-affected Lady *Harrington*) and by his acknow-ledgement in this first to all Readers give evidence, first that it is *de bonne foy,* then more than that, *c'est moy:* How worthily qualified, embellished, furnished it is, let his faire-spoken, and fine-witted Daughter by alliance passe her verdict, which shee need not recant. Heere-hence to offer it into your service, let me for him but do and say, as he did for his other-selfe, his peerlesse paire *Steven de Boetie* in the 28. of this first, and thinke hee speakes to you my praise-surmounting Countesse of *Bedford,* what hee there speakes to the Lady of *Grammont* Countesse of *Guissen:* Since as his Maister-Poet saide,

> *—mutate nomine, de te*
> *Fabula narratur:*—Hor. ser. lib. i. *Sat.* i. 69.
>
> *Do you but change the name,*
> *Of you is saide the same:*

So do hir attributes accord to your demerites; whereof to runne a long-breathed careere, both so faire and large a field might envite mee, and my in-burning spirits would encite mee, if I were not held-in by your sweete reining hand (*who have ever helde this desire, sooner to exceede what you are thought, then be thought what you are not*) or should I not prejudice by premonstration your assured advantage. *When your value shall come to the weighing.* And yet what are you not that may excell? What weight would you not elevate in truest ballance of best judgements? More to be followed by glorie, since you fly-it; which yet many good fellow: Most to be praised, for refusing all praises; which yet will presse on ver-

tue; will she, nill she. In which matter of fame (and that exceeding good) wel may you (I doubt not) use the word, which my Authour heere (I feare) usurpeth:

—*Virésque acquirit eundo.*—VIRG. *Æn.* I. 4, 175.

The further that she goeth,
The more in strength she groweth:

Since (as in the originall) if of his vertue or glory, more of yours, his Arch-Poet might verifie.

Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit:—177.

She (great and good) on earth doth move,
Yet veiles hir head in heaven above:

But being by your limit-lesse moderation lockt in limits (who *more desire, nothing may be said, than too much*) though I can never say too much; as he of *Carthage,* so I of your praise-worthihesse, were better to say nothing, then too little. For this in hand (if it may be so honored to kisse your Honors gracious hand) if any grace or good be either afforded to it, or deserved by it, all that by the father, foster-father, and all that are of kinne or kinde unto it, must be to your Honor, grace, and goodnesse imputed and ascribed. For (that I may discharge me of all this, and charge you with your owne; pardon Madame my plainenesse) when I with on Chapter found my selfe over-charged, whereto the charge or choise of an Honorable person, and by me not-to-be denied Benefactor (Noble and vertuous Sir *Edward Wotton*) had engaged me (which I finished in your owne house) your Honor having dayned to read it, without pitty of my failing, my fainting, my labouring, my languishing, my gasping for some breath (O could so Honorable, be so pitty-lesse? Madame, now doe I flatter you?) Yet commaunded me on: (and let me die outright, ere I doe not that commaund). I say not you tooke pleasure at shore (at those in this Author) to see me sea-tosst, wetherbeaten, shippe-wrackt, almost drowned (*Mon. lib.* iii. *c.* 1).

Nor say I like this mans Indian King, you checkt with a sowersterne countenance the yerneful complaint of your drooping, neere-dying subject (*Lib.* iii. *c.* 6). Nor say I (as he alleadgeth out of others) like an ironically modest Virgin, you enduced, yea commaunded, yea delighted to see mee strive for life, yet fall out of breath (*Lib.* ii. *c.* 23). Unmercifull you were, but not so cruell. (Madame, now do I flatter you?) Yet this I may and must say, like in this French-mans report, our third in name, but first and chiefe in fame, K. *Edward,* you would not succour your blacke, not sonne, but servaunt, but bade him fight and conquere, or die (*Lib.* i. *c.* 41): Like the Spartane imperious Mother, a shield indeede you gave mee, but with this Word. *Aut cum hoc; aut in hoc* (*Giou. Imp. mar Pes.*). I must needes say while this was in dooing, to put and keepe mee in hart like a captived Canniball fattend against my death, you often cryed *Coraggio,* and called *cà cà,* and applauded as I passt, and if not fet mee in, yet set mee on, even with a Syrens *ô tresloüable Ulisse* (*Mont. li.* ii. *c.* 16). O Madame who then spake faire? As for mee, I onely say, as this mans embossed Hart out of hart (*Lib.* ii. *c.* 11). I sweat, I wept, and I went-on, til now I stand at bay: howsoever, I hope that may yet save me, which from others strangles others, I meane the coller you have put about my neck with your inscription, *Noli me cædere, nam sum Dianæ.* Yet nor can you denie, nor I dissemble, how at first I pleaded this Authors tedious difficultie, my selfe-knowne insufficiencie, and others more leisurefull abilitie. But no excuse would serve him, that must serve withour excuse. Little power had I to performe, but lesse to refuse what you impos'de: for his length you gave time: for his hardnesse you advised help: my weaknesse you might bidde doe it's best: others strength you would not seeke-for-further. Yet did your honoured name rally to my succour the forces of two deare friends, both devoted to your service, both obliged to your vertues: The one Maister *Theodore Diodati,* as in name, so indeede Gods-gift to me, my *bonus genius,* and sent me as the good Angel to *Raimond* in *Tasso* (*Tas. Gior. can.* 7) for my assistant to combat this great *Argante:* Who as he is happy in you, and you in him,

that like *Aristotle* to *Alexander*, he may in all good learning, and doeth with all industrious attention instruct, direct, adorne that noble, hopefull, and much-promising spirit of your beloved brother and house-heire Maister *Iohn Harrington:* So was he to me in this inextricable laberinth like *Ariadnaes* threed; in this rockie-rough Ocean, a guide-fish to the Whale; in these darke-uncouth wayes, a cleare relucent light. Had not he beene, I had not bin able to wade through: and had not he dissolved these knottes, none had, few could. The other (my onelie dearest and in lovesympathising friend, Maister Doctor *Guinne*, of whome I may justly say what my Authour saieth of his second-selfe *Steven de la Boetie* (*Lib.* i. *c.* 27; *Lib.* iii. *c.* 9): for he could not better pourtray him for him selfe, then hee hath lively delineated him for me, willing to doe me ease, and as willnig to doe your Honour service, as you know him a scoller (and pitty is it the World knowes not his worth better; for as the Prince of Italian Poets saide of *Valerius Corvinus, Non so se miglior Duce o Cavalliero* (*Pet. triu. fam. cap.* i. *ver.* 99), so may I truely say of him. *Non so se meglior Oratore e Poeta, o Philosopho e Medico*). So Scholler-like did he undertake what Latine prose; Greeke, Latine, Italian or French Poesie should crosse my way (which as Bugge-beares affrighted my unacquaintance with them) to ridde them all afore mee, and for the most part drawne them from their dennes: Wherein what indefatigable paines he hath undergone, and how successfully overgone, I referre to your Honor, I remit to the learned; for, who but he could have quoted so divers Authors, and noted so severall places? So was hee to mee in this bundle of riddles an understanding *Oedipus*, in this perilous-crook't passage a monster-quelling *Theseus* or *Hercules:* With these two supporters of knowledge and friendship, if I apheld and armed have passt the pikes, the honour be all yours, since all by yours was done for your Honour. That all this is thus, the reply of that friend upon my answer to your Ho: invitation in a sonet of the like, (but not same) terminations may signifie and testifie to all the world. Then let none say I flatter, when I forbeare not to tell all. Yet more I must needs say, if Poets be inspired by their muse, if souldiers take corage by the eie or memory of their mistrisses (as both have

made some long believe) having already said, as *Petrark* to his mistris,

In questo stato son Donna per vui,—PETR. p. 1, son. 107.

By you, or for you, Madame thus am I.

I now rather averre as the Lyricke to his *Melpomene.*

Quod spira, & placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That I doe breathe and please, if please I doe,
It is your grace, such grace proceed's from you.

For, besides your owne inexplicable bounty first-mover of my good, *La quale ritogli me peregrino errante, e fra gli scoglii e l'onde agitato, al furor di Fortuna, e benignamente guidi in porto di salute e pace* (*Tasso. Gior. can. i. st.* 4). Your noblest Earles beneficence, fore-running all as farre in curtesie as pedegree, and bearing not onely in his heart or hand, but even in aspect and due respect the native magnanimity of *Bedford*, and magnificent francke-Nature of the RVSSELS, hath so kindly bedewed my earth when it was sunburnt, so gently thawed it when it was frost-bound, as (were there anie good in me) I were more sencelesse then earth, if I returned not some fruite in good measure. This may be thought too much for no better a deserver than I am: Yet more must I acknowledge joyned to this: for as to all, that professe any learning, & do you (but small) steade therein, you and your husbands hand (most bounteous Ladie *Harrington*) have beene still open, & your hospitable house, my retreate in storms, my reliefe in neede, Yea your hearts ever enlarged: so for an instance, in doing wel by me (the meanest) as if honorable father and mother with their noblest sonne and daughter should contend in that onely praise-worthy emulation of well doing, you seemed even to strive, who should excel ech other, who should best entertaine, cherish and foster mee: And as if this river of benignitie did runne in a blood, your worthie Sonne in-law, and vertuous Daughter *Chichester* with like-sweete liquor have supplied my

drie cesterns. So as to the name and house of *Bedford* and *Harrington,* without prophanenesse, let me vow but one worde of the Pastorall, ILLIVS ARAM, and with that word my selfe Your Honorable Ladiships in humble hartie service, IOHN FLORIO.

To the curteous Reader.

Shall I apologize translation? Why but some holde (as for their free-hold) that such conversion is the subversion of Universities. God holde with them, and withholde them from impeach or empaire. It were an ill turne, the turning of Bookes should be the overturning of Libraries. Yea but my olde fellow Nolano *tolde me, and taught publikely, that from translation all Science had it's ofspring. Likely, since even Philosophie, Grammar, Rhethorike, Logike, Arithmetike, Geometrie, Astronomy, Musike, and all the Mathematikes yet holde their name of the Greekes: and the Greekes drew their baptizing water from the conduit-pipes of the Egiptians, and they from the well-springs of the Hebrews or Chaldees. And can the wel-springs be so sweetie and deepe; and will the well-drawne water be so sower and smell? And were their Countries so ennobled, advantaged, and embellished by such deriving; and doth it drive our noblest Colonies upon the rockes of ruine? And did they well? and prooved they well? and must we proove ill that doe so? Why but Learning would not be made common. Yea but Learning cannot be too common, and the commoner the better. Why but who is not jealous, his Mistresse should be so prostitute? Yea but this Mistresse is like ayre, fire, water, the more breathed the clearer; the more extended the warmer; the more drawne the sweeter. It were inhumanitie to coope her up, and worthy forfeiture close to conceale her. Why but Schollers should have some privilege of preheminence. So have they: they onely are worthy Translators. Why but the vulgar should not knowe all. No, they can not for all this; nor even Schollers for much more: I would, both could and knew much more than either doth or can. Why but all would not be knowne of all. No nor can: much more we know not than we know: all know something, none know all: would all know all? they must breake ere they*

be so bigge. God only; men farre from God. Why but pearles should not be cast to swine: yet are rings put in their noses; and a swine should know his stie, and will know his meate and his medicine, and as much beside, as any swine doth suppose it to be Marjoram. Why, but it is not wel Divinitie should be a childes or olde wives, a coblers, or clothiers tale or table-talke. There is use, and abuse: use none too much: abuse none too little. Why but let Learning be wrapt in a learned mantle. Yea but to be unwrapt by a learned nurse: yea, to be lapt up againe. Yea, and unlapt againe. Else, hold we ig-norance the mother of devotion; praying and preaching in an unknowne tongue: as sory a mother, as a seely daughter: a good minde perhaps, but surely an ill manner. If the best be meete for us, why should the best be barrd? Why but the best wrote best in a tongue more unknowne: Nay in a tongue more knowne to them that wrote, and not unknowne of them to whom they wrote. Why but more honour to him that speakes more learned. Yea such perhaps, as Quintilians *Orator; a learned man I warrant him, for I understand him never a word. Why but let men write for the most honour of the Writer. Nay, for most profit of the Reader: and so haply, most honour. If to write obscurely be perplexedly offensive, as* Augustus *well judged: for our owne not to write in our owne but unintelligible, is haply to fewer and more criticall, but surely without honor, without profit, if he goe not, or send not an interpreter; who else what is he but a Translator? Obscure be he that loves obscuritie. And therefore willingly I take his worde, though wittingly I doe mistake it,* Translata proficit. *Why but who ever did well in it? Nay, who did ever well without it? If nothing can be now sayd, but hathe beene saide before (as hee sayde well) if there be no new thing under the Sunne. What is that that hath beene? That that shall be: (as he sayde that was wisest) What doe the best then, but gleane after others harvest? borrow their colours, inherite their possessions? What doe they but translate? perhaps, usurpe? at least, collect? if with acknowledgement, it is well; if by stealth, it is too bad: in this, our conscience is our accuser; posteritie our judge: in that our studie is our advocate, and you Readers our jurie. Why but whom can I name, that bare a great name*

for it? Nay who great else, but either in parte, as Plato *and* Aristotle *out of many;* Tullie, Plutarch, Plinie, *out of* Plato, Aristotle *and many; or of purpose, as all that since have made most know the Greeke, and almost the Latine, even translated their whole treatises? Why* Gardan *maintaineth, neither* Homers *verse can be well exprest in Latine, nor* Virgils *in Greeke, nor* Petrarchs *in either. Suppose* Homer *tooke nothing out of any, for we heare of none good before him, and there must be a first; yet* Homer *by* Virgil *is often so translated as* Scaliger *conceives there is the armour of* Hercules *most puissant put on the backe of* Bacchus *most delicate: and* Petrarch, *if well tracked, would be found in their footsteps, whose verie garbage lesse Poets are noted to have gathered. Why but that* Scaliger *tinkes* that Ficinus *by his rusticall simplicitie translated* Plato, *as if an Owle should represent an Eagle, or some tara-rag Player should act the princely* Telephus *with a voyce, as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce. If the famous* Ficinus *were so faulty, who may hope to scape footfree? But for him and us all let me confesse, as he heere censureth; and let confession make halfe amends, that every language hath it's* Genius *and inseparable forme; without* Pythagoras *his* Metempsychosis *it can not rightly be translated. The Tuscan altiloquence, the* Venus *of the French, the sharpe state of the Spanish, the strong significancy of the Dutch cannot from heere be drawne to life. The sense may keepe forme; the sentence is disfigured; the fineness, fitnesse, featenesse diminished: as much as artes nature is short of natures arte, a picture of a body, a shadow of a substance. Why then belike I have done by* Montaigne, *as* Terence *by* Menander, *made of good French no good English. If I have done no worse, and it be no worse taken, it is well. As he, if no Poet, yet am I no theefe, since I say of whom I had it, rather to imitate his and his authors negligence, then any backebiters obscure diligence. His horse I set before you; perhaps without his trappings; and his meate without sauce. Indeede in this specially finde I fault with my maister, that as* Crassus *and* Antonius *in* Tullie, *the one seemed to contemne, the other not to know the Greekes, whereas the one so spake Greeke as he seemed to know no other tongue; the other in his travells to*

Athens *and* Rhodes *had long conversed with the learnedst Græcians: So he, most writing of himselfe, and the worst rather then the best, disclaimeth all memorie, authorities, or borrowing of the ancient or moderne; whereas in course of his discourse he seemes acquainted not onely with all, but no other but authours; and could out of question like* Cyrus *or* Cæsar *call any of his armie by his name and condition. And I would for us all he had in this whole body done as much, as in most of that of other languages my peerelesse deere-deerest and never sufficiently commended friend hath done for mine and your ease and inteligence. Why then againe, as* Terence, *I have had helpe. Yea, and thanke them for it, and thinke you neede not be displeased by them that may please you in a better matter. Why but Essayes are but mens schoolthemes pieced together; you might as wel say, several texts. Al is in the choise & handling. Yea mary; but* Montaigne, *had he wit, it was but a French with ferdillant, legier and extravagant. Now say you English wits by the staydest censure of as learned a wit as is among you. The counsel of that judicious worthy Counsellor (honorable Sir* Edward Wotton) *would not have embarked me to this discovery, had not his wisedome knowne it worth my paines, and your perusing. And should or would any dogtooth'de Criticke, or adder-tongu'd Satirist scoff or finde fault, that in the course of his discourses, or webbe of his Essayes, or entitling of his chapters, he holdeth a disjoynted, broken and gadding stile; and that many times they answere not his titles, and have no coherence together, to such I will say little, for they deserve but little; but if they list, else let them chuse, I send them to the ninth chapter of the third booke, folio* 596, *where himselfe preventeth their carping, and foreseeing their critikisme answereth them for me at full. Yet are there herein errors. If of matter, the Authours: if of omission, the printers: him I would not amend, but send him to you as I found him: this I could not attend; but where I now finde faults, let me pray and entreate you for your owne sake to correct as you reade; to amend as you list. But some error, are mine, and mine by more then translation. Are they in Grammer, or Ortographie? as easie for you to right, as me to be wrong; or in construction, as mis-attributing him, her, or*

it, to things alive, or dead, or newter; you may soone know my meaning, and eftsoones use your mending: or are they in some uncouth termes; as entraine, conscientious, endeare, tarnish, comporte, effiace, facilitate, ammusing, debauching, regret, effort, emotion, and such like; if you like them not, take others most commonly set by them to expound them, since they were set to make such likely French words familiar with our English, which well may beare them. If any be capitall in sense mistaking, be I admonished, and they shall be recanted: Howsoever, the falsenesse of the French prints, the diversities of copies, editions and volumes (some whereof have more or lesse then others), and I in London *having followed some, and in the countrie others; now those in folio, now those in octavo, yet in this last surway reconciled all; therefore or blame not rashly, or condemne not fondly the multitude of them set for your further ease in a Table (at the end of the booke) which ere you beginne to reade, I entreate you to peruse: this Printers wanting a diligent Corrector, my many employments, and the distance betweene me, and my friends I should conferre-with, may extenuate, if not excuse, even more errors. In summe, if any thinke he could do better, let him trie; then will he better tinke of what is done. Seven or eight of great wit and worth have assayed, but found these Essayes no attempt for French apprentises or Littletonians. If this doone it may please you, as I wish it may, and I hope it shall, I with you shall be pleased: though not, yet still I am* the same resolute IOHN FLORIO.

APPENDIX E

QUEEN ANNA'S NEW WORLD OF WORDS

All' eccelsa et gloriosissima maesta di anna serinissima regina d'Inghilterra di scotia di Francia & d'Irlanda, Giovanni Florio. suo hum^mo servitore brama & auguro il colmo & godimento d'ogni vera & completa felicita.

In su l'altare della tua Eccelsa & Seren.^ma MAESTA (al quale ogni noftro ginocchio doverebbe inchinarsi), che le tue innate & Réali virtu (Gloriosissima REGINA) s'hanno éretto nel sacro Tempio d'Honore (che ogni cuore converebbe adorare senza idolatria) Io, con ogni humilta & riverenza dedico & consacro questo humile voto, & con le ginnochia della mente inchine ALLA TVA GRANDEZZA DALL ECCELSO, Bascio le Realisime mani, volendo vivere & morire.

Di tua Gloriosissima & sublime Maesta, Hum^mo ossequen^mo & inviobile suddito & servitore.

GIOVANNI FLORIO.

To the imperiall maiestie of the Highest-Borne Princes, Anna of Denmarke, by God's permission Crowned Queene of England, Scotland, France & Ireland &c. hir humbleft feruant I. F. wifeth all the true felicities thatt his world may affoord, and the fulleſs fruition of the bleſſedneſſe that heauen can yeeld.

This braine-babe (ô pardon me that title most absolute supreme MINERVA) brought with it into the world, now thirteen years fince, a world of words Since; following the father's steps in all observant service of your most Sacred Maiestie, yet with a travellers minde, as erst *Columbus* at command of Glorious *Isabella* It hath (at home), discouered

meere halfe a new world; and therefore as of olde fome called Scotia of *Scota* and others lately VIRGINIA of Queenes your Maiesti's predecessors: so pardon againe (ô most Gracious and Glorious) if it dare be entitled QUEEN ANNA'S NEW WORLD OF WORDS, as un-der your protection and patronage send and set foorth. It shall be my guard againft worft, if not my grace with the best, if men may see I beare MINERVA in my front, or as the Hart on my necke, I am Diana's, so with heart I may fay, This is Queen Anna's, as the author is and shall euer be.

Your Souveraigne Maiestie's inuiolaby devoted subiect and most obliged fervant.

IOHN FLORIO.

The Names of the Authors and Bookes that have been read of Purpose for the collecting of this Dictionarie.

Alfabeto Christiano.
Aminta di Torquato Tasso.
Amor Costante, Comedia.
Antithesi della dottrina nuoua et vecchia.
Antonio Bruscioli nell' Ecclesiaste, et sopra i fatti degliapostoli.
Apologia i' Annibale Caro contra Lodovico Castelvetri.
Apologia di tre seggi Illustri di Napoli.
Apologia d'Annibal' Caro, contra Lodouico Casteluetri.
Arcadia del Sanazzaro.
Capitoli della venerabile compagnia della lesina.
Cento Nouelle antiche, e di bel parlar gentile.
Decamarone, o Cento Nouelle del Boccaccio.
Del Arte della Cucina, di Criftofano Messibugo.
Descrittione del Regno e Stato di Napoli.
Dialogo delle lingue di Benedetto Varchi detto Hercolano.
Dialoghi della corte del Aretino.
Dialoghi delle carte del Aretino.
Dialoghi o sei giornate del Aretino.
Dialoghi piacevole di Stefano Guazzo.
Dialoghi di Nicolo Franco.
Dialoghi di Speron Speroni.

Dittionario volgare & Latino del Venuti.
Dittionario Italiano e Francese.
Dittionario Inglese e Italiano.
Duo volumi di Epistole di diversi gran signori et principi scritte al Aretino.
Epistole o lettere facete del Rao.
Fabrica del Mondo di Erancisco Alunno.
Galateo di Monsignore della Casa.
Gierusalemme liberata di Torquato Tasso.
Georgio Federichi del Falcone & Ucellare.
Gloria di Guerrieri ed Amanti del Dottor Cataldo Antonio Mannarino.
Herbario Inghilefe di Giovanni Gerardo.
Herbario Spagnuolo del Dottor Laguna.
Historia delle cose Settentrionali di Ollao Magno.
Hospedale degli Ignoranti di Tomaso Garzoni.
Humanita di Christo del Aretino.
Il Cortegiano di Conte Baldassare Castiglioni.
Il Genesi del Aretino.
Il Marmi del Doni.
I mondi del Doni.
I Sette Salmi del Aretino.
La Pelegrina, comedia di Girolamo Bargagli.
La Nobilissima Compagnia della bastina.
La Divna settimana di Bartas, tradotta da Ferrante Guisone.
La Ruffiana, comedia.
La Minera del mondo di Giovan-Maria Bonardo.
Discorsi Peripathetici e Platonici di D. Stefano Conventi.
Discorsi politici di Paolo Paruta.
Discorso di Domenico Scevolini sopra l'Astrologia giudiciaria.
Dittionario Italiano e Inglese.
Dittionario Italiano e Fracese.
Dittionario volgare e Latino del Venuti.
Don Silvano.
Dottrina Nuova et vecchia.
Duello di Messer Dario Attendolo.
Emilia. Comedia.
Epistole di Cicero in volgare.
Epistole di Philaride.

Epistole di diuersi Signori et Principi all Aretino (duo volumi).
Epistole ouero lettere del Rao.
Essamerone del Reverendissimo Mr. Francesco Cattani Diaceto.
Funia. Pastorale ragionimento.
Fabrica del mondo di Francesco Alunno.
Facetie del Gonello.
Fatti arme famosi di Carolo Saraceni (duo gran volumi).
Favole morali di Giouanmaria Verdizotti.
Feste di Milano del 1605.
Fuggi otio di Thomaso Costo.
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